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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SECOND,



LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M,DCC,XLIV;

G 3965

1/2

COLLECTION

149,797

May, 1873

OLD DAYS

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON:

Printed by R. D. ...



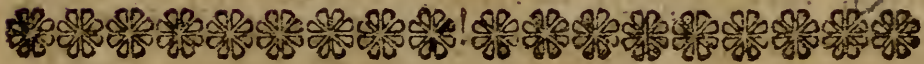
THE
TRAGEDY
OF
GORBODUC.

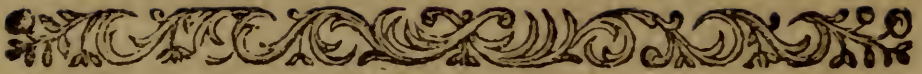
BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE, Lord *Buckhurst*,
afterwards Earl of *Dorset* :

AND

THOMAS NORTON, Esq;





THIS Tragedy, as we are told by Wood, was first acted before Queen Elizabeth, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple at Whitehall, January 18th, 1561. One Thomas Norton, Esq; assisted my Lord Buckhurst in the Writing of it, and compos'd, as some say, the three first Acts. In the Year 1565 came out an incorrect Edition without Consent of the Authors, who were both absent. But Lord Buckhurst returning to England some Time after, a more correct and perfect Edition was publish'd in the Year 1570, under the Title of the Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex. The next Edition was printed in 1590, with the Title alter'd, to the Tragedy of Gorboduc. To this Edition, which I found in the Harleian Collection, is added a Discourse entituled, The Serpent of Division; which neither Wood nor Langbaine, nor any of the Writers have taken Notice of. From this Time it continued exceeding scarce for near 150 Years, and was never printed till the Year 1736, when Mr. Pope favour'd me with a Copy of it, which I printed; and to which Mr. Spence prefix'd a short Account of the Author, in a Letter to the present Earl of Middlesex; in which he informs us, it is the Opinion of Mr. Pope, that the Writers of the succeeding Age might have improv'd themselves by copying from this Tragedy a Propriety in the Sentiments, an unaffected Perspicuity of Stile, and an easy Flow in the Numbers: In a Word, that Chastity, Correctness, and Gravity of Stile, which are so essential to Tragedy; and which all the Tragic Poets who follow'd, not excepting Shakespear himself, either little understood, or perpetually neglected. I cannot here omit the Testimony of Sir Philip Sydney also in Favour of this Play. It is full of stately Speeches, says he, and well-sounding Phrases, climbing to the Height of Seneca his Stile; and as full of notable Morality, which it

does

does most delightfully teach, and so obtains the very End of Poesy. Yet in Truth it is defective in the Circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain an exact Model for all Tragedies.

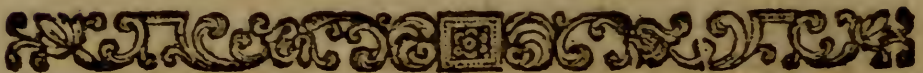
My Lord Buckhurst was related to Queen Elizabeth, by her Mother Anna Boleyn. He was born in 1536, his Father Richard Sackville, Esq; was Privy Counsellor to King Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He was educated at Hart-Hall in Oxford, and in his Youth travel'd into France and Italy. His Father dying in 1566, left him a large Fortune, the greatest Part of which he soon spent by his magnificent manner of living, but afterwards became a better OEconomist. He serv'd in Parliament both in the Reign of Queen Mary and Elizabeth. In 1567 he was created Baron of Buckhurst; in 1571 he was sent Ambassador to Charles IX. King of France, and in 87 to the States of the United Provinces: In 88 he was made one of the Knights of the Garter, in 91, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in 98 Lord High Treasurer of England. He was continued in that Office by King James, and in 1603 advanced by him to the Dignity of Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the Council Board in 1608, and seems by all Accounts of him to have been possessed of a truly noble and generous Spirit. He wrote the Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates, the Stile and Manner of which is very much like Spenser, abounding in the Description of shadowy Beings. He wrote also in that Work, the Story of the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham in the Reign of Richard II.

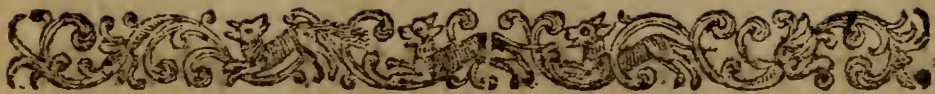




The Argument of the TRAGEDY.

GORBODUC, king of Brytaine, devided his realme in his life-time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to devisiõ and dissention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loved the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger. The people moved with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both fathèr and mother. The Nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroied the Rebels, and afterwards for want of issue of the Princee, whereby the succession of the Crowne became uncertaine, they fell to Ciuil Warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the lande for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.





The Names of the SPEAKERS.

Gorboduc, king of Great Brittain.

Videna, queene and wife to king *Gorboduc*.

Ferrex, eldest sonne to king *Gorboduc*.

Porrex, younger sonne to king *Gorboduc*.

Clotyn, duke of *Cornwall*.

Fergus, duke of *Albany*.

Mandud, duke of *Leagre*.

Gavenard, duke of *Cumberlande*.

Eubulus, secretarie to king *Gorboduc*.

Aroflus, a counsellor of king *Gorboduc*.

Dordan, a counsellor assign'd by the king to his eldest sonne *Ferrex*.

Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yonger son *Porrex*.

[Both being of the old king's counsell before.

Hermion, a parasite remaining with *Ferrex*.

Tyndar, a parasite remaining with *Porrex*.

Nuntius, a messenger of the eldest brother's death.

Nuntius, a messenger of duke *Fergus* rising in arms.

Marcella, a lady of the queene's privy-chamber.

Chorus, four auncient and sage men of *Brittain*.





The ORDER of the Dumb Shewe before the
first Act, and the SIGNIFICATION thereof.

First, the musike of violenze began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wilde men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all both severallye and together assayed with all their strengths to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them pulled out one of the stickes, and brake it: And the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after another, did easilie breake the same being severed, which being conjoynd, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musike ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unitie dooth continue strong against all force, but being devided, is easily destroyed; as besel upon duke Gorboduc deviding his lande to his two sonnnes, which he before held in monarchie, and upon the dissention of the brethren to whom it was devided.



THE
 TRAGEDY
 OF
 G O R B O D U C.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Videna. *Ferrex.*

Viden.



THE silent night that brings the quiet pause,
 From painfull travailes of the weary daye:
 Prolongs my carefull thoughts, and makes
 me blame
 The flowe Aurora, that so dooth long delay,
 To shew her blushing face for love or shame:
 And now the day renewes my griefull plainte.

A 4

Ferrex.

8 *The Tragedy of GORBODUC.*

Ferrex.

My gracious lady, and my mother deere,
Pardon my greefe for your so greeved minde
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

Viden.

So great a wrong and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kinde.

Ferrex.

Such causelesse wronge and so unjust despite,
May have redresie, or at the least revenge.

Viden.

Neither, my sonne, such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.

Ferrex.

Mine know I none, but greefe for your distresse:

Viden.

Yes: mine for thine, my sonne. A father? no:
In kinde a father, but not in kindelynes.

Ferrex.

My Father? why, I know nothing at all,
Wherin I have misdoone unto his grace.

Viden.

Therefore, the more unkinde to thee and me.
For knowing well (my sonne) the tender love
That I have ever borne, and beare to thee;
He greev'd therat, is not content alone,
To spoyle me of thy sight, my cheefest joye,
But thee, 'of thy birth-right and heritage;
Causelesse, unkindely and in wrongfull wise,
Against all law and right he will bereave:
Halfe of his kingdome he will give away.

Ferrex.

To whom?

Viden.

Even to Porrex his yonger sonne.
Whose growing pride I doo so sore suspect,
That being raisde to equall rule with thee,
Me thinkes I see his envious hart to swell,
Filde with disdaine and with ambitious pride,
The end the gods doo knowe, whose aulters I.

Full oft have made in vaine of cattel flaine,
To send the sacred smoake to heaven's throne,
For thee, my sonne, if thinges doo so succede,
As now my jelous minde misdeemeth sore.

Ferrex.

Madam leave care and carefull plainte for me:
Just hath my father beene to every wight,
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause therof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himselfe not me.

Viden.

So graunt the Gods: But yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved minde
That plaintes and praiers can no whit availe,
(For those have I assaide) but even this daye,
He will endeavour to procure assent,
Of all his counsell to his fonde devise.

Ferrex.

Their auncestours from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers; and their feede,
I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

Viden.

There resteth all; but if they faile therof,
And if the end bring forth an evill successe
On them and theirs the mischeefe shall befall.
And so I pray the Gods requite it them;
And so they will, for so is woont to be
When lordes and trusted rulers under kinges,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governaunce,
Murderous mischeefe of civill swoord at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returnes again
By Jove's just judgement and deserved wrath,
Bringes them to evill, and reprochefull death,
And rootes their names and kinreds from the earth.

Ferrex.

Mother content you, you shall see the end.

Viden.

The end? thy end as soon: Jove end me first.

Actus primus. Scena secunda.

*Gorboduc. Aroftus. Philander. Eubulus.**Gorboduc.*

MY lords, whose grave advise and faithfull aide,
 Have long uphelde my honour and my realme,
 And brought me to this age from tender yeeres,
 Guiding to great estate with great renoune:
 Now more importeth me then erst to use
 Your faith and wisdome wherby yet I raigne ;
 That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
 The kingdome yet may with unbroken course,
 Have certaine prince, by whose undoubted right,
 Your wealth and peace may stand at quiet stay :
 And eke that they whom nature hath preperde,
 In time to take my place in princely seate,
 While in their fathers time their pliant youth
 Yeeldes to the flame of skilful governaunce,
 May so be taught, and traінде in noble artes,
 As what their fathers which have raignde before,
 Have with great fame derived downe to them,
 With honour they may leave unto their seede :
 And not be thought for their unwoorthy life,
 And for their lawlesse swarving out of kinde,
 Woorthy to loofe what law and kind them gave ;
 But that they may preserve the common peace,
 (The cause that first began and still maintaines,
 The lineall course of kinges enheritaunce,)
 For me, for mine, for you, and for the state
 Wherof both I and you have charge and care.
 Thus doo I meane to use your woonted faith
 To me and mine, and to your native land.
 My lordes, be plaine without all wrye respect,
 Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasing wise,
 Least as the blame of ill succeeding thinges
 Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Aroftus.

Aroftus.

Your good acceptaunce fo (most noble king)
Of fuch our faithfulnes, as heeretofore
We have emploide in dueties to your grace,
And to this realme whose woorthy head you are,
Well proves that neither you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe
Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our native land.
Wherfore, o king (I speake for one as all,
Sith all as one doo bear you egall faith,)
Doubt not to use their counsailes and their aides
Whose honors, goods and lives are wholly avowde,
To serve, to aide, and to defend your grace.

Gorboduc.

My lordes I thank you all. This is the case.
Ye know, the Gods, who have the soveraigne care,
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weales,
Gave me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
Who now in my deceiving yeeres are growen
Well towards riper state of minde and strength,
To take in hand some greater princely charge.
As yet they live and spend their hopefull daies,
With me and with their mother here in court:
Their age now asketh other place and trade,
And mine also dooth aske an other change,
Theirs to more travaile, mine to greater ease.
When fatall death shall end my mortall life,
My purpose is to leave betweene them twaine,
The realme devided in two sundry partes:
The one, Ferrex mine elder sonne shall have,
The other, shall the other Porrex rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stand,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I mean forthwith to place them in the same:
That in my life they may both learne to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is in summe, what I would have you wey:
First whether ye allow my whole device,
And think it good for me, for them, for you,

And for our country, mother of us all:
 And if ye like it, and allowe it well,
 Than for their guiding and their governance,
 Shew foorth such hoovefull meanes of circumstance,
 As ye think meete to be both knowne and kept:
 Loe, this is all, now tell me your advise.

Aroflus.

And this is much, and asketh great advise:
 But for my part, my soveraign lord and king,
 This doe I thinke your majestie dooth know,
 How under you in justice and in peace,
 Great wealth and honour long we have enjoyde,
 So as we cannot seem with greedie minds
 To wish for change of prince or governance;
 But if we like your purpose and devise,
 Our liking must be deemed to proceede,
 Of rightfull reason, and of heedfull care,
 Not for our selves, but for our common state:
 Sith our owne state dooth need no better change.
 I thinke in all, as earst your grace hath saide:
 First when you shall unlode your aged minde
 Of heavie care and troubles manifolde.
 And lay the same upon my my lords your sonnes,
 Whose growing yeeres may beare the burden long,
 And long I pray the Gods to graunt it so:
 And in your life while you shall so behold
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
 Such as their kind behighteth to us all,
 Great be the profits that shall grow thereof;
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lasting age shall be their longer staie.
 For cares of kings, that rule as you have rulde,
 For publike welth, and not for private joy,
 Doo waste man's life and hasten crooked age,
 With furrow'd face, and with enfeebled lims,
 To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.
 They two yet yong shall beare the partie reigne
 With greater ease than one now olde alone
 Can welde the whole, for whom much harder is

With

With lessend strength the doubled weight to beare,
Your eye, your counsell, and the grave regard
Of father's, yea of such a father's name,
Now at beginning of their fundred reigne,
When it is hazard of their whole successe,
Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,
And so restraine the rage of insolence,
Which most assailes the yong and noble minds,
And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay
Their yet greene bending wits with reverent awe,
That now inurde with vertues at the first,
Custome (o king) shall bring delightfulness,
By use of vertue, vice shall grow in hate :
But if you so dispose it, that the day
Which ends your life, shall first begin their reigne,
Great is the peril, what shall be the ende,
When such beginning of such liberties
Voide of such staves as in your life doo lie,
Shall leave them to free random of their will
An open pray to traiterous flatterie,
The greatest pestilence of noble youth :
Which perill shall be past, if in your life
Their tempred youth with aged father's awe
Be brought in ure of skilfull stayednes,
And in your life their lives disposed so,
Shall length your noble life in joyfulness :
Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weale
Hath bred this thought, so to devide your lande,
And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule
While you yet live to see their ruling well,
That you may longer live by joy therein.
What further meanes behoovefull are and meete,
At greater leifure may your grace devise,
When all have said, and when we be agreed
If this be best, to part the realme in twaine,
And place your sonnes in present government :
Whereof as I have plainely said my minde,
So would I heare the rest of all my lordes.

Philander,

14 *The Tragedy of GORBODUC.**Philander.*

In part I thinke as hath bene saide before :
In part againe my mind is otherwise.
As for deviding of this realme in twaine,
And lotting out the same in egall partes,
To either of my lords your graces sonnes,
That thinke I best for this your realmes behoofe,
For profite and advancement of your sonnes,
And for your comfort and your honour eke :
But so to place them while your life doth last,
To yeeld to them your royall governance,
To be above them onely in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I thinke not good for you, for them, nor us.
This kingdome since the bloody civil field
Where Morgan slaine did yeelde his conquerd part
Unto his coofens sword in Cumberland,
Conteineth all that whilome did suffise
Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute ;
So your two sonnes it may also suffise,
The mo the stronger, if they gree in one :
The smaller compasse that the realme dooth holde,
The easier is the sway thereof to welde,
The neerer justice to the wronged poore,
The smaller charge, and yet inough for one.
And when the region is devided so
That brethren be the lords of either part,
Such strength dooth nature knit betwene them both
In fundry bodies by conjoynd love,
That not as two, but one of doubled force,
Ech is to other as a sure defence :
The noblenes and glorie of the one
Dooth sharpe the courage of the others mind,
With vertuous envie to contend for praise.
And such an eagalnes hath nature made,
Betweene the brethren of one fathers seede,
As an unkindly wrong it seemes to be,
To throw the other subject under feete
Of him, whose peere he is by course of kind ;
And nature that did make this egalnes,

Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,
That oft she raiseth up a grudging greefe,
In yonger brethren at the elders state :
Wherby both townes and kingdomes have been rasde,
And famous stocks of royall blood destroide :
The brother that should be the brothers aide
And have a wakeful care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lingering yeres,
That bring not foorth his ende with faster course;
And oft impacient of so long delays,
With hatefull slaughter he prevents the fates,
And keepes a just reward for brothers blood,
With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye.
Such mischeefes heere are wisely met withall,
If egall state may nourish egall love,
Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
But now the head to stoupe beneath them both,
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order beares.
And oft it hath been seene, that where nature
Hath beene preverted in disordred wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
And children cease to know they should obey,
That often our unkindly tendernes
Is mother of unkindly stubbornes.
I speake not this in envie or reproch,
As if I grudgde the glorie of your sonnes,
Whose honour I beseech the Gods to increase :
Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
Undoubted children of so good a king ;
Onely I meane to shew by certaine rules,
Which kinde hath graft within the minde of man,
That nature hath her order and her course,
Which (being broken) dooth corrupt the state
Of mindes and things even in the best of all.
My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you,
Your owne example in your noble courte,
Is fittest guider of their youthful yeeres.

If you desire to seeke some present joye
 By sight of their well-ruling in your life,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule :
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenes,
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Long may they rule I doo beseech the Gods,
 But long may they learne ere they begin to rule
 If kinde and fates would suffer I would wish
 Them aged princes and immortal kinges :
 Wherefore most noble king I will assent,
 Between your sonnes that you deuide your realm,
 And as in kinde, so match them in degree.
 But while the Gods prolong your royall life
 Prolong your reigne, for therto live you heere,
 And therefore have the Gods so long forborne
 To joyne you to themselves, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weale :
 They when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them roome, and will remove you hence
 That yours in right ensuing of your life,
 May rightly honour your immortall name.

Eubulus.

Your woonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
 Makes me (O king) the bolder to presume
 To speake what I conceive within my brest,
 Although the same doo not agree at all
 With that which other heere my lords have said
 Nor which your selfe have seemed best to like.
 Pardon I crave, and that my wordes be deemed
 To flow from hartly zeale unto your grace,
 And to the safetie of your common weale.
 To parte your realme unto my lords your sonnes
 I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
 But woorst of all, for this our native land :
 For with one land, one single rule is best :
 Deuided reignes doo make deuided hartes,
 But peace preserves the cuntrye and the prince.
 Such is in man the greedy minde to raigne,
 So great is his desire to climbe alofte,

In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and justice and all kindly love,
Doo yeelde unto desire of soveraigntie,
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either would atteine.
Your grace remembreth how in passed yeeres,
The mighty Brute, first prince of all this lande,
Possesse the fame, and rulde it well in one;
He thinking that the compasse did suffice
For his three sonnes three kingdomes eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine:
But how much Brutish blood hath since been spilt,
To joyne againe the sundred unitie?
What princes slaine before their timely hour?
What waste of townes and people in the land?
What treasons heapt on murders and on spoyles?
Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceaste,
Ruthefull remembraunce is yet had in minde:
The Gods forbid the like to chaunce againe.
And you (O king) give not the cause thereof:
My lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perhappes
Whome kinde and custome gives a rightfull hope
To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
Shall think that he dooth suffer greater wrong
Then he perchaunce will beare, if power serve:
Porrex, the yonger, so upraisde in state,
Perhaps in courage will be raisde also;
If flattery then, which failes not to assaile
The tender mindes of yet unskilfull youth,
In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,
And envie in the others harte enflame;
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
And ruthefull ruine shall destroy them both.
I wish not this (O king) so to befall,
But feare the thing, that I doo most abhorre.
Give no beginning to so dreadfull end,
Keepe them in order and obedience,
And let them both by now obeying you,
Learne such behaviour as beseemes their state;

The elder mildenes in his governaunce,
 The yonger, a yeelding contentednes:
 And keepe them neere unto your presence still,
 That they restrained by the awe of you,
 May live in compasse of well tempred staie,
 And passe the perrilles of their youthfull yeeres.
 Your aged life drawes on to feebler time,
 Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
 The travailes that in youth you have susteinde,
 Both in your person's and your realme's defence.
 If planting now your sonnes in further partes,
 You send them funder from your present reach,
 Lesse shal you knowe how they themselves demeane:
 Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youth,
 Shall have unspied a much more free accesse:
 And if ambition, and inflamde disdaine,
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both
 To cyvill warre, or to usurping pride,
 Late shall you rue that you ne reekt before.
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
 But not to live still dreadles of the woorst.
 So trust the one, that th'other be foreseene,
 Arme not unskilfulnes with princely power,
 But you that long have wisely rulde the reines
 Of royaltie within your noble realme,
 So holde them, while the Gods for our availes,
 Shall stretch the threed of your prolonged daies.
 Too soone he clamme into the flaming carte
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire,
 Time and example of your noble grace,
 Shall teache your sonnes both to obey and rule:
 When time hath taught them, time shall make them
 space,
 The place that now is full; and so I pray
 Long it remaine, to comfort of us all.

Gorboduc.

I take your faithfull hartes in thankfull parte;
 But sith I see no cause to draw my minde,
 To feare the nature of my loving sonnes,
 Or to misdeeme that envie or disdaine,

Can there woork hate, where nature planteth love,
In one selfe pūrpōse doo I still abide.
My love extendeth egally to both,
My land suffiseth for them both also :
Humber shall parte the marches of their realmes :
The sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,
The northerne shall Porrex the yonger rule:
In quiet I will passe mine aged daies,
Free from the travaile and the painefull cares
That hasten age upon the woorthiest kinges.
But least the fraude that ye doo seeme to feare
Of flattering tunges, corrupt their tender youth
And wrie them to the waies of youthfull lust,
To climing pride or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge
Lewdelye to live in wanton rechlesnesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
Or not to wreke the wronges doone to the poore,
To tread downe trueth, or favour false deceite,
I meane to joyne to either of my sonnes,
Some one of those whose long approved faith,
And wisdome tride may well assure my hart,
That myning fraude shall finde no way to creepe,
Into their fenced eares with grave advise :
This is the end, and so I pray you all
To beare my sonnes the love and loyaltie
That I have found within your faithfull breasts.

Aroftus.

You, nor your sonnes, our soveraigne lord, shall want
Our faith and service while our lives doo last.

C H O R U S.

When settled stay dooth hold the royall throne,
In stedfast place by knowne and doubtles right :
And cheefely when discent on one alone
Makes single and unparted reigne to light.
Ech change of course unjoints the whole estate
And yeeldes it thrall to ruine by debate.

The strength that knit by fast accord in one,
Against all forreine power of mightie foes,
Could of it selfe defend it selfe alone,

Disjoyned

Disjoyned once, the former force dooth lose.
The sticks, that fundred brake so soone in twaine,
In fagot bound attempted were in vaine.

Oft tender mind that leades the partiall eye
Of erring parents in their childrens love,
Destroies the wrongfull loved childe thereby:
This dooth the proud sonne of Apollo prove,
Who rashly set in chariot of his fire,
Inflamde the parched earth with heavens fire.

And this great king that dooth deuide his lande,
And chaunge the course of his descending crowne,
And yeelds the raine into his childrens hand,
From blisful state of joy and great renowne,
A mirrour shall become to princes all
To learne to shunne the cause of such a fall.



THE ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the dumb Shew before the second Acte.

First the musike of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed himselfe in a chaire of estate prepared for him: there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up a cuppe unto him of wine in a glasse, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lustie yoong gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of golde filled with poyson, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediatly fell downe dead upon the stage, and so was carryed thence away by his lordes and gentlemen, and then the musicke ceased. Heereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clear and may easily be seene through, ne boweth by any arte: so a faithfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeeldeth to anie un-
discrete

discrete affection, but giveth aye wholesome counsell,
which the ill advised prince refuseth. The delightfull
golde filled with poyson betokeneth Flatterie, which under
faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes beareth deadly poyson,
which destroyeth the prince that receyveth it. As befell
in the two brethren, Ferrex, and Porrex, who refusing
the wholesome advise of grave counsellours, credited
these young parasites, and brought unto themselves death
and destruction thereby.

Act. II. Scen. I.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

Ferrex.

I Mervaile much what reason led the king
My father thus without all my desarte
To reave me halfe the kingdome, which by course
Of lawe and nature should remaine to me.

Hermon.

If you with stubborne and untamed pride
Had stoode against him in rebellious wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had envyde
So slow a sliding of his aged yeeres,
Or fought before your time to haste the course
Of satall death upon his royal head,
Or staine your stocke with murder of your kinne;
Some face of reason might perhaps have seemde,
To yeeld some likely cause to spoile ye thus.

Ferrex.

The wrekefull gods powre on my cursed heade
Eternal plagues and never dying woes:
The hellish prince adjudge my damned ghost
To Tantalus thirst, or proud Ixions wheele,
Or cruell gripe to gnaw my groaning hart
To during torments and unquenched flames,
If ever I conceivde so foule a thought,
To wish his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan.

Dordan.

Ne yet your father (O most noble prince)
 Did ever thinke so fowle a thing of you;
 For he with more than fathers tender love
 While yet the fates doo lend him life to rule,
 (Who long might live to see your ruling well)
 To you my lorde, and to his other sonne,
 Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie,
 Which never would so wise a prince have doone,
 If he had once misdeemde that in your hart
 There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
 But tender love (my lord) and setled trust
 Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
 Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
 And now to give you halfe his realme to guide,
 Yea and that halfe which in abounding store
 Of things that serve to make a welthie realme;
 In stately cities and in fruitful soyle,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
 In things of needfull use, which frendly sea
 Transports by traffike from the forraine portes,
 In flowing welth, in honour and in force,
 Dooth passe the double value of the part
 That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne:
 Such is your case, such is your father's love.

Ferrex.

Ah love, my friends? love wronges not whom he loves.

Dordan.

Ne yet he wrongeth you that giveth you
 So large a reigne ere that the course of time
 Bring you to kingdome by descended right,
 Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex.

Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
 My native right of halfe so great a realme,
 And thus to match his yoonger sonne with me
 In egall power, and in as great degree:
 Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
 Would never yeeld one point of reverence,
 When I the elder and apparant heire

Stood

Stood in the likelyhood to possesse the whole :
Yea and that sonne which from his childish age
Envieth mine hōnour, and dooth hate my life,
What will he now doo? when his pride, his rage,
The mindful malice or his grudging hart
Is armde with force, with welth and kingly state.

Hermon.

Was this not wrong? yea ill advised wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great mishap,
Wide open thus to set so large a way.

Dordan.

Alas my lord, what grievful thing is this?
That of your brother you can thinke so ill.
I never sawe him utter likely signe
Whereby a man might see or once misdeeme
Such hate of you, ne such unyeelding pride :
Ill is their counsel, shamefull be their ende,
That raising such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such unkindly hate,
Travaile by treason to destroie you both.
Wife is your brother and of noble hope,
Worthie to weeld a large and mighty realme,
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermon.

If nature and the gods had pinched so
Their flowing bountie and their noble gifts
Of princely qualities from you my lord,
And powrde them all at once in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers yoonger sonne alone :
Perhaps there be that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yeeld to woorthines :
But sith in each good gift and princely acte,
Ye are his match, and in the cheefe of all
In mildenes and in sober governaunce,
Ye far surmount : and sith there is in you
Suffising skill and hopefull towardnes,
To weld the whole and match your elders praise,
I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe,

Ne

Ne would I wish you yeelde to such a losse,
 Least your milde sufferance of so great a wrong,
 Be deemed cowardise and simple dread ?
 Which shall give courage to the fiery head
 Of your yong brother to invade the whole.
 Whiles yet therfore sticks in the peoples minde .
 The loathed wrong of your disheritaunce,
 And ere your brother have by setled power,
 By guilefull cloake of an alluring showe,
 Got him some force and favour in this realme ;
 And while the noble queene your mother lives,
 To woorke and practise all for your availe,
 Attempt redresse by arms, and wreak yourself
 Upon his life that gaineth by your losse,
 Who now to shame of you, and greefe of us,
 In your owne kingdome triumphes over you.
 Shew now your courage meet for kinglye estate
 That they which have avowd to spend their goods,
 Their landes, their lives and honors in your cause,
 May be the bolder to maintain your parte
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you,
 Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes.
 If once the death of Porrex end the strife,
 And pay the price of his usurped reigne,
 Your mother shall perswade the angry king,
 The lords your friends eke shal appease his rage,
 For they be wise and well they can foresee,
 That ere long time your aged fathers death
 Will bring a time when you shall well requite
 Their friendly favour, or their hateful spite,
 Yea, or their slacknes to avaunce your cause.
 Wise men doo not so hang on passing state
 Of present princes, cheefely in their age,
 But they will further cast their reaching eye
 To viewe and weigh the times and reignes to come.
 Ne is it likely though the king be wrath,
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare
 Extreme revenge upon his onely sonne ;
 Or if he would, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterprise ?

And heere you be now placed in your owne,
Amid your freends, your vassailes and your strength,
We shall defend and keepe your person safe,
Till either counsel turne his tender minde,
Or age, or sorrow ende his weary daies.
But if the fear of Gods, and secret grudge
Of natures lawe, repining at the fact,
Witholde your courage from so great attempte :
Know ye that lust of kingdomes hath no lawe,
The gods doo beare and well allow in kinges
The thinges that they abhorre in rascall routes.
When kinges on slender quarrels run to warres,
And then in cruel and unkindely wise,
Commaund thefts, rapes, murder of innocents,
To spoyle of townes and ruine of mighty realms;
Think you such princes doo suppose themselves
Subject to lawes of kinde and feare of gods?
Murders and violent thefts in private men,
Are heinous crimes and full of foule reproche ;
Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
Of noble conquestes in the handes of kinges.
But if you like not yet so hotte devise,
Ne list to take such vauntage of the time,
But, though with great perill of your estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade,
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safetie stand upon your garde.

Dordan.

O heaven, was there ever heard or knowne,
So wicked counsell to a noble prince ?
Let me (my lord) disclose unto your grace
This heinous tale, what mischeefe it containes :
Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne,
Your present murder and eternall shame :
Heare me (o king) and suffer not to sinke,
So high a treason in your princely brest.

Ferrex.

The mighty gods forbid that ever I
Should once conceive such mischeefe in my hart !
Although my brother hath bereft my realme,

And beare perhaps to mee an hatefull minde,
 Shall I revenge it, with his death therefore?
 Or shall I so destroy my fathers life
 That gave me life? the gods forbid I say;
 Cease you to speake so any more to me,
 Ne you my freend with aunswere once repeate
 So foule a tale, in silence let it dye:
 What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
 That under me they safelye shall enjoy
 Their goods, their honours, lands and liberties,
 With whom, neither one onely brother deere,
 Ne father deerer, could enjoy their lives?
 But sith, I feare my yonger brothers rage,
 And sith perhaps some other man may give
 Some like advise, to move his grudging head
 At mine estate: which counsell may perchance
 Take greater force with him, then this with me,
 I will in secret so prepare myselfe,
 As if his mallicé or his lust to raigne,
 Break foorth with armes or sodeine violence
 I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.

Dordan.

I fear the fatal time now draweth on,
 When cyvill hate shall ende the noble lyne
 Of famous Brute and of his royall seede:
 Great Jove defend the mischeefes now at hand!
 O that the secretaries wise advise
 Had earst beene heard, when he besought the king
 Not to devide his land, nor send his Sonnes
 To further partes from presence of his courte,
 Ne yet to yeelde to them his governaunce.
 Loe such are they now in the royall throne
 As was that Phaeton in Phœbus carre;
 Ne then the fiery steedes did drawe the flame
 With wilder randon through the kindled skies,
 Then traiterous councill now will whirle about,
 The youthfull heads of these unskilfull kinges.
 But I heereof their father will enforme,
 The reverence of him perhaps shall stay

The

The growing mischeefes, while they yet are greene,
If this helpe not, then woe unto themselves,
The prince, the people, the devided land.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

Porrex.

AND is it thus? and dooth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortall foe?
And now while yet his aged father lives?
Neither regards he him? nor feares he me?
Warre would he have? and he shall have it so.

Tyndar.

I saw myselfe the great prepared store,
Of horse, of armour and of weapons there,
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
Without the ground of seene and searched troth,
Loe secret quarrelles runne about his courte,
To bring the name of you my lord in hate:
Eche man almost can now debate the cause,
And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
Why he so noble, and so wise a prince,
Is as unwoorthy rest his heritage.
And why the king, mislead by crafty meanes,
Devided thus his land from course of right.
The wiser sort holde downe their grieffull heads,
Ech man withdrawes from talke and company
Of those that have beene knowne to favour you
To hide the mischiefe of their meaning there.
Rumors are spred of your preparing heere.
The rascall numbers of the unskilfull sort
Are filde with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secret I was counsaile by my friends
To hast me thence, and brought you as you knowe

Letters from those that both can truly tell,
And would not write unless they knew it well.

Philai der.

My lord, yet ere you now unkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demaund the cause:
Perhaps some traiterous tales have filde his eares
With false reports against your noble grace,
Which once disclosde shall end the growing strife,
That els not staide with wise foresight in time,
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives:
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex.

Rid me of feare? I fear him not at all,
Ne will to him, ne to my father send,
If daunger were for one to tarrie there,
Thinke ye it safety to returne againe?
In mischiefes such as Ferrex now intends,
The woonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not observde, which in just warre they use,
Shall I so hazard anie one of mine?
Shall I betray my trustie friend to him
That hath disclosde his treason unto me?
(Let him intreat that feares, I feare him not:)
Or shall I to the king my father sende,
Yea and sende now while such a mother lives,
That loves my brother and that hateth me.
Shall I give leysure by my fond delayes
To Ferrex to oppresse me at unware?
I will not, but I will invade his realme
And seeke the traitour prince within his court,
Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the wortheie price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, intreat, and send and pray?
And holde my yeelden throte to traitours knife?
While I with valiant mind, and conquering force
Might rid myselfe of foes, and winne a realme:
Yea rather when I have the wretches head,
Then to the king my father will I send,

The booteles case may yet appease his wrath :
If not I will defend me as I may.

Philander.

Lo heere the end of these two youthfull kings,
The fathers death, the ruine of their two realmes.
O most unhappie state of counsellors,
That light on so unhappie lords and times,
That neither can their good advise be heard,
Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe :
But I will to the king their father haste,
Ere this mischeefe come to that likely ende,
That if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull gods-
Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeasde
With these poore remnañt of the Trojans name
Have not determin'd by unmooved fate
Out of this realme to race the Brutish line,
By good advise, by awe of fathers name,
By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate
May yet be quencht ere it consume us all.

Chorus.

When youth not bridled with a guiding stay,
Is left to random of their own delight,
And welds whole realms by force of soveraigne fray,
Great is the daunger of unmaistred might,
Least skilleffe rage throw down with headlong fall
Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

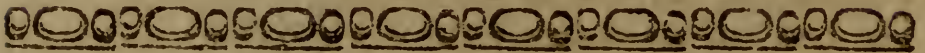
When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
And greedie lust doth raise the climbing mind,
Oh hardly may the perill be represt,
Ne feare of angrie gods, ne lawes kinde,
Ne country care can fired harts restraine
When force hath armed envie and disdaine.

When kinges of foreset will neglect the reede,
The best advise, and yeeld to pleasing tales,
That doo their fancies noysome humour feede,
Ne reason, nor regard of right availes ;
Succeeding heapes of plagues shall teach too late
To learne the mischiefes of misguiding state.

Fowle fall the traitour false that undermines
The love of brethren to destroy them both.

Woe to the prince, that pliaunt eare inclines
 And yields his minde to poisenous tale that flo'th
 From flattering mouth, and woe to wretched lande
 That waists itselfe with civill sword in hande.

Loe, thus it is poison in golde to take,
 And wholesome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.



The order and signification of the dumb shew
 before the third act.

First, the musick of fluites beganne to play, during which came in uppon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke, betokening death and sorrowe to ensue upon the ill advised misgovernement and dissention of brethren, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrise about the stage, they departed, and then the musike ceased.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Gorboduc. Eubulus. Arosus. Philander. Nuntius.

Gorboduc.

O Cruell fates, O mindfull wrath of gods,
 Whose vengeance neither Simois steined streames
 Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slaine,
 Nor Phrygian fields made ranke with corpses dead
 Of Asian kings and lords can yet appease,
 Ne slaughter of vnhappy Pryams race,
 Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile,
 Can yet suffise: but still continued rage
 Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
 Dooth chace the issues of destroyed Troy.
 Oh no man happy till his end be seene!
 If any flowing wealth and seeming joy

In

In present yeeres might make a happie wight,
Happie was Hecuba, the wofullst wretche
That ever livde to make a mirrour of,
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,
And happie I till now. Alas, I see
And feele my most unhappie wretchednes:
Behold, my lords, read ye this letter heere,
Lo it conteines the ruine of this realme,
If timely speed provide not hastie helpe.
Yet, O ye gods, if ever wofull king
Might move you, kings of kings, wreake it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this giitles realme.
Send downe your wasting flames from wrathfull skies,
To reave me and my sonnes of hateful breath.
Read, read my lordes: this is the matter why
I calde ye now, to have your good advise.

The letter from Dordan the counsellor of the elder prince.

Eubulus readeth the letter.

MY soveraigne lord, what I am loth to write
But lothest am to see, that I am forct
By leters now to make you understand.
My lord Ferrex, your eldest sonne, mislead
By traitours framde of yoong untempred wittes,
Assembleth force against your yoonger sonne,
Ne can my counsell yet withdraw the heate.
And furious pangis of his inflamed head:
Disdain (saith he) of his disheritaunce,
Armes him to wreke the great pretended wrong.
With cyvill sword upon his brothers life:
If present helpe doo not restraine his rage
This flame wil waste your sonnes, your land and you.

*Your majesty's faithfull, and most
humble subject Dordan.*

Arosius.

O king, appease your greefe and stay your plaint;
Great is the matter and a wofull case:

But timely knowledge may bring timely helpe.
 Send for them both unto your presence heere,
 The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
 Your grave advice, the awe of fathers name
 Shall quickly knit againe this broken peace :
 And if in either of my lordes your sonnes,
 Be such untamed and unyeelding pride
 As will not bend unto your noble hesttes ;
 If Ferrex th'elder sonne can bear no peere,
 Or Porrex not content, aspires to more
 Then you him gave above his native right :
 Joyne with the iuster side, so shall you force
 Them to agree : and holde the land in stay.

Eubulus.

What meaneth this? loe yonder comes in haste,
 Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

Gorboduc.

The gods send joyful newes!

Philander.

The mighty Jove
 Preserve your majestie, O noble king.

Gorboduc.

Philander, welcome : But how dooth my sonne?

Philander.

Your sonne, sir, lives and healthie I him left :
 But yet (O king) this want of lustfull health,
 Could not be halfe so greefefull to your grace,
 As these most wretched tidinges that I bring.

Gorboduc.

O heavens, yet more? no end of woes to me?

Philander.

Tindar, O king, came lately from the courte
 Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger sonne,
 And made reporte of great prepared store
 Of warre, and faith that it is wholly ment
 Against Porrex, for high disdaine that he
 Lives now a king and egall in degree
 With him, that claimeth to succede the whole,
 As by due title of discending right :
 Porrex is now so fet on flaming fier,

Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme therby,
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder sonne;
Ne could I him persuaide that first he should
Send to his brother to demaund the cause :
Nor yet to you to stay this hateful strife.
Wherefore sith there no more I can be heard,
I come my selfe now to enforme your grace,
And to beseeche you as you love the life
And safetie of your children and your realme,
Now to employ your wisdome and your force
To staye this mischeefe ere it be too late.

Gorboduc.

Are they in armes? would he not fend for me?
Is this the honour of a fathers name?
In vain we travaile to asswage their mindes,
As if their hartes, whome neither brothers love,
Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes care can move,
Our counsells could withdrawe from raging heate.
Jove slaye them both, and end the cursed line!
For though perhaps feare of such mighty force
As I, my lordes, joynde with your noble aides,
May yet raise, shall expresse their present heate,
The secret grudge and malice will remaine,
The fier not quencht, but kept in close restraints
Fed still within, breaks foorth with double flame:
Their death and mine must please the angry gods.

Philander.

Yeelde not, O king, so much to weake dispaire;
Your sonnes yet live, and long I trust they shall:
If fates had taken you from earthly life,
Before beginning of this cyvill strife;
Perhaps your sonnes, in their unmaistred youth,
Lose from regarde of any living wight,
Would runne on headlong, with unbrideled race
To their owne death and ruine of this realme:
But sith the gods that have the care for kinges,
Of thinges and times dispose the order so

That in your life this kindled flame breakes foorth,
 While yet your life, your wisdome and your power
 May stay the growing mischeefe, and repressse
 The fiery blaze of their enkindled heate;
 It seems, and so ye ought to deeme therof,
 That loving Jove hath tempred so the time
 Of this debate. to happen in your daies,
 That you yet living may the same appeaze,
 And adde unto the glory of your age,
 And they your sonnes may learne to live in peace.
 Beware (O king) the greatest harme of all,
 Least by your wailefull plaints your hastened death
 Yeelede larger roome unto their growing rage:
 Preserve your life, the only hope of stay:
 And if your highnes herein list to use
 Wisdome or force, councell or knightly aide:
 Loe we, our persons, powers and lives are yours;
 Use us till death, O king, we are your own.

Eubulus.

Loe here the perril that was erit foreseene,
 When you (O king) did first divide your lande
 And yeelede your present raigne unto your sonnes.
 But now (O noble prince) now is no time
 To waile and plaine, and waste your wofull life,
 Now is the time for present good advice,
 Sorrow dooth darke the judgement of the wit;
 The hart unbroken and the courage free
 From feeble faintenes of booteles dispaire
 Dooth either rise to safety or renowne,
 By noble valour of unvanquisht minde,
 Or yet dooth perish in more happie sorte.
 Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which with good councell and with weightye name
 Of father shall present before their eyes
 Your hest, your life, your safetie and their owne;
 The present mischeefe of their deadly strife,
 And in the while, assemble you the force
 Which your commaundement and the speedy haste,
 Of all my lords heere present can prepare:

The terrour of your mighty power shall staye
The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

Nuntius.

O king, the greatest greefe that ever prince did heare,
That ever wofull messenger did tell,
That ever wretched land hath seene before
I bring to you. Porrex your younger sonne
With sudden force, invaded hath the land.
That you to Ferrex did alotte to rule:
And with his owne most bloody hand he hath
His brother slaine, and dooth possesse his realme.

Gorboduc.

O heavens send down the flames of your revenge!
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakefull fier,
The traitour sonne, and then the wretched fire.
But let us goe, that yet perhaps I may,
Dye with revenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chorus.

The lust of kingdomes knowes no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regarde of right,
No kindly love, no feare of heavens wrath,
But with contempt of gods, and mans despite,
Through bloodye slaughter dooth prepare the waies,
To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.
The sonne so loathes the fathers lingring daies,
Ne dreads his hand in brothers blood to staine.
O wretched prince, ne doost thou yet recorde,
The yet fresh murthers doone within the lande.
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sword
Bereft Morgan his life with cozins hand?
Thus fatall plagues pursue the guiltie race,
Whose murderous hand imbrude with guiltles blood,
Askes vengeance before the heavens-face,
With endles mischiefes on the cursed brood.
The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull fire,
The mournfull plaints to wast his weary life:
Thus doo the cruell flames of civill fire
Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
And hence dooth spring the well from which dooth floe,
The dead blacke streams of mournings plaints and woe.

The order and signification of the dumbe shewe before the fourth acte.

First the musike of howeboies began to playe, during which there came foorth from under the stage, as though out of hell, thrce furies, Aleto, Megera, and Tisiphone, clad in blacke garments sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spred with serpents in stead of haire, the one bearing in hir hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand: eche driving before them a king and a queen, which moored by furies, unnaturally had slaine their own children. The names of the kings and queenes were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea: after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed, and then the musike ceased: hereby was signified the unnaturall murders to followe, that is to saye, Porrex slaine by his owne mother: And of king Gorboduc, and queen Viden, killed by their owne subjects.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Viden sola.

WHY should I live and linger foorth my time
 In longer life to double my distresse?
 O mee most wofull wight! whome no mishap
 Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
 Might not these hands by fortune or by fate
 Have pearst this brest, and life with iron rest;
 Or in this pallace here where I so long
 Have spent my daies, could not that happie houre
 Once, once have hapt in which these hugie frames
 With death by fall might have oppressed me;
 Or should not this most hard and cruell foyle,
 So oft where I have prest my wretched steps,
 Sometime had ruth of myne accursed life,
 To rend in twaine and swallow me therein.

So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happie grave within the closed ground,
And greedie worms had gnawne this pined hart
Without my feeling paine : so should not now
This living brest remaine the ruthfull tombe
Wherein my hart yeelden to death is gravde ;
Nor driery thoughts with pangs of pining griefe
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
O my beloved sonne, O my sweet child,
My deare Ferrex, my joy, my lives delight.
Is my beloved sonne, is my sweet child,
My deare Ferrex, my joy, my lives delight
Murdred with cruell death? O hatefull wretch,
O hainous traitour both to heaven and earth,
Thou Porrex, thou this damned deed hast wrought,
Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearely abyee the same.
Traitor to kinne and kinde, to fire and me,
To thine owne flesh, and traitour to thy selfe,
The Gods on thee in hell shall wreake their wrath,
And heere in earth this hand shall take revenge
On thee Porrex, thou false and caitife wight.
If after bloud so eager were thy thirst,
And murderous mind had so possessed thee,
If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint
Livde in thy brest, that nothing els could like
Thy cruel tyrants thought but death and bloud,
Wilde savage beasts might not the slaughter serve,
To feede thy greedy will, and in the midst
Of their entrailles to staine thy deadly handes
With blood deservde, and drinke thereof thy fill :
Or if nought els but death and blood of man
Might please thy lust, could none in Britaine land
(Whose hart betorne out of his living brest
With thine own hand, or workte what death thou
wouldst,)
Suffise to make a sacrifice to appease
That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the self same wombe was wrapt
Where thou in dismall houre receivedst life ?
Or if needes, needes this hand must slaughter make,

Mightest thou not have reacht a mortall wound,
 And with thy sword have pierst this cursed wombe
 That thee, accursed Porrex, brought to light?
 And given me a just reward therefore.
 So Ferrex, his sweet life might have enjoyde
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 With some yong soone in whome they both might live.
 But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speech
 To thee that hast thy brothers blood thus shed?
 Shall I still thinke that from this wombe thou sproong?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
 No traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine:
 Never, O wretch, this wombe conceived thee,
 Nor never bode I painfull throwes for thee:
 Chaungeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
 Nor to no wight that sparke of pittie knewe,
 Ruthles unkind, monster of natures worke,
 Thou never suckt the milk of womans brest,
 But from thy birth the cruell tigris teates
 Have nursed thee, nor yet of flesh and blood
 Formde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought;
 And wilde and desert woods bred thee to life.
 But canst thou hope to scape my just revenge?
 Or that these hands will not be wrekte on thee?
 Dooft thou not knowe that Ferrex mother lives
 That loved him more dearely than herselfe?
 And dooth she live, and is not vengde on thee?

Actus quartus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc. Arosus. Eubulus. Porrex. Marcella.

Gorboduc.

WE mervaile much whereto this lingering staie
 Falles out so long: Porrex unto our court.
 By order of our letters is returnde;
 And Eubulus receivde from us behest,
 At his arrivall heere to give him charge:

Before our presence streight to make repaire,
And yet we heare no word whereof he staies.

Arostus.

Lo where he comes and Eubulus with him.

Eubulus.

According to your highnes hest to me
Heere have I Porrex brought even in such fort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such hast therein.

Gorboduc.

We like and praise this speedie will in you
To woorke the thing that to your charge we gave,
Porrex, if we so farre should swarve from kinde,
And from these bounds which lawes of nature sets,
As thou hast doone by vile and wretched deede
In cruell murder of thy brothers life,
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But streight should bath this blade in bloud of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.

No, we should not offend the lawe of kinde
If now this sword of ours did slay thee heere :
For thou hast murdred him, whose henious death
Even nature foorth dooth move us to revenge
By bloud againe : But justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due deserte :
Yet sithens th'art our childe, and since as yet,
In this hard case what word thou canst alledge
For thy defence, by us hath not beene heard,
We are content to stayer our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to woorke :
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full
If ought thou have to laye for thine excuse.

Porrex.

Neither O king, I can or will deny
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath rest :
Which fact how much my dolefull hart dooth waile
Oh would it mought as full appeare to fight
As inward greefe would poure it forth to it:
So yet perhaps if ever ruthefull hart
Melting in teares within a manly breast,

Through

40 - *The Tragedy of GORBODUC.*

Through deepe repentance of his bloody fact,
 If ever greefe, if ever wofull men
 Might move regreite with sorrow of his faulte,
 I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
 Knowne to your grace, as I do feele the same,
 Would force even wrath her selfe to pittie me.
 But as the water troubled with the mudde
 Shewes not the face which els the eye should see:
 Even so your irefull minde with stirred thought,
 Cannot so perfectly discerne my cause,
 But this unhape, amongst so many heapes
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to my selfe I must referre my woe
 In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact :
 Sithence I may not shewe my smallest greefe,
 Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
 Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
 Of all mishappes that fortune now can send.
 Not that I rest in hope with plainte and teares
 To purchase life : for to the Gods I clepe
 For true recorde of this my faithfull speech,
 Never this hart shall have the thoughtfull dread
 To dye the death that by your graces doome
 By just desarte, shal be pronounced to me :
 Nor never shall this tung once spend his speech,
 Pardon to crave, or seeke by sute to live :
 I meane not this as though I were not toucht
 With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 Life in contempt : but that I know, the minde
 Stoupes to no dread, although the flesh be fraile;
 And for my guilte, I yeelde the same so great
 As in myself I find a fear to sue
 For graunt of life.

Gorboduc.

In vaine, O wretch thou shewest
 A wofull hart; Ferrex now lyes in grave,
 Slaine by thy hand.

Porrex.

Yet this, O father, heare :
 And then I end : Your majestie well knowes,

That

That when my brother Ferrex and my selfe
By your own hest were joynde in governaunce
Of this your graces realme of Brittain land,
I never fought, nor travailde for the same:
Nor by my self, or by no freend I wrought,
But from your highnes will alone it sprung,
Of your most gracious goodnes bent to me;
But how my brothers hart even then repinde,
With swolne disdaine against mine egall rule,
Seeing that realme, which by discent should growe
Wholy to him, allotted halfe to me?
Even in your highnesse courte he now remaines,
And with my brother then in neereft place
Who can recorde, what prooffe therof was shewde
And how my brothers envious hart appeerde:
Yet I that judged it my parte to seeke
His favour and good will, and loth to make
Your highnesse know the thing which should have
brought

Greefe to your grace, and your offence to him,
Hoping my earnest sute should soone have wonne
A loving hart within a brothers brest,
Wrought in that sorte, that for a pledge of love
And faithfull hart, he gave to me his hand.
This made me think, that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hartly love, as I did owe to him:
But after once we left your graces court
And from your highnesse presence livde aparte,
This egall rule still, still did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparkes which erst lay rakte
In living cinders of dissembling brest,
Kindled so farre within his harte disdaine,
That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
Of secret practise to deprive my life
By poysons force, and had bereft me so,
If mine owne servant hired to this fact,
And movde by ruthe withheld to worke the same,
In time had not bewraide it unto me.
When thus I sawe the knot of love unknit,

All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
 The lawe of kinde and troth thus rent in twaine,
 His hart on mischeefe fet, and in his brest
 Black treason hid; then, then did I dispaire
 That ever time could winne him freend to me,
 Then saw I how he smilde with slaying knife
 Wrapte under cloake, then saw I deepe deceite
 Lurke in his face and death preparede for me.
 Even nature moved me then to holde my life
 More deere to me then his, and bad this hand,
 (Since by his life my death must needes ensue,
 And by his death my life mote be preservd,
 To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so,
 And wisdome willed me without protract
 In speedy wise to put the same in ure.
 Thus have I tolde the cause that moved me
 To work my brothers death, and so I yeelde
 My life, my death to judgement of your grace.

Gorboduc.

Oh cruel wight, should any cause prevaile
 To make thee staine thy handes with brothers blood?
 But what of thee we will resolve to doo,
 Shall yet remaine unknowne. Thou in the meane,
 Shalt from our royall presence banishte be,
 Untill our princely pleasure furder shall
 To thee be shewed, departe therefore our sight
 Accursed childe. What cruel destiny,
 What froward fate hath sorted us this chaunce?
 That even in those, where we should comfort finde,
 Where our delight now in our aged daies
 Should rest and be, even there our only greefe
 And deepest sorrowes to abridge our life,
 Most pining cares and deadly thoughts doo grave.

Aroftus.

Your grace should now in these grave yeeres of yours
 Have found ere this the price of mortall joyes,
 How full of change, how brittle our estate,
 How shorte they be, how fading heere in earth,
 Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
 To whome both man and all the worlde dooth owe

Their

Their end at last; neither should natures power
In other sorte against your hart prevaile,
Then as the naked hand whose stroke affaies
The armed breast where force dooth light in vaine.

Gorboduc.

Many can yeeld right grave and sage advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapte in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kinde,
Who if by prooffe, they might feele natures force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indeede,
Which now will needes be gods: but what dooth meane
The sorry cheere of her that heere dooth come?

Marcella.

Oh where is ruthe? or where is pittie now?
Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exile out of our stony brestes,
Never to make returne? is all the worlde
Drowned in blood, and suncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mothers brest
To her owne childe, to her own flesh and blood;
If ruthe be banisht thence, if pittie there
May have no place, if there no gentle hart
Doo live and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

Gorboduc.

Madam (alas) what meanes your wofull tale?

Marcella.

O silly woman I, why to this howre,
Have kinde and fortune thus deferd my breath?
That I should live to see this dolefull daye:
Will ever wight beleeve that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mothers breast,
With her owne hand to slaye her onely sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthefull recordes of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother flaine,
And with her hand a wofull thing to tell,
While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes,
His hart stabde in with knife is rest of life.

Gorboduc.

Gorboduc.

O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
 And pierce this hart with speede, O hatefull light,
 O loathsome life, O sweete and welcome death,
 Deere Eubulus woorke this we thee beseeche.

Eubulus.

Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,
 With wound receivde but not of certaine death.

Gorboduc.

O let us then repaire unto the place,
 And see if that Porrex live, or thus be flaine.

Marcella.

Alas he liveth not, it is too true,
 That with these eyes, of him a peereles prince,
 Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
 Even with a twinke a senceles stock I saw.

Arestus.

O damned deede!

Marcella.

But hear his ruthefull end.
 The noble prince, pierst with the sodaine wounds,
 Out of his wretched slumber hastilie start,
 Whose strength now failing streight he overthrew,
 When in the fall his eyes ev'n now unclosde
 Beheld the queene, and cryde to her for helpe;
 We then, alas, the ladies which that time
 Did there attend, seeing that heinous deede,
 And hearing him oft call the wretched name
 Of mother, and to crie to her for aide,
 Whose direfull hand gave him the mortall wound,
 Pitieng alas (for nought els could we doo)
 His rufull ende, ranne to the wofull bed
 Dispoyled streight his brest, and all we might
 Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hande,
 The sodaine streams of bloud that flushed fast
 Out of the gaping wound: O what a looke,
 O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought
 He fixt upon my face, which to my death
 Will never parte from me, wherewith a braide
 A deepe fet sigh he gave, and therewithall

Clasping

Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight
And streight pale death pressing within his face
The flying ghost his mortall corps forsooke.

Aroftus.

Never did age bring forth so vile a facte.

Marcella.

O hard and cruel hap, that thus assignde
Unto so worthie wight so wretched ende :
But most hard cruell hart that could consent
To lend the hatefull destenies that hande,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought,
O queen of adamant, O marble brest,
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely cheare and countenance,
His valiaunt active armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast,
As would have rapt a silly womans thought ;
If this might not have moovd the bloodie hart,
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Even to let fall, and kist him in the face,
With teares for ruth to reave such one by death ;
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne ?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe !
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send downe some straunge revenge on thee,
Ah noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilte,
And with thy mistresse sleeve tide on thy helme,
There charge thy staffe, to please thy ladies eye,
That bowde the head peece of thy frendly foe ?
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in armes on foot to breake the sworde,
Which never now these eyes may see againe.

Aroftus.

Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed,
Rather with me depart, and helpe to asswage
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king

Must needes by nature growe by death of this
His onely sonne, whome he did hold so deare.

Marcella.

What wight is that which sawe that I did see,
And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?
Not I, alas, that hart is not in me ;
But let us go, for I am greevd anewe,
To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

Chorus.

When greedie lust in royall seate to reigne
Hath rest all care of gods and eke of men ;
And cruell hart, wrath, treason and disdaine
Within th'ambitious brest are lodged, then
Behold how mischiefe wide her selfe displays,
And with the brothers hand the brother slayes.

When blood thus shed dooth staine this heavens face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deede,
The mightie God even moveth from his place
With wrath to wreke, then sendes he foorth with speede
The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With haire of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire :
These for revenge of wretched murder done,
Dooth cause the mother kill her onely sonne.

Bloud asketh bloud, and death must death requit :
Jove by his just and everlasting doome
Justly hath ever so requited it.
This times before recorde, and times to come
Shall find it true, and so dooth present prooffe
Present before our eies for our behoofe.

O happie wight that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood :
And happie he that can in time beware
By others harmes, and turne it to his good.
But woe to him that fearing not to offend,
Dooth serve his lust, and will not see the end.



The order and signification of the dumbe
shewe before the fift Acte.

*First the drummes and fluites began to sounde, during
which there came foorth upon the stage a companie of
harquebushers and of armed men all in order of battaile.
These after their peeces discharged, and that the armed
men had three times marched about the stage, departed,
and then the drummes and fluites did cease. Heereby
was signified tumultes, rebellions, armes, and ci-vil warres
to followe, as fell in the realme of Great Britayne,
which by the space of fiftie yeares and more continued
in ci-vill warre betweene the nobilitie after the death of
king Gorboduc, and of his issues, for want of cer-
taine limitation in the succession of the crowne, till
the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the
land to monarchie.*

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

Clotyn.

D ID ever age bring foorth such tyrant harts,
The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
The mother she hath dyde her cruell hands
In bloud of her owne sonne, and now at last
The people loe forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both lawe and loyall hart,
Even they have slaine their soveraigne lord and queene.

Mandud.

Shall this their traiterous crime unpunisht rest?
Even yet they cease not carried out with rage,
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A new bloud shedde unto the princes kinne
To slaye them all, and to uproote the race

Both

Both of the king and queene, so are they moovde
 With Porrex death, wherein they falsely charge
 The guiltelesse king without defart at all.
 And traiterously have murdred him therefore,
 And eke the queene.

Gwenard.

Shall subjects dare with force
 To work revenge upon their princes fact ?
 Admit the woorst that may, as sure in this
 The deede was foule, the queene to slaye her sonne:
 Shall yet the subject seek to take the swoord ?
 Arise against his lord, and slaye his king ?
 O wretched state where those rebellious hartes
 Are not rent out even from their living breastes,
 And with the body throwne unto the fowles,
 As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Fergus.

There can no punishment be thought too great
 For this so greevous crime, let speede therefore
 Be usde therein, for it behoveth io.

Eubulus.

Ye all my lordes I see consent in one,
 And I as one consent with ye in all :
 I holde it more then neede, with sharpest lawe
 To punishe their tumultuous bloody rage.
 For nothing more may shake the common state,
 Then sufferance of uproares without redresse :
 Wherby how sone kingdomes of mighty power,
 After great conquests made, and flourishing
 In fame and wealth have beene to ruine brought,
 I pray to Jove that we may rather waile
 Such hap in them, then witnes in ourselves.
 Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees
 That no cause serves, wherby the subject may
 Call to account the dooinges of his prince ;
 Much lesse in blood by swoord to woorke revenge ;
 No more then may the hand cut of the head.
 In acte nor speech, no not in secret thought
 The subject may rebell against his lord,
 Or judge of him that sits in Cæsars seate,

With

With grudging minde to damne those he mislikes.
Though kinges forget to governe as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
But now my lordes before ye farder wade
Or spend your speech, what sharpe revenge shall fall
By justice plague on these rebellious wights,
Me thinkes ye rather should first searche the way
By which in time the rage of this uproare
Mought be repress, and these great tumults ceast.
Even yet the life of Brittain land dooth hang,
In traitours ballaunce of unequall weight.
Think not my lords the death of Gorboduc,
Nor yet Videnaes blood will cease their rage :
Even our own lives, our wives and childeren,
Our cuntrey dearest of all, in danger standes,
Now to be spoyld, now, now made desolate,
And by ourselves a conquest too ensue :
For give once sweye unto the peoples lustes,
To rush forth on, and staye them not in time,
And as the streame that rowleth downe the hill,
So will they headlong run with raging thoughtes
From bloud to-bloud, from mischeefe unto moe,
To ruine of the realme, themselves and all,
So giddie are the common peoples mindes,
So glad of change, more wavering then the sea.
Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebels have
What hugie number is assembled still,
For though the traiterous fact for which they rose,
Be wrought and doone, yet lodge they still in feelde;
So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
Great cause we have to dread; that we may seeke
By present battaile to repress their power,
Speede must we use to levie force therfore,
For either they forthwith will mischeefe woorke,
Or their rebellious roares forthwith must cease :
These violent thinges may have no lasting stonde.
Let us therefore use this for present helpe;
Perswade by gentle speech, and offer grace
With giste of pardon save unto the cheefe:
And that upon condicion that forthwith

They yeelde the captaines of their enterprife,
 To beare such guerdon of their traiterous fact
 As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
 And holesome terrour to posteritie.

This shall I think: flatter the greatest parte,
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Wearied in feelde with colde of winters nightes,
 And some (no doubt) striken with dread of lawe.
 When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
 The captaines to mistrust the multitude,
 Whose safetie bids them to betraye their heads,
 And so much more because the rascall routes,
 In thinges of great and perilous attempte,
 Are never trustie to the noble race.

And while we treat and scande on tearmes of grace,
 We shall both stay their furies rage the while,
 And eke gaine time, whose only helpe suffiseth
 Withouten warre to vanquishe rebells power:

In the meane while, make you in readines
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare:

Horsemen you know, are not the commons strength,
 But are the force and store of noble men,

Wherby the unchosen and unarmed sorte
 Of skilleles rebelles, whome none other power,

But number makes to be of dreadfull force,
 With soddeine brunt may quickly be opprest,

And if this gentle meane of proffred grace,
 With stubborne hartes cannot so farre availe

As to asswage their desperate courages:

Then doo I wish such slaughter to be made,
 As present age and eke posteritie

May be adrad with horrour of revenge

That justly then shall on these rebelles fall:

This is my lordes the summe of mine advise.

Clotin.

Neither this case admittes debate at large,
 And though it did: this speeche that hath been sayde,
 Hath well abridgde the tale I would have told.

Fully with Eubulus doo I consent

In all that he hath saide: and if the same

To you my lordes, may seeme for best advise,
I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

Mandud.

My lords then let us presently departe
And follow this that liketh us so well.

Fergus.

If ever time to gaine a kingdome heere
Were offred man, now it is offred me :
The realme is rest both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire unknowne,
The people are in armes and mutinies,
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and uproares.
And Brittain land now deserte left alone
Amid these broyles uncertaine where to rest,
Offers herselfe unto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne :
Shall I that am the duke of Albany
Discended from that line of noble bloud,
Which hath so long flourishd in woorthy fame
Of valiant hartes, such as in noble breasts
Of right should rest above the baser sorte,
Refuse to adventure life to winne a crowne ?
Whom shall I finde enemies that will withstand
My fact heerin, if I attempt by armes
To seeke the same now in these times of broyle ?
These dukes power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in armes.
But if perhaps my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lords now left in Brittain land.
And though they should match me with power of men,
Yet doubtfull is the chauce of battailes joynde.
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the scepter then of great Brittain,
If slaine amid the plaine this bodie be,
Mine enemies yet shall not denie me this,
But that I died giving the noble charge
To hazard life for conquest of a crowne.

Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
 To Albanye, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secrete friends
 By secrete practife shall follicite still
 To seeke to winne to me the peoples harts.

ACTUS quintus. Scena secunda.

Eubulus. Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Arostus. Nuntius.

Eululus.

O Jove, how are these peoples harts abusde?
 What blind furie thus headlong carries them?
 That though so many bookes, so many rolles
 Of auntient time record what greevous plagues
 Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft
 Their eares have heard their aged fathers tell
 What just reward these traitours still receive;
 Yea though themselves have seene deepe death and bloud
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
 To such assignde, yet can they not beware,
 Yet can they not stay their rebellious hands,
 But suffring too fowle treason to distaine
 Their wretched minds, forget their loyall hart,
 Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
 A ruthfull case, that those whom nature bound,
 Whom grafted lawe, by duty, truth, and faith
 Bound to preserve their country and their king,
 Borne to defend their common welth and prince,
 Even they should give consent thus to subvert
 Thee Britaine land, and from thy wombe should bring
 (O native soile) those, that will needes destroy
 And ruine thee and eke themselves in fine:
 For loe, when once the duke had offred grace
 Of pardon sweet (the multitude missed
 By traiterous fraud of their ungratious heads)
 One sort that sawe the daungerous successe

Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
And knew the difference of princes power,
From headles number of tumultuous routes,
Whom common countries care and private feare
Taught to repent the terrour of their rage,
Laid hands upon the captaines of their band,
And brought them bound unto the mightie dukes.
Another sort not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their owne offence then that they should conceive
Sure hope of pardon for so fowle misdeed ;
Or for that they their captaines could not yeeld,
Who fearing to be yeelded fled before,
Stole home by silence of the secrete night.
The third unhappie and enraged sort
Of desperate harts, who staine in princes bloud,
From traiterous furour could not be withdrawne
By love, by lawe, by grace ne yet by feare,
By proffred life, ne yet by threatned death,
With minds hopeles of life, dreadles of death,
Careles of country, and aweles of God,
Stood bent to fight as furies did them move
With valiant death to close their traiterous life:
These all by power of horsemen were opprest,
And with revenging sword slaine in the field,
Or with the strangling cord hangd on the trees,
Where yet the carrien carcases doo preche
The fruits that rebels reape of their uproars,
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But loe, where doo approach the noble dukes,
By whom these tumults have beene thus appeasde.

Clotyn.

I thinke the world will now at length beware,
And feare to put on armes against their prince.

Mandud.

If not : those traiterous hearts that doo rebell,
Let them behold the wide and hugie fields
With blood and bodies spred of rebels slaine ;
The lustie trees clothed with corpses dead
That strangled with the cord doo hang therein.

Aroftus.

A juft reward fuch as all times before
Have ever lotted to thofe wretched folkes.

Gwenard.

But what meanes he that commeth here fo faft?

Nuntius.

My lords, as dutie and my troth doth moove,
And of my country worken care in me,
That if the fpending of my breath availe
To doo the fervice that my hart defires,
I would not fhun to imbrace a prefent death,
So have I now in that wherein I thought
My travaile might perfourme fome good effect
Ventred my life to bring thefe tidings heere.
Fergus the mightie duke of Albany
Is nowe in armes, and lodgeth in the field
With twentie thoufand men, hither he bends
His speedie march, and minds to invade the crowne,
Daily he gathereth ftrengh, and fpreads abroad
That to this realme no certaine heire remaines,
That Britaine land is left without a guide,
That he the fcepter seekes, for nothing els
But to preferve the people and the land
Which now remaine as fhippe without a fterne:
Loe this is that which I have here to fain.

Clotyn.

Is this his faith? and fhall he falſly thus
Abufe the vantage of unhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outragious pride,
His cruell and untempred wilfulnes,
His deepe difſembling ſhewes of falſe pretence
Should once attaine the crowne of Britaine land.
Let us my lords, with timely force reſiſt
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mandud.

Though we remaine without a certaine prince
To weeld the realme, or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native lande, our country that containes

Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves and all
That ever is or may be deare to man,
Cries unto us to helpe ourselves and her:
Let us advaunce our powers to repressie
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard.

Yea let us so my lords with hastie speede:
And ye (o gods) sende us the welcome death,
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In lothsome life to linger out our lives,
To see the hugie heapes of these mishaps,
That now roll downe upon the wretched lande.
Where emptie place of princely governaunce,
No certaine stay now left of doubtles heire,
Thus leave this guideles realme an open pray
To endlesse stormes and waste of civill warre.

Arostus.

That ye, my lords, doo so agree in one
To save your country from the violent raigne
And wrongfully usurped tyrannie
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realme, and in this realme yourselves
From forraine thraldome of so proud a prince,
Much doo I praise, and I beseech the gods
With happy howers to requite it you.
But, o my lords, sith now the heavens wrath
Hath rest this lande the issue of their prince:
Sith of the bodie of our late soveraigne lord
Remaines no moe, since the yong kings be slaine,
And of the title o'th' descended crowne,
Uncertainly the divers mindes doo thinke
Even of the learned sorte, and more uncertainlie
Will partiall fancie and affection deeme:
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reigne withdraw from fundrie parts
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne,
When once this noble service is atchievd,
For Brittain Land the mother of ye all,
When once ye have with armed force repressd,
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,

That threatens thraldome to your native land,
 When ye shall vanquishers returne from feelde
 And finde the princely state an open pray,
 To greedy lust and to usurping power,
 Then, then (my lordes) if ever kindly care
 Of ancient honour of your auncestours,
 Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
 Yea of the lives and safetie yet to come
 Of your deere wives, your children and your selves
 Might move your noble hartes with gentle ruthe,
 Then, then have pittie on the torne estate,
 Then helpe to salve the well neere hopeles fore :
 Which ye shall doo, if you your selves withhold
 The fleaing knife from your owne mothers throate,
 Her shall you save, and you and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Once to lay hand, or take unto your selves,
 The crowne by colour of pretended right :
 Or by what other meanes so ever it be,
 Till first by common counsell of you all
 In parliament, the regall diadem
 Be set in certaine place of governaunce,
 In which your parliament and in your choise,
 Prefer the right (my lordes) without respect
 Of strength of freendes, or whatsoever cause
 That may set forward any others parte,
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
 Right meane I his or hers, upon whose name
 The people rest by meane of native line,
 Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
 Alreadie made their title to advance :
 Such one (my lords) let be your chosen king,
 Such one so borne within your native land,
 Such one preferre, and in no wise admit;
 The heavie yoake of forreine governaunce :
 Let forreine titles yeelde to publike wealth,
 And with that hart wherwith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proude invading foe,
 With that same hart (my lordes) keepe out also
 Unnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,

Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde,
Your mother land to serue a forreine prince.

Eubulus.

Loe heere the end of Brutus royall line,
And loe the entrie to the wofull wrack
And utter ruine of this noble realme.
The royall king, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
No ruler restes within the regall seate :
The heire to whom the sceptor longes unknowne :
That to the force of forreine princes power,
Whome vauntage of your wretched state may tempt,
By sodaine armes to gaine so rich a realme,
And to the proude and greedy minde at home
Whome blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire,
Loe Brittain realme is left an open praye,
A present spoyle by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now how many rising mindes
Doo feed their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme ;
And who will not by force attempt to winne
So great a gaine that hope perswades to have :
A simple colour shall for title serue,
Who winnes the royall crown will want no right,
Nor such as shall displaye by long discent
A lyniall race to prove him selfe a king.
In the meane while these cyvill armes shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischeefes shall unfold
And far and neere spread thee O Brittain land.
All right and law shall cease, and he that had,
Nothing to daye, to morrow shall enjoy
Great heapes of good, and he that flowd in wealth,
Loe he shall be bereft of life and all :
And happiest he that then possesseth least.
The wives shall suffer rape, maidens desflourde,
And children fatherles shall weepe and waile :
With fier and swoord thy native folke shall perishe,
One kinsman shall bereave an others life,
The father shall unwitting slay the sonne,
The sonne shall slay the fire and know it not :
Women and maides the cruell souldiers swoord
Shall pearce to death, and fillie children loe

That playing in the streetes and feeldes are found,
 By violent hand shall close their latter day.
 Whome shall the fierce and bloudie souldier
 Reserve to life, whome shall he spare from death?
 Even thou (O wretched mother) halfe alive
 Thou shalt beholde thy deere and only childe
 Slaine with the swoord while he yet suckes thy brest.
 Loe, giltles blood shall thus eche where be shed:
 Thus shall the wasted soyle yeelde foorth no fruite
 But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
 The townes shall be consumde, and burnt with fier;
 The peopled citties shall waxe desolate,
 And thou (O Brittainc land) whilome in renowne,
 Whilome in wealth and fame shalt thus be torne.
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
 Thus wasted and defacte, spoylde and destroide.
 These be the fruites your cyvill warres will bring.
 Heerto it comes when kinges will not consent,
 To grave advice, but follow wilfull will:
 This is the end, when in yong princes hartes
 Flattery prevailes, and sage rede hath no place:
 These are the plagues when murder is the meane
 To make new heires unto the royall crowne.
 Thus wreak the Gods when that the mothers wrath
 Nought but the blood of her own childe may swage:
 These mischeefes spring, when rebells will arise,
 To worke revenge and judge their princes fact,
 This, this ensues when noble men doo faile
 In loyall troth, and subjectes will be kinges.
 And this dooth grow, when loe unto the prince,
 Whome death or sodeyne hap of life bereaves,
 No certaine heire remaines, such certeintie
 As not all only is the rightfull heire,
 But to the realme is so made knowne to be,
 And troth therby vested in subjects hartes,
 To owe faith there, where right is knowne to rest.
 Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
 When is of parliament no hope at all,
 Which though it be assembled by consent,
 Yet is it not likely with consent to end:

While eche one for him selfe or for his freend
Against his foe, shall travaile what he may,
While now the state left open to the man,
That shall with greatest force invade the same,
Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping hope:
When will they once with yeelding hartes agree?
Or in the while how shall the realme be usde?
No, no: then parliament should have beene helde,
And certaine heires appointed to the crowne
To staye their title on establisht right,
And plant the people in obedience,
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
By lawfull summons and authoritie,
Might make a parliament to be of force,
And might have set the realme in quiet staye:
But now, O happie man, that speedy death
Deprives of life, ne is enforct to see
These hugie mischeefes and these miseries,
These cyvill warres, these murders and these wronges.
Of justice yet must Jove in fine restore,
This noble crowne unto the lawfull heire:
For right will alwaies live, and rise at length,
But wrong can never take deepe roote to last.

The ende of the Tragedy of king Gorboduc.



THE HISTORY OF THE

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CAMPASPE.

A

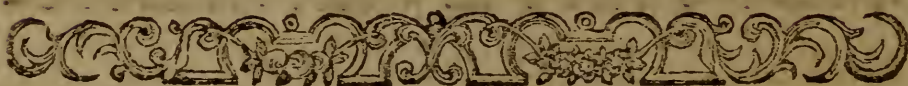
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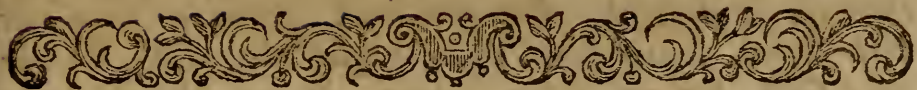
By JOHN LILLY.





JOHN LILLY, *the Author of this Comedy, flourish'd in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was a Kentish Man, and took his Master of Arts Degree at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1575. This Play was first printed in 1591. He wrote in all nine Plays, six of which were printed in a small Volume in 1632. by one Mr. Blount, who; in his Title-page, stiles our Author the witty, comical, facetiously quick and unparallel'd John Lilly. The said Mr. Blount, in his Preface to those Plays, speaking of a Book intituled, Euphues and his England, written by this Author, says, " Our Nation are in his Debt for a " new English, which he taught them. Euphues and " his England began first that Language. All our La- " dies were then his Scholars; and that Beauty, in " Court, which could not parle Euphuism, was as little " regarded as she which now there speaks not French."* His other Plays are Endymion, Galathea, Love's Metamorphosis, Maid's Metamorphosis, Mother Bombie, Midas, Sapho and Phao, the Woman in the Moon, all Comedies. The Story of Alexander's bestowing Campaspe on Apelles is related in Pliny's Natural History.





T H E

PROLOGUE at the *Black Friars*.

They that fear the stinging of wasps, make fans of peacocks tails, whose spots are like eyes: And Lepidus, who could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast, whose head was like a dragon: and we which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owl, Pallas's shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a sign of famine to Ægypt, when Nylus flow'd less than twelve cubits, or more than eighteen: and it may threaten despair unto us, if we be less curious than you look for, or more cumbersome. But as Theseus being promised to be brought to an eagle's nest, and travelling all the day, found but a wren in a hedge, yet said this is a bird: so we hope, if the shew of our swelling mountain seeming to bring forth some elephant, perform but a mouse, you will gently say, this is a beast. Basil softly touched, yieldeth a sweet scent; but chafed in the hand, a rank savour. We fear even so that our labours sily glanced on, will breed some content; but examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse. There went two nights to the begetting of Hercules. Feathers appear not on the phoenix under seven months, and the mulberry is twelve in budding: but our travails are like the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engendreth again; or like the brood of a Trochilus, whose eggs in the same moment that they are laid, become birds. But howsoever we finish our work, we crave pardon, if we offend in mat-
ter;

ter; and patience if we transgress in manners. We have mixed mirth with counsel, and discipline with delight; thinking it not amiss in the same garden to sow pot-herbs, that we set flowers. But we hope, as harts that cast their horns, snakes their skins, eagles their bills, become more fresh for any other labour: so our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But lest like the Myndians, we make our gates greater than our town, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude: wishing, that although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence.





T H E

PROLOGUE at the COURT.

WE are ashamed that our bird, which fluttereth by twilight, seeming a swallow, should be proved a bat, set against the sun. But as Jupiter placed Silenus's ass among the stars, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced, upon a rough discourse, to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling lapidaries, who think to hide the crack in a stone, by setting it deep in gold. The gods supp'd once with poor Baucis; the Persian kings sometimes shaved sticks; our hope is, your highness will at this time lend an ear to an idle pastime. Appion raising Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father; and we calling Alexander from his grave, seek only who was his love. Whatsoever we present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa's shadows, who in the moment they were seen, were of any shape one would conceive; or Lynxes, who having a quick sight to discern, have a short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with torches, which giving light to others, consume themselves; and we showing delight to others, shame our selves.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

*A*lexander,
Hephestion,

Clytus,
Parmenio,

Plato,

Aristotle,

Diogenes,

Melippus,

Crisippus,

Crates,

Cleanthes,

Anaxarchus,

Apelles,

Granichus,

Manes,

Pŷllus,

} Servants to { Plato,
Diogenes,
Apelles.

Campaspe,

Timoclea,

Lais.

SCENE, ATHENS.



CAMPASPE.

A

COMEDY.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Clitus, Parmenio, Timoclea, Campaspe, Alexander, Hephæstion.

Clit.



Armenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories, courage, or courtesy; in the one being a resolution without fear, in the other a liberality above custom. Thebes is rased, the people not raked, towers thrown down, bodies

bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

Par. Clytus, it becometh the son of Philip to be none other than Alexander is; therefore seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the son an excellency? For as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light; so of a fire, in whom nothing but virtue was, what could the child receive but singular? it is for turquois to stain each other, not for diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in goodness, in the other no comparison.

Clytus. You mistake me, Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question; unless haply you conjecture (which none of judgment will conceive) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree; or coveting to kiss the child, I therefore go about to poison the teat.

Par. Ay, but Clytus, I perceive you are born in the east, and never laugh but at the sun-rising; which argueth tho' a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

Cly. We will make no controversy of that which there ought to be no question; only this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of Philip but Alexander.

Par. Soft, Clytus, behold the spoils and prisoners! a pleasant sight to us, because profit is join'd with honour; not much painful to them, because their captivity is eas'd by mercy.

Timo. Fortune, thou didst never yet deceive virtue, because virtue never yet did trust fortune. Sword and fire will never get spoil, where wisdom and fortitude bears sway. O Thebes, thy walls were rais'd by the sweetness of the harp, but ras'd by the shrillness of the trumpet. Alexander had never come so near the walls, had Epaminondas walk'd about the walls; and yet might the Thebans have been merry in their streets, if he had been to watch their towers. But destiny is seldom foreseen, never prevented. We are here now captives,
whose

whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts can not yield by death. Come, Campaspe, and the rest, let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom we fear'd not to cast our darts.

Par. Madam, you need not doubt, it is Alexander that is the conqueror.

Timo. Alexander hath overcome, not conquer'd.

Par. To bring all under his subjection, is to conquer.

Tim. He cannot subdue that which is divine.

Par. Thebes was not.

Timo. Virtue is.

Cly. Alexander, as he tendreth virtue, so he will you; he drinketh not blood, but thirsteth after honour; he is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy. In fight terrible, as becometh a captain; in conquest mild, as becometh a king. In all things, than which nothing can be greater, he is Alexander.

Cam. Then if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shall be no miserable thing to be a virgin. For if he save our honours, it is more than to restore our goods. And rather do I wish he'd preserve our fame than our lives, which if he do, we will confess there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander.

Alex. Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoils?

Cly. Like your majesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Cly. I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honour.

Alex. I will know—Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battel with thy father, before the city of Chieronte, where he died, I say which none can gainsay, valiantly.

Alex. Lady, there seems in your words sparks of your brother's deeds, but worser fortune in your life than his death: but fear not, for you shall live without violence,

violence, enemies, or necessity—But what are you, fair lady, another sister to Theagines?

Cam. No sister to Theagines, but an humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extream fortune.

Alex. Well, ladies, for so your virtues shew you, whatsoever your births be, you shall be honourably entertained. Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shall not be as objects of war, but as subjects to Alexander. Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the city, charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supply'd so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons, and my prisoners.

[*Exeunt Par. and captives.*]

Hephestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace, as conquer in war: that whilst arms cease, arts may flourish, and joining letters with launces we endeavour to be as good philosophers as soldiers; knowing it no less praise to be wise, than commendable to be valiant.

Heph. Your majesty therein sheweth, that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue; and needs must that common-wealth be fortunate, whose captain is a philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captain. [*Exeunt.*]

Act. I. Scen. 2.

Manes, Granickus, Pfyllus.

Manes. **I** Serve instead of a master, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board.

Pfyl. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend. A crumb for thy supper, a hand for thy cup, and thy cloaths for thy sheets. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

Gra. Manes, it is pity so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher; but that Diogenes, that dog,

dog, should have Manes that dog-bolt, it grieveth nature, and spitheth art; the one having found thee so dis-solute, absolute I would say, in body, the other so single, singular in mind.

Manes. Are you merry? it is a sign by the trip of your tongue, and the toys of your head, that you have done that to-day, which I have not done these three days.

Pfy. What's that?

Manes. Dined.

Gra. I think Diogenes keeps but cold chear.

Manes. I would it were so; but he keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Gra. What then, luke-warm? What made Manes run from his master the last day?

Pfy. Manes had reason; for his name foretold as much.

Manes. My name! how so, fir boy?

Pfy. You know that it is called *Mons à movendo*, because it stands still.

Manes. Good.

Pfy. And thou art named Manes, à *Manendo*, because thou run'st away.

Manes. Passing reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

Pfy. To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate.

Manes. I will prove that my body was immortal, because it was in prison.

Gra. As how?

Manes. Did your masters never teach you that the soul is immortal?

Gra. Yes.

Manes. And the body is the prison of the soul.

Gra. True.

Manes. Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it in prison.

Gra. Oh bad!

Pfy. Excellent ill!

Manes.

Manes. You may see how dull a fasting wit is ; therefore, *Pfyllus*, let us go to supper with *Granichus* : *Plato* is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me him that reads in the morning in the school, and at noon in the kitchen.

Pfyllus. And me.

Grani. Ah, sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for the body ; and a God in his study for the soul. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent musician, then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder and say ; this is a passing good cook.

Manes. It is well done, *Granichus* ; for give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear : I had rather fill my guts than my brains.

Pfyllus. I serve *Apelles*, who feedeth me, as *Diogenes* doth *Manes* ; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting : When I would eat meat, he paints a spit ; and when I thirst, O, saith he, is not this a fair pot ? and points to a table, which contains the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut.

Gra. What dost thou then ?

Pfyll. This doth he then, bring in many examples that some have lived by favours, and proveth that much easier it is to grow fat by colours, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter ; and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistress's picture, that they never desir'd to take food, being glutt'd with the delight in their favours. Then doth he shew me counterfeits, such as have surfeited with their filthy and loathsome vomits, and with the riotous bacchanals of the god *Bacchus*, and his disorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly, tho' I go richly, which maketh me when I should begin to shadow a lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and sometime to set to the body of a maid, a shoulder of mutton ; for *Semper animus meus est in patinis*.

Manes. Thou art a god to me ; for could I see but a cook's-shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have nought but sentences to fill my maw ;

as, plures occidit crapula quam gladius : musa jejunantibus amica : repletion killeth delicately. And an old saw of abstinence by Socrates : the belly is the head's grave. Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a gallimaufrey.

Gran. But how do'st thou then live?

Manes. With fine jests, sweet air, and the dogs alms.

Gran. Well, for this time, I will staunch thy gut ; and, among pots and platters, thou shalt see what it is to serve Plato.

Pfyl. For joy of Granicus, let's sing.

Manes. My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning.

Gran. Another commodity of emptiness.

[Song.]

Act I. Scen. 3.

Melippus, Plato, Aristotle, Crisippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Alexander, Hephestion, Parmenio, Clytus.

Melip. **I** Had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king : First, I came to Crisippus, a tall lean old mad man, willing him presently to appear before Alexander : he stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body : I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sat down, and said nothing. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth ; for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and so great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato, and to Aristotle, and to divers others, none refusing to come, saving an old ob-
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scure fellow, who, sitting in a tub turn'd towards the sun, read Greek to a young boy; him when I will'd to appear before Alexander, he answer'd, If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me; if learn of me, let him come to me; whatsoever it be, let him come to me. Why, said I, he is a king; he answer'd, Why I am a philosopher. Why, but he is Alexander; ay, but I am Diogenes. I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, Thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to Alexander: nay, smiling answer'd he, Alexander may repent it, if he come not to Diogenes; virtue must be sought, not offer'd: and so turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub.—But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming. [Exit.

Plato. It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather to be wonder'd at than believ'd, how natural causes should work supernatural effects.

Arist. I do not so much stand upon the apparition seen in the moon, neither the Dæmonium of Socrates, as that I cannot, by natural reason, give any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which makes me, in the depth of my studies, to cry out, *O ens entium miserere mei!*

Plato. Cleanthes and you attribute so much to nature, by searching for things which are not to be found, that whilst you study a cause of your own, you omit the occasion itself. There is no man so savage in whom resteth not this divine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be call'd God.

Cleant. I am of this mind, that the first mover, which you term God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is mass, swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, the whole firmament of the world, and whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, what man almost of mean capacity but can prove it natural.

Anaxar.

Anaxar. These causes shall be debated at our philosophers feast, in which controversy I will take part with Aristotle, that there is *natura naturans*, and yet not God.

Crat. And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*, and not nature.

Arist. Here cometh Alexander.

Alex. I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us.

Hephest. They are not philosophers, if they knew not their duties.

Alex. But I much marvel Diogenes should be so dogged.

Hephest. I do not think but his excuse will be better than Melippus' message.

Alex. I will go see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is like to come.—Aristotle and the rest, since my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved with myself in my court to have as many philosophers as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shall be a school, wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace, as I did in war discipline.

Arist. We are all here, ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded; for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wisdom, as they do in dignity.

Alex. It is so, Aristotle; but yet there is among you, yea and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy Alexander: Calistenes, Aristotle, whose treasons against his prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his philosophy.

Arist. If ever mischief enter'd into the heart of Calistenes, let Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle ever imagined any such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle doth deny.

Alex. Well, Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection me; but, in kings causes, I will not stand to

scholars arguments. This meeting shall be for a commandment, that you all frequent my court, instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons: let your lives be answerable to your learnings, lest my proceedings be contrary to my promises.

Hephest. You said you would ask every one of them a question, which yesternight none of us could answer.

Alex. I will.—Plato, of all beasts which is the subtlest?

Plato. That which man hitherto never knew.

Alex. Aristotle, how should a man be thought a God?

Arist. In doing a thing impossible for a man.

Alex. Crisippus, which was first, the day, or the night?

Crisip. The day, by a day.

Alex. Indeed, strange questions must have strange answers. Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Clean. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

Alex. Crates, how long should a man live?

Crates. Till he think it better to die than to live.

Alex. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax. The earth; for the sea is but a part of the earth.

Alex. Hephestion, methinks they have answer'd all well, and in such questions I mean often to try them.

Hephest. It is better to have in your court a wise man, than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war to study wisdom, were I Alexander.

Alex. So would I, were I Hephestion. But come, let us go and give release, as I promis'd to our Theban thralls. [*Exeunt.*

Plato. Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholar.

Arist. And all you happy, that he is your sovereign.

Crisip. I could like the man well, if he could be contented to be but a man.

Arist.

Arist. He seeketh to draw near to the Gods in knowledge, not to be a God.

Enter Diogenes.

Plato. Let us question a little with Diogenes, why he went not with us to Alexander.—Diogenes, thou did'st forget thy duty, that thou went'st not with us to the king.

Diog. And you your profession, that you went to the king.

Plato. Thou tak'st as great pride to be peevish, as others do glory to be virtuous.

Diog. And thou as great honour, being a philosopher, to be thought court-like, as others shame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philosophers.

Arist. These austere manners set aside, it is well known that thou didst counterfeit money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money.

Arist. Thou hast reason to contemn the court, being, both in body and mind, too crooked for a courtier.

Diog. As good be crooked, and endeavour to make myself straight from the court, as to be straight, and learn to be crooked at the court.

Crat. Thou think'st it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

Diog. And thou to be jump with Alexander.

Anax. Let us go; for in contemning him, we shall better please him, than in wondering at him.

Arist. Plato, what do'st thou think of Diogenes?

Plato. To be Socrates, furious. Let us go.

[*Exeunt Philosoph.*]

Act. II. Scen. I.

Diogenes, Pfyllus, Manes, Granichus.

Pfyllus. **B**Ehold, Manes, where thy master is, seeking either for bones for his dinner, or pins for his sleeves. I will go salute him.

Manes. Do so; but mum, not a word that you saw Manes.

Gran. Then stay thou behind, and I will go with Pfyllus.

Pfyl. All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.

Diog. All hate to thy peevish conditions.

Gran. O dog!

Pfyl. What do'st thou seek for here?

Diog. For a man, and a beast.

Gran. That is easy, without thy light, to be found—
be not all these men?

Diog. Call'd men.

Gran. What beast is it thou look'st for?

Diog. The beast my man, Manes.

Pfyl. He is a beast, indeed, that will serve thee.

Diog. So is he that begat thee.

Gran. What would'st thou do, if thou should'st find Manes?

Diog. Give him leave to do as he hath done before.

Gran. What's that?

Diog. To run away.

Pfyl. Why, hast thou no need of Manes?

Diog. It were a shame for Diogenes to have need of Manes, and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes.

Gran. But put the case he were gone, would'st thou entertain any of us two?

Diog. Upon condition—

Pfyl. What?

Diog. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good,

Gran.

Gran. Why, I am a scholar, and well seen in philosophy.

Pfyl. And I a 'prentice, and well seen in painting.

Diog. Well then, Granichus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face; and thou, Pfyllus, a philosopher, to correct thine evil manners.—But who is that, Manes?

Manes. I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.

Gran. You are taken tardy.

Pfyl. Let us slip aside, Granichus, to see the salutation between Manes and his master.

Diog. Manes, thou know'st the last day I threw away my dish, to drink in my hand, because it was superfluous; now I am determin'd to put away my man, and serve myself: *quia non egeo tui vel te.*

Manes. Master, you know a while ago I ran away; so do I mean to do again: *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*

Diog. I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man; for I was resolv'd long since to put away both my slaves, money and Manes.

Manes. So was I determin'd to shake off both my dogs, hunger and Diogenes.

Pfyl. O sweet consent between a crowd and a Jew's harp!

Gran. Come, let us reconcile them.

Pfyl. It shall not need, for this is their use: now do they dine one upon another. [Exit Diogenes.]

Gran. How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy master?

Manes. No, I did but now bind myself to him.

Pfyl. Why, you were at mortal jars.

Manes. In faith, no; we brake a bitter jest one upon another.

Gran. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Pfyl. My father knew them both little whelps.

Manes. Well, I will hie me after my master.

Gran. Why, is it supper-time with Diogenes?

Manes. Ay, with him at all times when he hath meat.

Pfyl. Why then, every man to his home; and let us steal out again anon.

Gran. Where shall we meet?

Pfyl. Why, at *Ala vendibili suspensa hadera non est opus.*

Manes. O *Psyllus*, *habeo te loco parentis*, thou blestest me. [Exeunt.]

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Alexander, Hephestion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles.

Alex. **S**Tand aside, sir boy, till you be call'd.—Hephestion, how do you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

Hephest. I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea.

Alex. Without doubt, Campaspe had some great man to her father.

Hephest. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

Alex. Timoclea still in thy mouth! art thou not in love?

Hephest. Not I.

Alex. Not with Timoclea you mean; wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not. And so, to lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

Hephest. Could I as well subdue kingdoms, as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms, as I know myself moderate in affection.

Alex. Is love a vice?

Hephest. It is no virtue.

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephestion. And since thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou shalt

shalt be partaker of my torments: I love, Hephestion, I love, I love Campaspe; a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephestion? blushing to hear that which I am not ashamed to tell.

Heph. Might my words crave pardon and my counsel credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will.

Alex. Speak, Hephestion, for whatsoever is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

Heph. I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shameful to be heard, or the cause sorrowful to be believed? What, is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that mind, whose greatness the world could not contain, drawn within the compass of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules, when you should shake the spear with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drum and trumpet turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smog, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander, that soft and yielding mind should not be in him, whose hard and unconquer'd heart hath made so many yield. But you love: ah grief! but whom? Campaspe? ah shame! a maid forsooth unknown, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodest? whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant. Ay, but she is beautiful; yea, but not therefore chaste. Ay, but she is comely in all parts of the body; yea, but she may be crooked in some part of the mind: Ay, but she is wise; yea, but she is a woman. Beauty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe, resembling precious stones that are polished with honey, which the smoother they look, the sooner they break. It is thought wonderful among the seamen, that a mugil, of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the Bret, of all the slowest: And shall it not seem monstrous to wise men, that the heart of the greatest conqueror of the world should

be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature ? of a woman ? of a captive ? Ermins have fair skins, but fowl livers ; sepulchers fresh colours, but rotten bones ; women fair faces, but false hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a camp to govern, not a chamber ; fall not from the armour of Mars to the arms of Venus ; from the fiery assaults of war, to the maidenly skirmishes of love ; from displaying the eagle in thine ensign, to set down the sparrow. I sigh, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly should overcome. But behold all the perfection that may be in Campaspe ; a hair curling by nature, not art ; sweet alluring eyes ; a fair face made in despite of Venus, and a stately port in disdain of Juno ; a wit apt to conceive, and quick to answer ; a skin as soft as silk, and as smooth as jet ; a long white hand, a fine little foot ; to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part : what of this ? though she have heavenly gifts, virtue and beauty, is she not of earthly metal, flesh and blood ? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew yourself in this worse than a man, so soon to be both overseen and overtaken in a woman, whose false tears know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharp swords. There is no surfeit so dangerous, as that of honey, nor any poison so deadly, as that of love ; in the one physick cannot prevail, nor in the other counsel.

Alex. My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called love, if reason were a remedy, or sentences could salve that sense cannot conceive. Little do you know, and therefore slightly do you regard the dead embers in a private person, or live coals in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far exceed others in extremity, as their callings do in majesty. An eclipse in the sun is more than the falling of a star ; none can conceive the torments of a king, unless he be a king, whose desires are not inferiour to their dignities. And then judge, Hephestion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whose deep and not to be conceived sighs, cleave the heart in shivers ; whose wounded thoughts

thoughts can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seek to refell that which with their deity the gods cannot resist; and let this suffice to answer thee, that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander, whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortal, nor I fear me to be born, being intolerable.

Heph. I must needs yield, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard.

Alex. Yield, Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain.

Heph. Suppose she loves not you: affection cometh not by appointment or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am king, and will command.

Heph. You may, to yield to lust by force; but to consent to love by fear, you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Heph. Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist, love.

Alex. I am a conqueror, she a captive; I as fortunate, as she fair: my greatness may answer her wants, and the gifts of my mind, the modesty of hers: Is it not likely then that she should love? is it not reasonable?

Heph. You say that in love there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelihood.

Alex. No more, Hephestion; in this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice: thou may'st be a good soldier, but never a good lover. Call my page. [*Enter Page.*] Sirrah, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me, without either delay or excuse.

Page. I go.

Alex. In the mean season, to recreate my spirits, being so near, we will go see Diogenes. And see where his tub is—Diogenes!

Diog. Who calleth?

Alex. Alexander—how happen'd it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. Why then, do'st thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why so?

Diog. Because they be no Gods.

Alex. They be Gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, Gods of earth.

Alex. Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would have none of Diogenes's mind, but Diogenes.

Alex. If Alexander have any thing that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world.

Alex. What do'st thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you have.

Alex. I have the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

Diog. But I shall die whether you will or no.

Alex. How should one learn to be content?

Diog. Unlearn to covet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

Hephest. He is dogged, but discreet: I cannot tell how, sharp with a kind of sweetness, full of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

Diog. Do.

Alex. But here cometh Apelles.—How now, Apelles, is Venus's face yet finish'd?

Apel. Not yet: beauty is not so soon shadow'd, whose perfection cometh not within the compass either of cunning or of colour.

Alex.

Alex. Well, let it rest unperfect; and come you with me, where I will shew you that finish'd by nature, that you have been trifling about by art. [Exeunt.]



Act. III. Scen. I.

Apelles, Campaspe.

Apel. **L**ady, I doubt whether there be any colour so fresh, that may shadow a countenance so fair.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to glose with your tongue. But, as I have heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard favour, which maketh you to despair of my face; and then shall you have as great thanks to spare your labour, as to discredit your art.

Apel. Mistress, you neither differ from yourself, nor your sex; for, knowing your own perfection, you seem to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that mean into an admiration, where feeding themselves, they fall into an extasy; your modesty being the cause of the one, and of the other your perfections.

Camp. I am too young to understand your speech, tho' old enough to withstand your device; you have been so long used to colours, you can do nothing but colour.

Apel. Indeed the colours I see, I fear, will alter the colour I have. But come, madam, will you draw near? for Alexander will be here anon.—Pfyllus, stay you here at the window: if any inquire for me, answer *Non lubet esse domi.* [Exeunt.]

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Pfyllus, Manes.

Pfyl. **I**T is always my master's fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me to stay without. But if he should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a swan, like an eagle, then must *Pfyllus* with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better he shadows her face, the more will he burn his own heart. And now, if any man could meet with *Manes*, who, I dare say, looks as lean as if *Diogenes* dropt out of his nose—

Manes. And here comes *Manes*, who hath as much meat in his maw, as thou hast honesty in thy head.

Pfyl. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee, know that.

Pfyl. But do'st thou not remember, that we have certain liquor to confer withal?

Manes. Ay, but I have business; I must go cry a thing.

Pfyl. Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes. That which I never had, my dinner.

Pfyl. Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

Manes. I mean I must cry, not as one would say cry, but cry, that is, make a noise.

Pfyl. Why, fool, that is all one; for if thou cry, thou must needs make a noise.

Manes. Boy, thou art deceiv'd. Cry hath divers significations, and may be alluded to many things; knave but one, and can be apply'd but to thee.

Pfyl. Profound *Manes*!

Manes. We Cynicks are mad fellows; did'st thou not find I did quip thee?

Pfyl. No, verily: why, what's a quip?

Man. We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

Pfyl.

Pfyl. How! can'st thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all on the sudden?

Manes. Wit will have his swing: I am bewitch'd, inspir'd, inflam'd, infected.

Pfyl. Well, then will not I tempt thy gibing spirit.

Manes. Do not, *Pfyllus*; for thy dull head will be but a grind-stone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with over-thwarts, *periiisti, actum est de te.* I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.

Pfyl. Let me cross myself; for I die, if I cross thee.

Manes. Let me do my business; I myself am afraid, lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests. I am sometimes in such a vein, that for want of some dull pate to work on, I begin to gird myself.

Pfyl. The Gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax.

Manes. Well then, let us to the matter. In faith, my master meaneth to-morrow to fly.

Pfyl. It is a jest.

Manes. Is it a jest to fly? should'st thou fly so soon, thou should'st repent it in earnest.

Pfyl. Well, I will be the crier.

Man. and Pfyl. (one after another) Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to-morrow into the market-place, between the hours of nine and ten, shall see Diogenes, the Cynick, fly.

Pfyl. I do not think he will fly.

Manes. Tush, say fly.

Pfyl. Fly.

Manes. Now let us go; for I will not see him again till midnight. I have a back-way into his tub.

Pfyl. Which way call'st thou the back-way, when every way is open?

Manes. I mean to come in at his back.

Pfyl. Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act.

Act. III. Scen. 3.

Apelles, Campaspe.

Apel. I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blind mine.

Camp. Why then paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

Apel. Were you ever shadow'd before of any?

Camp. No: and would you could so now shadow me, that I might not be perceiv'd of any.

Apel. It were pity, but that so absolute a face should furnish Venus's temple amongst these pictures.

Camp. What are these pictures?

Apel. This is Læda, whom Jove deceiv'd in likeness of a swan.

Camp. A fair woman; but a foul deceit.

Apel. This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in shape of Amphitrion her husband, and begat Hercules.

Camp. A famous son, but an infamous fact.

Apel. He might do it, because he was a God.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was evil done, because he was a God.

Apel. This is Danae, into whose prison Jupiter drizled a golden shower, and obtain'd his desire.

Camp. What, can gold make one yield to base desire?

Apel. This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravish'd—This Antiopa.

Camp. Were all the Gods like this Jupiter?

Apel. There were many Gods, in this, like Jupiter.

Camp. I think, in those days, love was well ratified among men on earth, when lust was so fully authoriz'd by the Gods in heaven.

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there were women passing amiable, when there were gods exceeding amorous.

Camp. Were women never so fair, men would be false.

Apel.

Apel. Were women never so false, men would be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit is this, Apelles ?

Apel. This is Venus, the goddess of love.

Camp. What, be there also loving goddesses ?

Apel. This is she that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

Camp. How is she hired, by prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes ?

Apel. By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What prayer ?

Apel. Vows irrevocable.

Camp. What sacrifice ?

Apel. Hearts ever sighing, never dissembling.

Camp. What bribes ?

Apel. Roses and kisses. But were you never in love ?

Camp. No, nor love in me.

Apel. Then have you injured many.

Camp. How so ?

Apel. Because you have been loved of many.

Camp. Flattered perchance of some.

Apel. It is not possible that a face so fair, and a wit so sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to love.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pencil in colours, and fall to that you must do, not that you would do.

A ct. III. Scen. 4.

*Clytus, Parmenio, Alexander, Hephestion, Crysus, Diogenes,
Apelles, Campaspe.*

Clyt. **P**Armenio, I cannot tell how it cometh to pass, that in Alexander now a days there groweth an impatient kind of life ; in the morning he is melancholy, at noon solemn ; at all times either more sour or severe than he was accustomed.

Parme.

Parme. In king's causes I rather love to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquisitive: they have long ears and stretched arms, in whose heads suspicion is a proof, and to be accused is to be condemn'd.

Clytus. Yet between us there can be no danger to find out the cause: for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet: it is not unlikely his long ease hath altered his humour: that he should be in love, it is not impossible.

Par. In love, Clytus? no, no, it is as far from his thought, as treason from ours: he, whose ever-waking eye, whose never-tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind unfatiable of victory hath always been noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits of love: Aristotle told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all, galleth Alexander. But here he cometh.

Alex. Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both ready to go into Persia about an ambassage no less profitable to me, than to yourselves honourable.

Clytus. We are ready at all commands, wishing nothing else, but continually to be commanded.

Alex. Well, then withdraw yourselves, till I have farther considered of this matter.

[*Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.*]

Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance is cunning.

Hephest. You love, and therefore think any thing.

Alex. But not so far in love with Campaspe, as with Bucephalus, if occasion serve either of conflict or conquest.

Hephest. Occasion cannot want, if will do not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power, the Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do: the Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their augures, and gaping over the smook of their beasts intrails.

All

All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that world be not slipped out of your head, which you have sworn to conquer with that hand.

Alex. I confess the labour's fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessary, among so many assaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles: give me leave a little, if not to sit, yet to breathe. And doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him, as he can cowardise. But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub.

Crysus. One penny Diogenes, I am a Cynick.

Dio. He made thee a begger, that first gave thee any thing.

Crysus. Why, if thou wilt give nothing, no body will give thee.

Dio. I want nothing, till the springs dry, and the earth perish.

Crysus. I gather for the gods.

Diog. And I care not for those gods, which want money.

Crysus. Thou art a right Cynick, that wilt give nothing.

Dio. Thou art not, that wilt beg any thing.

Crysus. Alexander, king Alexander, give a poor Cynick a groat.

Alex. It is not for a king to give a groat.

Crysus. Then give me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a begger to ask a talent. Away. Apelles!

Apel. Here.

Alex. Now, gentlewoman, doth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

Camp. Yes, my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature. And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet smells, as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such things as should draw near to their favours.

Apel

Apel. Your majesty must know, it is no less hard to paint favours, than virtues; colours can neither speak, nor think.

Alex. Where do you first begin, when you draw any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in as just compass as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint as you are a king, your majesty may begin where you please; but as you would be a painter, you must begin with the face.

Alex. Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces.

Apel. I marvel in half an hour he did not four.

Alex. Why, is it so easy?

Apel. No, but he doth it so homely.

Alex. When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel. Never finish: for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art.

Alex. Why should not I by labour be as cunning as Apelles?

Apel. God shield you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

Alex. Me thinketh four colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance, and so it was in the time of Phydias.

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so many favours. For now if the hair of her eye-brows be black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow: the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body, else would the picture seem like the blazon of ancient armory, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiableness. For as in garden knots, diversity of odours make a more sweet favour, or as in musick divers strings cause a more delicate consent; so in painting, the more colours, the better counterfeit, observing black for a ground, and the rest for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pencil, Apelles, I will paint, and thou shalt judge.

Apel. Here.

Alex.

Alex. The coal breaks.

Apel. You lean too hard.

Alex. Now it blacks not.

Apel. You lean too soft.

Alex. This is awry.

Apel. Your eye goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your mind.

Alex. Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind must all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battel, than blotting of a board. But how have I done here?

Apel. Like a king.

Alex. I think so: but nothing more unlike a painter. Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish, dismiss her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex. Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly; liberty will encrease her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour.

Hephest. I will not contrary your majesty; for time must wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed.

Alex. How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a sweet consent in her countenance, with a chaste disdain! desire mingled with coyness! and I cannot tell how to term it, a curteous yielding modesty!

Hephest. Let her pass.

Alex. So she shall for the fairest on the earth.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III.

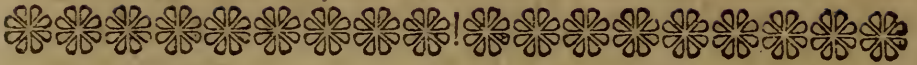
ACT. III. Scen. 5.

*Psyllus, Manes, Apelles.**Psyl.* I Shall be hang'd for tarrying so long.*Manes.* I pray God, my master be not flown before I come.*Psyllus.* Away, Manes, my master doth come.*Apel.* Where have you been all this while?*Psyllus.* No where but here.*Apel.* Who was here since my coming?*Psyllus.* No body.*Apel.* Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been a loitering; was Alexander no body?*Psyllus.* He was a king, I meant no mean body.*Apel.* I will cudgel your body for it, and then will I say it was no body, because it was no honest body. Away, in. [Exit *Psyllus.*

Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate because Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her beauty brought to pass, that thou can'st scarce draw thine own breath? And by so much the more hast thou increased thy care, by how much the more thou hast shewed thy cunning: was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warm thee, but with Satyrus thou must kiss the fire and burn thee? O Campaspe, Campaspe, art must yield to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection! Could Pygmalion entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned into flesh? And cannot Apelles obtain by plaints to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so far inferior to carving? or do'st thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chissels, than shadowed with colours? What Pygmalion, or what Pyrgoteles, or what Lysippus is he, that ever made thy face so fair, or spread thy fame so far as I? unless, Venus, in this thou enviest mine art, that in colouring my sweet Campaspe, I have left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable. But, alas! she is the paramour to a prince, Alexander the monarch of the earth

hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtain by prayers, threats and promises? Will not she think it better to sit under a cloth of estate like a queen, than in a poor shop like a housewife? and esteem it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world, than spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou may'st swim against the stream with the crab, and feed against the wind with the deer, and peck against the steel with the cockatrice: Stars are to be look'd at, not reach'd at; princes to be yielded unto, not contended with; Campaspe to be honour'd, not obtain'd; to be painted, not possessed of thee. O fair face! O unhappy hand! and why didst thou draw it so fair a face? O beautiful countenance! the express image of Venus, but somewhat fresher: the only pattern of that eternity which Jupiter dreaming asleep, could not conceive again waking. Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee. Now must I paint things impossible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections; deep and hollow sighs, sad and melancholy thoughts, wounds and slaughters of conceits, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering constancy, an unsettled resolution, and what not, Apelles? and what but Apelles? but as they that are shaken with a fever are to be warm'd with cloaths, not groans, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to be re-cur'd by cullises, not conceits; so the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries; by applying remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extream, I will hazard that little life that is left, to restore the greater part that is lost; and this shall be my first practice; for wit must work where authority is not. As soon as Alexander hath view'd this portraiture, I will by device give it a blemish, that by that means she may come again to my shop, and then as good it were to utter my love, and die with denial, as conceal it, and live in despair.

A Song.



Act. IV. Scen. I.

Solinus, Pfyllus, Granichus, Manes, Diogenes, Populus.

Soli. **T**HIS is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

Pfyl. I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, tho' my master cudgel my nobody, as he threatn'd.

Gra. What, Pfyllus, will the beast wag his wings to-day ?

Pfyl. We shall hear, for here cometh Manes—Manes, will it be ?

Man. Be! he were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

Gra. How is he furnish'd to fly, hath he feathers ?

Man. Thou art an ass; capons, geese and owls have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders ; O you shall see him cut the air even like a tortoise.

Soli. Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad, his body must needs be too heavy.

Man. Why, he hath eaten nothing this seven-night but cork and feathers.

Pfyl. Touch him, Manes.

Man. He is so light that he can scarce keep him from flying at midnight.

Populus intrat.

Man. See, they begin to flock, and behold my master buffles himself to fly.

Diog. You wicked and bewitch'd Athenians, whose breaths infect the air with stench. Come ye to see Diogenes fly ? Diogenes cometh to see you sink : you call me dog, so I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins. You term me an hater of men ; no, I am a hater

hater of your manners. Your lives dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleep in the day, and surfeit in the night? Back-gods in the morning with pride, in the evening belly-gods with gluttony. You flatter kings, and call them gods; speak truth of yourselves, and confess you are devils. From the bee you have taken not the honey, but the wax to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy lust you cover under a courtly colour of love; injuries abroad pass under the title of policies at home; and secret malice creepeth under the name of publick justice. You have caused Alexander to dry up springs, and plant vines; to sow rocket, and weed endive; to shear sheep, and shrine foxes. All conscience is feared at Athens. Swearing cometh of a hot metal; lying of a quick wit, flattery of a flowing tongue, undecent talk of a merry disposition; all things are lawful at Athens. Either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as tho' you should live for ever, and surfeit as tho' you should die to-morrow. None teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was the king of school-masters. O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green grafs must turn to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake; and when you rise, not certain to lie down. Look you never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your disorder'd lives, and if you will not amend your manners, I will study to fly farther from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

Soli. Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I see thee come out of a brothel-house? was it not a shame?

Diog. It was no shame to go out, but a shame to go in.

Gra. It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master.

Man. You were as good eat my master.

One of the people. Hast thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly?

Diog. I tell thee, unless thou be honest, I will fly.

People. Dog, dog, take a bone.

Diog. Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People. We will tell Alexander, that thou reprovest him behind his back.

Diog. And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his face.

People. We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss at thee.

Diog. Indeed I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

Man. Why, master, mean you not to fly?

Diog. No, Manes, not without wings.

Man. Every body will account you a liar.

Diog. No, I warrant you; for I will always say the Athenians are mischievous.

Pfyl. I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles hit home.

Gra. Nor I.

Pfyl. Come, let us go, and hereafter when I mean to rail upon any body openly, it shall be given out I will fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. Scen. 2.

Campaspe, Apelles.

Campaspe sola. **C**ampaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or thy chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts.—Tush, better thy tongue wag, than thy heart break. Hath a painter crept farther into thy mind than a prince? Apelles, than Alexander? fond wench! the baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth.

birth. But alas, affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a scepter. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings; and juniper is not blown up, till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture, will put you to some pains to sit again to be painted.

Cam. It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still.

Apel. No, madam, to paint Venus was a pleasure, but to shadow the sweet face of Campaspe, it is a heaven.

Cam. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are; but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautiful whom you know black.

Apel. What might men do to be believ'd?

Cam. Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Apel. So they do, and speak as they think.

Cam. I would they did.

Apel. I would they did not.

Cam. Why, would you have them dissemble?

Apel. Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to ask you a question without offence?

Cam. So that you will answer me another without excuse.

Apel. Whom do you love best in the world?

Cam. He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a god.

Cam. I had thought it had been a man : but whom do you honour most, Apelles ?

Apel. The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.

Cam. My picture ?

Apel. I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in : for Alexander will think it long till we return.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. IV. Scen. 3.

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clyt. **W**E hear nothing of our embassage; a colour belike to blear our eyes, or tickle our ears, or inflame our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the mean season, but use for tantara, sol, fa, la; for his hard couch, down beds; for his handful of water, his standing cup of wine ?

Par. Clytus, I mislike this new delicacy and pleasing peace; for what else do we see now than a kind of softness in every man's mind? Bees make their hives in soldiers helmets, our steeds are furnish'd with foot-cloths of gold instead of saddles of steel: More time is required to scower the rust off our weapons, than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his hard armour to his soft robes, behold the face of his court; youths that were wont to carry devices of victory in their shields, engrave now posies of love in their rings; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a lance, now in easy coaches ride up and down to court ladies; instead of sword and target to hazard their lives, use pen and paper to paint their loves: Yea, such a fear and faintness is grown in court, that they wish rather to hear the blowing of a horn to hunt, than the sound of a trumpet to fight. O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration,

alteration, thy men turn'd to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets, thou wouldst either die among them for sorrow, or confound them for anger.

Clyt. Cease, Parmenio, lest in speaking what becometh thee not, thou feel what liketh thee not: truth is never without a scratch'd face, whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up.

Par. It grieveth me not a little for Hephestion, who thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and nearness in friendship to Alexander, that he must lay a pillow under his head, when he would put a target in his hand.

But let us draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measures in a dance, that were wont to set the order for a march. [*Exeunt.*

Act. IV. Scen. 4.

Apelles, Campaspe.

Apel. **I** Have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.

Camp. You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

Apel. Never end my love: for it shall be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake, I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you say, if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say, it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how, if he will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feed thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye: besides the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause

me to embrace the shadow continually in mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.

Camp. Well, I must be gone: but this assure yourself, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours, than in Alexander's court, following higher fortune. [*Exit Apelles.*]

Campaspe alone.

Foolish wench, what hast thou done? that, alas! which cannot be undone, and therefore I fear me undone. But content is such a life, I care not for abundance. O Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves, and straightways turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near hand; or the sea, which makes men hoise their sails in a flattering calm, and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment; if they frown, who dares call them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love, but to queens: for as near must they meet in majesty, as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand aloof from king's love, Jove, and lightening.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. IV. Scen. 5.

Apelles, Page.

Apel. **N**OW, Apelles, gather thy wits together: Campaspe is no less wise than fair, thyself must be no less cunning than faithful. It is no small matter to be rival with Alexander.

Page. Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture; the king thinketh that now you have painted it, you play with it.

Apel.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I have enough at home.

Page. None perhaps you like so well.

Apel. It may be I have painted none so well.

Page. I have known many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boys.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT. V. Scen. I.

Diogenes, Sylvius, Perim, Milo, Trico, Manes.

Sylv. I Have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy sons do?

Sylv. You shall see their qualities: dance, firrah.

[*Then Perim danceth.*]

How like you this, doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worser.

Sylv. The musick very good.

Diog. The musicians very bad, who only study to have their strings in tune, never framing their manners to order.

Sylv. Now shall you see the other—tumble, firrah.

[*Milo tumbleth.*]

How like you this? why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wag that was born to break his neck by destiny, to practise it by art.

Milo. This dog will bite me. I will not be with him.

Diog. Fear not, boy, dogs eat no thistles.

Perim. I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diog. When I am hungry, a mastiff; and when my belly is full, a spaniel.

Sylv. Dost thou believe that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

Diog. I must needs believe there are gods: for I think thee an enemy to them.

Sylw. Why so?

Diog. Because thou hast taught one of thy sons to rule his legs, and not to follow learning; the other to bend his body every way, and his mind no way.

Perim. Thou dost nothing but snarle, and bark like a dog.

Diog. It is the next way to drive away a thief.

Sylw. Now shall you hear the third, who sings like a nightingale.

Diog. I care not: for I have heard a nightingale sing herself.

Syl. Sing, firrah.

[*Tryco singeth.*

Syl. Lo, Diogenes, I am sure thou canst not do so much.

Diog. But there is never a thrush but can.

Syl. What hast thou taught Manes thy man?

Diog. To be as unlike as may be thy sons.

Manes. He hath taught me to fast, lye hard, and run away.

Syl. How sayest thou, Perim, wilt thou be with him?

Perim. Ay, so he will teach me first to run away.

Diog. Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so nimble.

Syl. How sayest thou, Milo, wilt thou be with him?

Diog. Nay, hold your peace, he shall not.

Syl. Why?

Diog. There is not room enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

Syl. Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sons brook not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no less, when they knew my virtues.

Syl. Farewell, Diogenes, thou neededst not have scraped roots, if thou wouldst have followed Alexander.

Diog. Nor thou have followed Alexander, if thou hadst scraped roots.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT. V.

Act. V. Scen. 2.

Apelles alone.

I Fear me, Apelles, that thine eyes have blabbed that, which thy tongue durst not. What little regard hadst thou, whilst Alexander viewed the counterfeit of Campaspe, thou stoodst gazing on her countenance? If he espy or but suspect, thou must needs twice perish, with his hate, and thine own love. Thy pale looks, when he blushed, thy sad countenance, when he smiled, thy sighs, when he questioned, may breed in him a jealousy, perchance a frenzy. O love, I never before knew what thou wert, and now hast thou made me that I know not what myself am! only this I know, that I must endure intolerable passions, for unknown pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yield to it: for better it is to melt with desire, than wrestle with love. Cast thyself on thy careful bed, be content to live unknown, and die unfound. O Campaspe, I have painted thee in my heart! painted? nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted, and that in such deep characters, that nothing can raise it out, unless it rub my heart out.

[Exit.

Act. V. Scen. 3.

Milectus, Phrygius, Layis, Diogenes.

Mil. **I**T shall go hard, but this peace shall bring us some pleasure.

Phry. Down with arms, and up with legs, this is a world for the nonce.

Layis. Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to save your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go

about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foul scars in fair faces, and crooked maims in strait legs? as though men being born goodly by nature, would of purpose become deformed by folly; and all forsooth for a new-found term, call'd valiant, a word which breedeth more quarrels than the sense can commendation.

Mil. It is true, Layis, a featherbed hath no fellow; good drink makes good blood, and shall pelting words spill it?

Phry. I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtail it off at the cutlers.

Layis. You may talk of war, speak big, conquer worlds with great words; but stay at home, where instead of alarms you shall have dances, for hot battels with fierce men, gentle skirmishes with fair women. These pewter coats can never fit so well as fatten doublets. Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace, unless you despise the rudeness of war.

Mil. It is so. But see Diogenes prying over his tub! Diogenes, what sayest thou to such-a morsel?

Diog. I say, I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poison my stomach.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou art, it is no meat for dogs.

Diog. I am a dog, and philosophy rates me from carion.

Layis. Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable to thy calling; the time was thou wouldest have had my company; had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear.

Diog. I remember there was a thing, that I repented me of, and now thou hast told it: indeed it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to no body.

Layis. Down, villain, or I will have thy head broken.

Mil. Will you couch?

Phry. Avant, cur. Come, sweet Layis, let us go to some place, and possess peace. But first let us sing; there

is more pleasure in tuning of a voice, than in a volley of shot*.

Milec. Now let us make haste, lest Alexander find us here.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Anachronism.*

ACT. V. Scen. 4.

Alexander, Hephestion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaspe.

Alex. **M**E thinketh, Hephestion you are more melancholy than you were accustomed; but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace, nor my pleasure; be of good cheer, though I wink, I sleep not.

Hephest. Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease, that I fear I shall not scower it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the travels of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? did ye ever see any so perplexed? he neither answered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly upon any thing. I hold my life the painter is in love.

Heph. It may be; for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan; especially painters, who playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it; and then (poor souls) they kiss the colours with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

Alex. I will find it out. Page, go speedily for Apelles, will him to come hither, and when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out, Apelles's shop is on fire.

Page. It shall be done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

Heph. I marvel what your device shall be.

Alex. The event shall prove.

Heph. I pity the poor painter, if he be in love.

Alex. Pity him not, I pray thee; that severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love?

Heph. As the Macedonians do of their herb beet, which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better seen than touch'd.

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be?

Heph. A word by superstition thought a god, by use turn'd to an humour, by self-will made a flattering madness.

Alex. You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let us go to Diogenes—Diogenes, thou may'st think it somewhat, that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon.

Diog. If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough; if to laugh, you be come too soon.

Heph. It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please.

Diog. And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

Alex. What dost thou think of the time we have here?

Diog. That we have little, and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

Diog. Be sure that he make not his physician his heir.

Alex. If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the end must be contented withal.

Alex.

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my body.

Alex. Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

Heph. You may; but he will be very perverse with you.

Alex. It skills not, I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee what dost thou think of love?

Diog. A little worser than I can of hate.

Alex. And why?

Diog. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

Alex. Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

Diog. Next men and bees.

Alex. What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That she is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women. But now cometh Apelles, who I am sure is as far from thy thoughts, as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

Diog. And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court farther from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

Alex. But here cometh Apelles. Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

Apel. None in hand, if it like your majesty; but I am devising a platform in my head.

Alex. I think your hand put it into your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

Apel. No, but something above Venus.

Page. Apelles! Apelles! look about you, your shop is on fire.

Apel. Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone.

Alex.

Alex. Stay, Apelles, no haste, it is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? belike you love her well, that you care not tho' all be lost, so she be safe.

Apel. Not love her: but your majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves, and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me being an artificer, as the substance doth others that are amorous.

Alex. You lay your colours grossly; tho' I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love. Call hither Campaspe. Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection, tho' my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance might have been thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, lov'd under hand, yea and under Alexander's nose, and—but I say no more.

Apel. Apelles loveth not so; but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

Alex. Campaspe, here is news, Apelles is in love with you.

Cam. It pleaseth your majesty to say so.

Alex. Hephestion, I will try her too.—Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determin'd you shall enjoy one another. How say you, Campaspe, would you say ay?

Cam. Your handmaid must obey, if you command.

Alex. Think you not, Hephestion, that she would fain be commanded?

Hep. I am no thought-catcher, but I guess unhappily.

Alex. I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compel love.

Cam. But your majesty may move a question, where you be willing to have a match.

Alex.

Alex. Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have me both priest and witness. Apelles, take Campaspe. Why move ye not?—Campaspe, take Apelles. Will it not be? if you be asham'd one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together. But dissemble not, Campaspe, do you love Apelles?

Cam. Pardon, my lord, I love Apelles.

Alex. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being lov'd so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you love Campaspe?

Apel. Only Campaspe.

Alex. Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, tho' he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew, as well upon the low grass, as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen. Well, enjoy one another, I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters; using fancy as a fool to make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life for sempsters and scholars, the one pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on, the other picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe; Alexander is cloy'd with looking on that, which thou wond'rest at.

Apel. Thanks to your majesty on bended knee, you have honour'd Apelles.

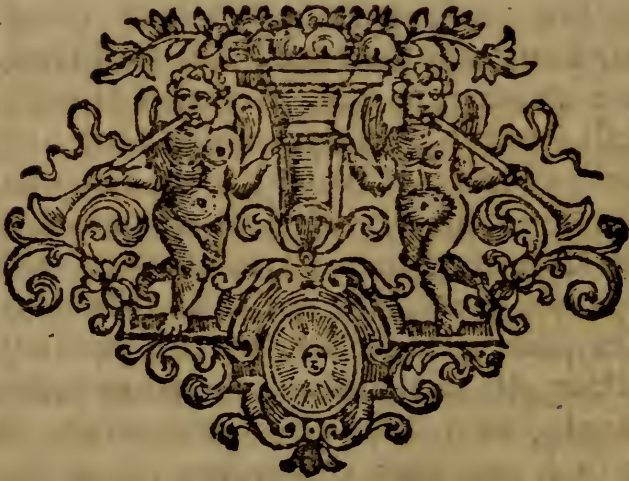
Cam. Thanks with bow'd heart, you have blest Campaspe. [Exeunt.

Alex. Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio, and the other lords to be in readiness; let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently into Persia. How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

Heph. The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts.

Alex. It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himself. But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better bear my heart with my hand, than I could with mine eye. And, good Hephestion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or on my word I will fall in love.

[*Exeunt.*



THE



T H E

EPILOGUE at the *Black-Friers.*

WHERE the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillers will hang on the leaves; where the glow-worm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day: We hope, in the ears where our travails be lodged, no carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which is always of the same colour into what it runneth. In the Trojan horse lay couch'd soldiers, with children; and in heaps of many words we fear divers unfit, among some allowable. But as Demosthenes, with often breathing up the hill, amended his stammering; so we hope, with sundry labours against the hair, to correct our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault is in the wind, and not in the root; and if our pastimes be misliked, that have been allow'd, you must impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeavour.—And so we rest in good case, if you rest well content.

T H E



T H E

EPILOGUE at the Court.

WE cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes's birds or his horses; the one receiv'd some men with sweet notes, the other bit all men with sharp teeth. But as Homer's gods convey'd them into clouds, whom they would have kept from curses; and as Venus, lest Adonis should be prick'd with the stings of adders, cover'd his face with the wings of swans; so we hope, being shielded with your highness's countenance, we shall, tho' we hear the neighing, yet not feel the kicking of those jades; and receive, tho' no praise (which we cannot deserve) yet a pardon, which in all humility we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should term our labours, iron, or bullion; only it belongeth to your majesty to make them fit either for the forge or the mint; current by the stamp, or counterfeit by the anvil. For as nothing is to be called white, unless it had been named white by the first creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, unless it be christen'd good by the judgment of yourself. For ourselves again, we are like these torches, wax, of which being in your highness's hands, you may make doves or vulturs, roses or nettles, laurel for a garland, or elder for a disgrace.



T H E



T H E

Troublesome REIGN and lamentable DEATH

O F

E D W A R D II.

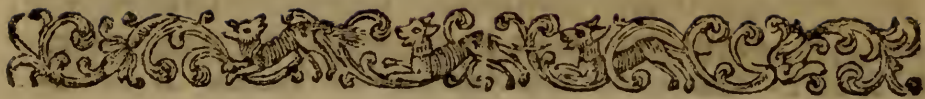
With the Tragical Fall of proud *Mortimer*.

A L S O

The Life and Death of *Piers Gaveston*, the
great Earl of *Cornwall*, and mighty Fa-
vourite of King *Edward II*.

Written by *Christopher Marlow*, Gent.





Christopher Marlowe was an Actor as well as a Poet, and contemporary with Shakespear, tho' something older. What Degree of Reputation he was in as a Poet, may be collected from a Copy of Verses wrote in that Age, call'd a Censure of the Poets, where he is thus characteriz'd.

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian Springs,
 Had in him those brave sublunary Things
 That your first Poets had ; his Raptures were
 All Air and Fire, which made his Verses clear ;
 For that fierce Madnes still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a Poet's Brain.

Of his Poem call'd Hero and Leander, we are told in the Preface to Bosworth's Poems, that Ben Johnson us'd to say the Lines were fitter for Admiration than Parallel. This Poem being left imperfect, was finish'd by Chapman, and printed in 1606. In Beard's Theater of God's Judgments, it is said, that this Marlowe wrote several Discourses against the Trinity. That he affirm'd Christ to be a Deceiver, Moses a Conjuror, the Bible to contain only vain and idle Stories, and all Religion to be a Political Device. Having an Intrigue with a Woman of the Town, he one Night caught another Man with her, and rushing into the Room, attempted to stab him : but the Man avoided the Stroke, and catching hold of Marlowe's Wrist, turn'd the Dagger into his own Head, and kill'd him. Anthony Wood says, this happen'd in 1592. In the Return from Parnassus, his Character for Wit is allow'd, and for Wickedness lamented in these Lines.

Marlowe

Marlow was happy in his Buskin'd Muse,
 Alas! unhappy in his Life and End :
 Pity it is that Wit so ill should dwell,
 Wit lent from Heaven, but Vices sent from Hell.

This Tragedy was acted by the Earl of Pembroke's Servants, but not printed till 1598. The rest of his Plays are, The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, the Jew of Malta, Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen, Massacre of Paris, and Tamburlain the Great, or the Scythian Shepherd; in two Parts.



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

E DWARD II.
Edward III.

Gaweston.

Spencer, sen.

Spencer, jun.

Earl Mortimer, sen.

Mortimer, jun.

Lancaster.

Leicester.

Kent.

Arundel.

Warwick.

Pembroke.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Coventry.

Lord Matre.

Sir John Hainault.

Lewne.

Baldock.

*Matrevis, Gurnie, Rice ap Howel, Lightborne,
Abbot, Messengers, &c.*

Queen Isabella.




T H E

Troublesome REIGN, and lamentable DEATH

O F

EDWARD II. &c.

Enter Gaveston, reading in a letter that was brought him from the king.

Gav.  *Y father is deceas'd! come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest
friend.*
*Ah! words that make me surfeit with
delight!*

What greater blis can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king?

Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines,
Might

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Might have enforc'd me to have swam from France,
 And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
 So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
 The sight of London to my exil'd eyes,
 Is as Elysium to a new-come soul ;
 Not that I love the city, or the men,
 But that it harbours him I hold so dear,
 The king, upon whose bosom let me die,
 And with the world be still at enmity.
 What need the artick people love star-light,
 To whom the sun shines both by day and night ?
 Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers ;
 My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
 As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
 Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,
 Tanti: I'll fan first on the wind,
 That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
 But how now, what are these ?

Enter three poor men.

Poor men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gav. What can'st thou do ?

1. *Poor.* I can ride.

Gav. But I have no horse. What art thou ?

2. *Poor.* A traveller.

Gav. Let me see—thou would'st do well
 To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time ;
 And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
 And what art thou ?

3. *Poor.* A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.

Gav. Why there are hospitals for such as you ;
 I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.

Sold. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
 That would'st reward them with an hospital.

Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
 As if a goose should play the porcupine,
 And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
 But yet it is no pain to speak men fair ;
 I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.*
 You know that I came lately out of France,
 And yet I have not view'd my lord the king ;

If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

Omnes. We thank your worship.

Gav. I have some business. Leave me to myself.

Omnes. We will wait here about the court.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gav. Do:—these are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string,
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Musick and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like Sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like fatyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like Acteon peeping thro' the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die;
Such things as these best please his majesty.
Here comes the king and nobles
From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer junior, Edmund earl of Kent, Guy earl of Warwick, &c.

Edward. Lancaster!

Lanc. My lord.

Gav. That earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*]

Edw. Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

Mort. sen. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

Gaw. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death.

[*Aside.*

Mort. jun. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm :
And know, my lord, e'er I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gaw. Mert dieu.

[*Aside.*

Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king ?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster ?
The sword shall plain the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston, and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

Gaw. Well done, Ned.

[*Aside.*

Lanc. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you ?
But for that base and obscure Gaveston,
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster,
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
E'er Gaveston shall stay within the realm.
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

Edw. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute ;

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Moubery in presence of the king ;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head ; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Piercy was appeas'd,
And Moubery and he were reconcil'd.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face :
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads,

Perch upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

Warw. O, our heads!

Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant—

Warw. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Mort. jun. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.

Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.

Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parly with our naked swords.

Mort. sen. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

Warw. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

Lanc. And northward Gaveston hath many friends.

Adieu, my lord, and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt nobles.*]

Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord.

Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my hand.
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou kneel?

Know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hylas was more mourn'd for Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

Edw. I know it—Brother, welcome home my friend,
Now let the treach'rous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I joy thy fight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.

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I here create thee lord high chamberlain,
Chief secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

Gaw. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

Edw. Cease, brother; for I cannot brook these
words.

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
If for these dignities thou be envy'd,
I'll give thee more; for but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.

Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard.
Want'st thou gold? go to my treasury.

Would'st thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

Gaw. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the bishop of Coventry.

Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

Bish. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gaw. 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these
robes,

Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.

Bish. I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did intense the parliament,
So will I now; and thou shalt back to France.

Gaw. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him;
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods ;
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain :
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou
wilt.

Bish. For this offence, be thou accurst of God.

Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to th' tower.

Bish. Do, do.

Edw. But in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house ?
A prison may beseem his holiness. [Exeunt.

Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick, and Lancaster.

Warw. 'Tis true! the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lanc. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.

Mort. jun. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard
him sure ;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

Mort. sen. How now, why droops the earl of Lan-
caster ?

Mort. jun. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discon-
tent ?

Lanc. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

Mort. sen. An earl !

Warw. Ay, and besides lord chamberlain of the
realm,
And secretary too, and lord of Man.

Mort. sen. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

Mort. jun. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lanc. My lord of Cornwall now, at every word!
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.

Warw. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

Mort. sen. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

Lanc. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Mort. jun. Ay, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.

Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up;
Who, swol'n with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the bishop of Canterbury.

Warw. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lanc. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

Bish. First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprison'd, and his goods assiz'd:
This certify the pope;—away, take horse.

Lanc. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Bish. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Mort. jun. Then, will you join with us, that be his
peers,

To banish or behead that Gaveston?

Bish. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter the Queen.

Mort. jun. Madam, whither walks your majesty so
fast?

Queen. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,

But

But doats upon the love of Gaveston.

He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears ;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.

Mort. sen. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitch'd ?

Mort. jun. Madam, return unto the court again :
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives : and yet e'er that day come
The king shall lose his crown ; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

Bish. But yet list not your swords against the king.

Lanc. No ; but we'll list Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Que. Then let him stay ; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolick with his minion.

Bish. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak.
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lanc. What we confirm, the king will frustrate.

Mort. jun. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

Warw. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting
be ?

Bish. At the new Temple.

Mort. jun. Content.

And, in the mean time, I'll intreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lanc. Come then, let's away.

Mort. jun. Madam, farewell !

Queen. Farewell, sweet Mortimer ; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Mort. jun. Ay, if words will serve ; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gaveston and the earl of Kent.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,

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With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them remain.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nobles.

Lanc. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile :
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Bish. Give me the paper.

Lanc. Quick, quick, my lord,
I long to write my name.

Warw. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.

Mort. jun. The name of Mortimer shall fright the
king,

Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter the King and Gaveston.

Edw. What, are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here ?
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.

Lanc. Your grace doth well to place him by your
side,

For no where else the new earl is so safe.

Mort. sen. What man of noble birth can brook this
fight ?

Quam male conveniunt !

See what a scornful look the peasant casts !

Pemb. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants ?

Warw. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

Mort. jun. Their downfall is at hand, their forces
down :

We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer !

Mort. sen. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston !

Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king ?

Warw. We know our duties,—let him know his
peers.

Edw. Whither will you bear him ? Stay, or ye shall
die.

Mort. sen. We are no traitors, therefore threaten
not.

Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them
home !

Were

Were I a king—

Mort. jun. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

Lanc. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

Mort. sen. And with the earl of Kent, that favours him.

Edw. Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king.
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

Lanc. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm—

Mort. jun. What we have done,
Our heart-blood shall maintain.

Warw. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Bish. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

Mort. jun. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

Edw. Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!
E're my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

Bish. You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Mort. jun. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.

Edw. Ay, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lanc. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

Bish. Remember how the bishop was abus'd!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords

Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

Edw. It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair :
The legate of the pope will be obey'd. [Aside.

My lord, you shall be chancellor of the realm ;
Thou, Lancaster, high admiral of our fleet ;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls ;
And you, lord Warwick, president of the North ;
And thou of Wales: If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolick with my dearest Gaveston.

Bish. Nothing shall alter us—we are resolv'd.

Lanc. Come, come, subscribe.

Mort. jun. Why should you love him,
Whom the world hates so ?

Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men,
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston ;
You that be noble born should pity him.

Warw. You that are princely born should shake him
off ;

For shame subscribe, and let the loon depart.

Mort. sen. Urge him, my lord.

Bish. Are you content to banish him the realm ?

Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content :
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears.

Mort. jun. The king is love-sick for his minion.

Edw. 'Tis done—and now, accursed hand, fall off.

Lanc. Give it me—I'll have it publish'd in the
streets.

Mort. jun. I'll see him presently dispatch'd away.

Bish. Now is my heart at ease.

Warw. And so is mine.

Pemb. This will be good news to the common sort.

Mort. sen. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love !
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest ?

Proud

Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy Antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crased buildings, and enforce
Thy papal towers to kiss the lowly ground !
With slaughter'd priests make Tyber's channel swell,
And banks raise higher with their sepulchres.
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter Gaveston.

Gav. My lord, I hear it whisper'd every-where
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh were it false !
The legate of the pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd on them ;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough ;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou do'st,
I'll come to thee ; my love shall ne'er decline.

Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief ?

Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too piercing
words :

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston ;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains ;
For no where else seeks he felicity.

Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine ;
O, might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I, but now most miserable.

Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me
more.

Edw. Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater :

Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

Gav. For every look, my love drops down a tear ;
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore give me leave to look my fill :
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

Gav. The peers will frown.

Edw. I pass not for their anger—Come, let's go ;
O that we might as well return as go.

Enter Edmund and Queen Isabel.

Queen. Whither goes my lord ?

Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet ! get thee gone.

Queen. On whom but on my husband should I fawn ?

Gav. On Mortimer, with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

Queen. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston :
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question ?

Gav. I mean not so ; your grace must pardon me.

Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd ;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Queen. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

Edw. Away then, touch me not—Come, Gaveston.

Queen. Villain, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

Edw. Speak not unto her ; let her droop and pine.

Queen. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words ?

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds ;
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

Edw. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me !
There weep ; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,

Affure

Affure thyself thou com'st not in my fight.

[*Exeunt Edward and Gav.*]

Queen. O miserable and distressed queen!

Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me.
Like frantick Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursed Gaveston.
But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must intreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston,
And so am I for ever miserable.

Enter the Nobles to the Queen.

Lanc. Look where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!

Warw. The king, I fear, hath ill intreated her.

Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.

Mort. jun. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.

Mort. sen. Why, he is gone.

Mort. jun. Madam, how fares your grace?

Qu. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Mort. jun. Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not
him.

Queen. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.

Lan. Fear ye not, madam: now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

Queen. Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

Lan. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.

W.

War. And to behold so sweet a fight as that,
There's none here, but would run his horse to death.

Mort. jun. But, madam, would you have us call him home ?

Queen. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court ;
And therefore as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Mort. jun. What ! would you have me plead for Gaveston ?

Mort. sen. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

Lan. And so am I, my lord, dissuade the queen.

Queen. O Lancaster, let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.

War. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

Queen. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

Mort. jun. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead ;
I mean that vile 'I'orpedo, Gaveston,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

Queen. Sweet, Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Mort. jun. It is impossible ; but speak your mind.

Queen. Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.

Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me ?

Mort. sen. Not I, against my nephew.

Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

War. No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.

Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial.

War. She smiles, now for my life his mind is chang'd.

Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship ay, than grant.

Mort. jun. Well, of necessity it must be so.

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, tho' I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail :

Nay,

Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself;
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?

Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Mort. jun. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect,

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Queen. Yet good, my lord, hear what he can alledge.

War. All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolv'd.

Mort. jun. Do you not wish that Gaveston were
dead?

Pem. I would he were.

Mort. jun. Why then, my lord, give me but leave to
speak.

Mort. sen. But nephew, do not play the sophister.

Mort. jun. This which I urge is of a burning zeal,
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster,

Mort. jun. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd,
To greet his lordship with a ponyard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name;
For purging of the realm of such a plague?

Pem. He saith true.

Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Mort. jun. Because, my lords, it was not thought
upon:

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home;
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

Mort. sen. But how if he do not, nephew?

Mort. jun. Then may we with some colour rise in arms :

For howsoever we have born it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king ;
So shall we have the people on our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king ;
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston,
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

War. And so will Pembroke and I.

Mort. sen. And I.

Mort. jun. In this I count me highly gratify'd,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

Queen. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd ; this news will glad him much ;
Yet not so much as me ; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston ; would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble bless'd.

Enter king Edward, mourning.

Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston ;
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

Que. Hark ! how he harps upon his minion.

Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantick for my Gaveston :
Ah ! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,

And

And with my kingly scepter struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston.

Lan. Diablo, what passions call you these?

Que. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

Edw. That you have parly'd with your Mortimer?

Queen. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

Edw. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true!

Queen. But will you love me, if you find it so?

Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

Queen. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

Queen. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord, nor let me have more wealth,
Than I may fetch from this rich treasure—
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

Edw. Once more receive my hand, and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

Queen. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king,
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.

Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court,
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in publick shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for
you.

Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,

I make thee here lord marshal of the realm.

Mort. jun. My lord, I'll marshal fo your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edw. And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great atchievements in our foreign war,
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward:
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

Mort. sen. In this your grace hath highly honour'd
me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

Queen. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.

Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beaumont, fly,
As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury.

Bea. It shall be done, my gracious lord.

Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd.
For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the earl of Glou'ster's heir?

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.

Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your love.

War. In this, or aught your highness shall command
us.

Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and
revel. [*Excunt.*

Manent Mortimers.

Mort. sen. Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stay'st
here.

Leave now to oppose thyself against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controulment have his will.

The mightiest kings have had their minions :
Great Alexander lov'd Hephestion;
The conquering Hector, for his Hilas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men ;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius ;
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.

Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl,
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Mort. jun. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not
me;

But this I scorn, that one so basely born,
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastick liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk ;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

Mort. sen. But, nephew, now you see the king is
chang'd.

Mort. jun. Then so am I, and live to do him service ;
But whilst I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind, come uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Spencer and Baldock.

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our lord the earl of Glou-
ster's dead,

Which

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve ?

Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side ;
Because the king and he are enemies.

Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us ;
But he that hath the favour of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live :
The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man,
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower ?

Spen. No, his companion, for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

Bald. But he is banish'd, there's small hope of him.

Spen. Ay, for a while, but Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy,
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again ;
And even now, a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king,
And as she read she smil'd, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

Bald. 'Tis like enough ; for since he was exil'd,
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering,
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nossegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,
And saying, truly an't may please your honour,
Can get you any favour with great men :
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,

And

And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of meer hypocrisy.

Mine old lord while he liv'd was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Tho' inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.

I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

Spem. But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.

This letter came from my sweet Gaveston,
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?

I know thou couldst not come and visit me, [reads:
I will not long be from thee, tho' I die.

This argues the entire love of my lord,
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart. [reads:

I put thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

Now to the letter of my lord the king.

He wills me to repair unto the court,

And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,

Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?

Who's there, Baldock?

See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done, madam. [Exit.

Lady. And meet me at the park-pail presently.

Spencer, stay you and bear me company,

For I have joyful news to tell thee of;

My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,

And will be at the court as soon as we.

Spem. I knew the king would have him home again.

Lady. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

Spem. I humbly thank your ladyship.

Lady.

Lady. Come, lead the way, I long till I am there. [*Ex.*
Enter Edward, the Queen, Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, Kent, attendants.

Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays ;
 I fear me he is wrack'd upon the sea.

Queen. Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
 And still his mind runs on his minion !

Lan. My lord.

Edw. How now, what news ? is Gaveston arriv'd ?

Mort. jun. Nothing but Gaveston ! what means your
 grace ?

You have matters of more weight to think upon ;
 The king of France sets foot in Normandy.

Edw. A trifle, we'll expel him when we please.
 But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
 Against the stately triumph we decreed ?

Mort. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

Edw. Pray thee let me know it.

Mort. jun. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is :
 A lofty cedar-tree fair flourishing,
 On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
 And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
 And gets unto the highest bough of all :
 The motto, *Æque tandem.*

Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster ?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
 Pliny reports, there is flying fish,
 Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
 And therefore being pursued, it takes the air :
 No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
 That seizeth it : this fish, my lord, I bear,
 The motto this : *Undique mors est.*

Edw. Proud Mortimer ! ungentle Lancaster !
 Is this the love you bear your sovereign ?
 Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears ?
 Can you in words make show of amity,
 And in your shields display your rancorous minds ?
 What call you this but private libelling,
 Against the earl of Cornwall and my brother ?

Queen. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

Edw.

Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much ;
And you the eagles, soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gressies that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry,
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.

Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatnest death whether he rise or fall ;
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Mort. jun. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do when as he shall be present ?

Lan. That shall we see, look where his lordship comes.

Enter Gaveston.

Edw. My Gaveston ! welcome to Tinmouth ! welcome to thy friend !

Thy absence made me droop, and pine away ;
For as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was lockt up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it fare with me : and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine.

Yet have I words left to express my joy :
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston ?

Lan. Salute him ? yes, welcome lord chamberlain.

Mort. jun. Welcome is the good earl of Cornwall.

War. Welcome, lord governor of the isle of man.

Pem. Welcome, master secretary.

Edm. Brother, do you hear them ?

Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus ?

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Queen. Ah me ! poor soul, when these begin to jar.

Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

Gav.

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Gaw. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants beef:
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low,
As to bestew a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws.*]

Edw. Treason, treason: where's the traitor?

Pem. Heré, here, king: convey hence Gaveston,
they'll murder him.

Gaw. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Mort. jun. Villain, thy life, unless I miss mine aim.

Queen. Ah furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Mort. No more than I would answer, were he slain.

Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he
live,

Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.

Out of my presence; come not near the court.

Mort. jun. I'll not be bar'd the court for Gaveston.

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

Edw. Look to your own heads, his is sure enough.

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Edm. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

Edw. Nay all of them conspire to cross me thus;

But if I live, i'll tread upon their heads,

'That think with high looks thus to tread me down.

Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men,

'Tis war that must abate these barons pride.

[*Exit the King.*]

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.

Mort. jun. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,

He means to make us stoop by force of arms;

And therefore let us jointly here protest,

To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Mort. jun. By heav'n, the abject villain shall not live.

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster:

Now send our heralds to desie the king;

And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter

Enter a Post.

Mort. jun. Letters! from whence?

Messen. From Scotland, my lord.

Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

Mort. jun. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man, be of good cheer.

Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound. Who should defray the money but the king,

Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?

I'll to the king.

Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

War. Mean time, my lord of Pembroke and myself, Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Mort. jun. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you.

Mort. jun. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him, I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,

As never subject did unto his king.

Lan. Content, I'll bear my part—Holla, who's there?

Mort. jun. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way,

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Mort. jun. Whither else but to the king.

Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Mort. jun. May we not?

Edw. How now, what noise is this?

Who have we there, is't you?

Mor. Nay, stay my lord, I come to bring you news; Mine uncle is taken prisoner by the Scots.

Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. 'Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.

Mort. jun. And you shall ransom him, or else—

Edm. What, Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal, To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

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Mort. jun. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Mort. jun. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak
my mind.

Lan. And so will I, and then my lord farewell.

Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneye, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Live uncontroul'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

Mor. jun. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Lan. What foreign prince sends thee embassadors?

Mor. Who loves thee? but a sort of flatterers.

Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valoys,
Complains, that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhimes made of thy overthrow.

Lanc. The Northren brothers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once: and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes; nor armor; and thyself
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where womens favors hung like labels down.

Lan.

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleeing Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;
Maids of England, sore may you moorn;
For your lemmons you have lost, at Bennocks born,
With a heave and a ho.

What tweened the king of England,
So soon to have woo'd Scotland,
With a rombelow?

Mor. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase
more.

If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exeunt nobles.*]

Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers?
And dare not be reveng'd, for their pow'r is great.
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their live's blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you;
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

Edw. Art thou an enemy to Gaveston?

Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

Edw. Traitor, be gone! whine thou with Mortimer.

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

Kent. No marvel that thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus. [*Exit.*]

Edw. Away! poor Gaveston, that hast no friend
but me;

Do what they can, we'll live in Tinmouth here.
And so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round? —
Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

Enter the Queen, Ladies, Baldock, and Spencer.

Queen. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour them.

Queen. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

Lad. Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.

Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself.

Queen. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabell.

Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gav. Why do you not commit him to the tower?

Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.

Gav. Why then we'll have him privily made away.

Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poison to each other's health:
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Lad. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born?
What is thine arms?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

Edw. The fitter art thou Baldock for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.

Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav. Ay, my lord, his name is Spenser, he is well
allied,

For my sake let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

Edw. Then Spenser wait upon me, for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher stile e'er long.

Spen. No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majesty.

Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast.
And Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the earl of Glo'ster late deceas'd.

Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

Edw.

Edw. The head-strong barons shall not limit me ;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away, and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their complices.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, Kent.

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you and leave the king ;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a shew of love.

Warw. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Edm. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth :
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

Mor. jun. Stay, Edmund ; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now ?

Kent. I have inform'd the earl of Lancaster.

Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,
And here in Tinmouth frolicks with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprize them unawares.

Mort. jun. I'll give the onset.

Warw. And I'll follow thee.

Mor. jun. This tattered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston.

Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king,
But neither spare you Gaveston, nor his friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the king and Spencer, to them Gaveston, &c.

Edw. O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston ?

Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

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Edw. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gave. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

Edw. I will not trust them, Gaveston, away.

Gave. Farewell, my lord.

Edw. Lady, farewell.

Lady. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.

Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston, and farewell, niece.

Queen. No farewell to poor Isabell thy queen?

Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

[*Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.*]

Queen. Heavens can witness, I love none but you.

From my embracements thus he breaks away :

O that mine arms could close this isle about,

That I might pull him to me where I would ;

Or that these tears, that drissel from mine eyes,

Had power to mollify his stony heart,

That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barons. Alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he 'scap'd!

Mort. jun. Who's this, the Queen?

Queen. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,

And body with continual mourning wasted :

These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord

From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,

And all in vain ; for when I speak him fair,

He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Mort. jun. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king ?

Queen. What would you with the king, is't him you seek ?

Lan. No, madam, but that curs'd Gaveston.

Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,

To offer violence to his sovereign.

We would but rid the realm of Gaveston :

Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Queen.

Queen. He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War. Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.

Mor. How comes it that the king and he are parted?

Queen. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force; and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd; therefore be gone,

Mort. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

Mort. Madam, stay you within this castle here.

Queen. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Queen. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Mort. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

Queen. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabell could live with thee for ever.

In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gaveston pursued.

Gav. Yet lusty lords I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your alarms, and your hot pursuits;
And tho' divorced from king Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpriz'd,
Breathing, in hope. (malgrado all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)

To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

Mort. jun. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield; and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet

Train'd to arms and bloody wars
So many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death;
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?

Go soldiers, take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off:
Gaveston, short warning shall serve thy turn,
It is our country's cause,
'That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person: hang him upon a bough.

Gave. My lords!—

War. Soldiers, have him away;
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands:

Gave. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter earl of Arundel.

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?

Arun. My lords, king Edward greets you all by me.

War. Arundel, say your message.

Arun. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,

Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies; for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;

And

And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War. How now?

Gave. Renown'd Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

War. No, it needeth not,
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters, he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him.

Gave. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will these delays beget me any hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.

Mort. jun. Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Soldiers, away with him:
Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee, let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lord, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And on the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him and send him back:

War. When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Mort. jun. It is honourable in thee to offer this;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.

Gave. How meanest thou, Mortimer? this is over
base.

Mort. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.

Pem. My lord Mortimer, and you my lords, each one,
 To gratify the king's request therein,
 Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
 Because his majesty so earnestly
 Desires to see the man before his death,
 I will upon mine honour undertake
 To carry him, and bring him back again;
 Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel,
 Will join with me.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
 Cause yet more bloodshed: it is not enough
 That we have taken him, but must we now
 Leave him on had I wist, and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
 But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
 Upon my oath I will return him back.

Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan. Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

Pem. And you, lord Mortimer?

Mort. jun. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures,
 I know how 'twill prove.

Pem. Then give him me.

Gave. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
 To see thee e'er I die.

War. Not yet perhaps,
 If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.

Mort. jun. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him
 you,

Return him on your honour, sound away. [Exeunt.

Manent Pembroke, Mat. Gavest. and Pembroke's men, four Soldiers.

Pem. My lord, you shall go with me,
 My house is not far hence, out of the way
 A little; but our men shall go along.
 We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
 Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.

Mat. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
 Your honour hath an adamant of power
 To draw a prince.

Pem.

Pem. So, my lord ; come hither, James ;
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge ; be gone.

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now ?

[Exit cum serv. *Pem.*

Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

[Exeunt ambo.]

Enter Gaveston mourning, and the earl of Pembroke's men.

Gav. O treacherous Warwick ! thus to wrong thy friend.

Jam. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gav. Weaponless must I fall ? and die in bands ?
O must this day be period of my life !
Center of all my blifs ! and ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter Warwick and his company.

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more, I will have that Gaveston.

Jam. Your Lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain ; soldiers, come away,
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king ?

War. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away.

[Exeunt Warwick and his men, with Gavest.

Manent James, cum cæteris.

Jam. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord. [Exeunt.]

Enter king Edward and Spencer, with drums and fifes.

Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons,
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah ! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him ! ah, he is mark'd to die !
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,

Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again.
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Spen. Were I king Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrol'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? my lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbust of your nobility.

Strike off their heads, and let them perch on poles;
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

Bald. This high resolve becomes your majesty;
You ought not to be tied to their affection,
As tho' your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to the young Spencer, with his trunchion and soldiers.

Spen. sen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,

In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?

Then tell the prince, of whence, and what thou art.

Spen. sen. Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills, and targiteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,

For favour done in him, unto us all.

Edw. Thy father, Spencer?

Spen. jun. True, and it like your grace,
That pours in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That as the sun-shine shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons:
And Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a large and thrice welcome all.

Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter the queen and her son, and Levune a Frenchman.

Edw. Madam, what news?

Queen. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent,
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

Prince. Commit not to my youth things of more
weight

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,

Than

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Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

Queen. Ah boy! this towardness makes thy mother
fear

Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be ship'd,
And this our son; Lewen shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

Queen. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their
king;

God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

Enter lord Matrevis.

Edw. What, lord Matrevis, dost thou come alone?

Mat. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

Edw. Ah traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Matrevis, died he e'er thou cam'st,
Or did'st thou see my friend to take his death?

Matre. Neither, my lord; for as he was surpriz'd;
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Spen. Proud recreants!

Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

Mat. I found them at the first inexorable;
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had deny'd,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will undertake to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands.

Edw. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Spen.

Spen. Some treason, or some villainy was the cause.

Mat. The earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way.

For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe;
But e'er he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench
Struck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Spen. A bloody part; flatly 'gainst law of arms.

Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I fight and die!

Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword,
Upon these barons: hearten up your men;
Let them not unreveng'd, murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

[*Edward kneels, and saith,*

Edw. By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Traucherous Warwick! traiterous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally,
On your accursed traiterous progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston.
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Glo'ster, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the barons,
Desires access unto your majesty.

Edw. Admit him near.

Enter the herald from the Barons, with his coat of arms.

Mes. Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord.

Edw.

Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices,
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

Mef. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will, this grief have ease and remedy;
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Spen. Ah traitors! will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone.
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet e'er thou go, see how I do divorce [*Embraces Spen.*
Spencer from me—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston: hie thee! get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.
My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.
Enter the king, Spencer the father, Spencer the son, and
the noblemen of the king's side.

Edw. Why do we found retreat? upon them, my lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.

Spen. jun.

Spen. jun. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

Spen. sen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe a while ; our men with sweat and dust
All choak'd well near, begin to faint for heat,
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Spen. jun. Here come the rebels.

Enter the barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, &c.

Mort. Look, Lancaster, yonder's Edward 'mong his flatterers.

Lan. And there let him be, till he pay dearly for their company.

War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?

Mort. jun. No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

Lan. 'Th'ad best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Spen. jun. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster !

Pem. Away, base upstart, brav'st thou nobles thus ?

Spen. sen. A noble attempt ! and honourable deed !
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king ?

Edw. For which e'er long their heads shall satisfy,
To appease the wrath of their offended king.

Mort. jun. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,

And rather bathe thy sword in subjects blood,
Than banish that pernicious company ?

Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And plows to go about our palace gates.

War. A desperate and unnatural resolution !
Alarum to the fight, St. George for England,
And the baron's right.

Edw. St. George for England, and king Edward's right.

Enter Edward, with the barons captives.

Edw. Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel, and the cause,

Veil'd

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Veil'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
 But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
 To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
 And for the murder of my dearest friend,
 To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
 Good Piercy of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
 Ah rebels! recreants! you made him away.

Edm. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
 Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

Edw. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our pre-
 sence!

Accurs'd wretches, was't in regard of us,
 When we had sent our messenger to request
 He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
 And Pembroke undertook for his return,
 That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
 Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms;
 For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
 As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,
 It is but temporal that thou can'st inflict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die than live,
 To live in infamy under such a king.

Edw. Away with them, my lord of Winchester,
 These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
 I charge you roundly, off with both their heads, away.

War. Farewell, vain world!

Lan. Sweet, Mortimer, farewell.

Mort. jun. England, unkind to thy nobility,
 Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the tower,
 There see him safe bestow'd, and for the rest,
 Do speedy execution on them all. Be gone.

Mort. jun. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
 Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
 No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,
 Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, march with me my
 friends,

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew. *[Exit.*
Manent.

Manent Spencer filius, Lewen and Baldock.

Spem. Lewen, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edward's land.

Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.

Lewen. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levied at.

Bal. Yea, but Lewen thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

Lewen. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so
close

Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Spem. Then make for France, a main—Lewen, away,
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Fair blows the wind for France, blow gentle
gale,

Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!

Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends.

Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?

But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,

And certify what Edward's looseness is.

Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men

And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay

Thy sweet escape, stand gracious gloomy night to his
device.

Enter Mortimer disguised.

Mort. jun. Holla, who walketh there? is't you, my
lord?

Edm.

Edm. Mortimer, 'tis I, but hath thy potion wrought
so happily?

Mort. jun. It hath, my lord, the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

Edm. Fear it not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Queen and her son.

Queen. Ah boy, our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

Prince. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly,
He loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

Queen. Ah boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, o whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir John of Henolt.

Sir John. Madam, what cheer?

Queen. Ah good sir John of Henolt,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distress.

Sir John. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's un-
kindness;

But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Henolt,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?

Prince. So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes.
The king of England, not the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.

Sir John. Well said, my lord.

Queen. Oh my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs?
Yet triumph in the hope of thee my joy.
Ah sweet sir John, even to the utmost verge

Of Europe, or the shore of Tanaise,
Will we with thee to Henolt, so we will.
The marquis is a noble gentleman,
His grace I presume will welcome me.
But what are these?

Enter Edmund and Mortimer.

Edm. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do.

Queen. Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Mort. jun. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the tower,
And lives t'advance your standard, good my lord.

Prince. How mean you, and the king my father lives?
No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Queen. Not son, why not? I would it were no worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Mort. jun. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself: but madam, right makes room,
Where weapons won't; and though so many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for our foes.

Edm. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

Mor. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserv'd;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

Sir John. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms,
To this distressed queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Henolt; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king abase.
How say, young prince, what think you of the march?

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Prince. I think, king Edward will outrun us all.

Queen. Nay son, 'not so; and you must not discourage Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

Edm. Sir John of Henolt, pardon us, I pray; These comforts that you give our woful queen, Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Queen. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heav'n Prosper your happy motion; good sir John.

Mort. jun. This noble gentleman, forward in arms, Was born, I see, to be our anchor hold, Sir John of Henolt, be it thy renown, That England's queen, and nobles in distress, Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

Sir John. Madam, along, and you my lord with me, That England's peers may Henolt's welcome see.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Matr. the two Spencers, with others.

Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathful war, Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends, And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroul'd. My lord of Glo'ster, do you hear the news?

Spen. jun. What news, my lord?

Edw. Why man, they say there is great execution Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel You have the note, have you not?

Matr. From the lieutenant of the tower, my lord.

Edw. I pray let us see it. What have we there? Read it Spencer. [*Spencer reads their names.*

Why so; they bark'd apace a month ago.

Now, on my life; they'll neither bark nor bite.

Now sirs, the news from France? Glo'ster, I trow, The lords of France love England's gold so well, As Isabel gets no aid from thence.

What now remains, have you proclaim'd, my lord, Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Spen. jun. My lord, we have; and if he be in England, He will be had e'er long, I doubt it not.

Edw. If, do'st thou say? Spencer, as true as death, He is in England's ground, our portmasters Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter

Enter a Post.

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?

Post. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,
To you my lord of Gloster from Lewen.

Edw. Read.

Spencer reads the letter:

My duty to your honour premised, &c. I have according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France his lords, and effected, that the queen all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask, with sir John of Henolt, brother to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and as constant report goeth, they intend to give king Edward battel in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service, Lewen.

Edw. Ah villains! hath that Mortimer escap'd?

With him is Edmund gone associate?

And will sir John of Henolt lead the round?

Welcome a God's name, madam, and your son;

England shall welcome you, and all your rout.

Gallop a pace bright Phœbus through the sky,

And dusky night, in rusty iron car,

Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,

That I may see that most desired day,

When we may meet these traitors in the field.

Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy

Is thus misled to countenance their ills.

Come friends to Bristol, there to make us strong;

And winds, as equal be to bring them in,

As you injurious were to bear them forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Queen, her son, Edmund, Mortimer, and sir John.

Queen. Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,

Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds,

Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,

To

To cope with friends at home: a heavy case,
 When force to force is knit, and sword and gleave,
 In civil broils make kin and country-men
 Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
 With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
 Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;
 And Edward thou art one among them all,
 Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
 And made the channel overflow with blood.
 Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be, but thou—
Mort. jun. Nay madam, if you be a warrior,
 Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.
 Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heav'n,
 Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right,
 Here for our country's cause swear we to him
 All homage, fealty and forwardness;
 And for the open wrongs and injuries
 Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
 We come in arms to wreck it with the sword.
 That England's queen in peace may repossess
 Her dignities and honours: and withall
 We may remove these flatterers from the king,
 That havock England's wealth and treasury.

Sir John. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let
 us march.

Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Edm. I would he never had been flatter'd more.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the son, flying
 about the stage.*

Spem. Fly, fly, my lord, the queen is overstrong,
 Her friends do multiply and yours do fail.
 Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

Edw. What, was I born to fly and run away,
 And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
 Give me my horse, let's reinforce our troops:
 And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Bald. O no, my lord, this princely resolution
 Fits not the time; away, we are pursu'd.

Edmund

Edmund alone with a sword and target.

Edm. This way he fled, but I am come too late.

Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.

Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Born arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!

Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:

O fly him then! but Edmund calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth!
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristow to Longshank's blood
Is false, be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer prys near into thy walks.

[*Exit.*

Enter the Queen, Mortimer, the young Prince, and sir John of Henolt.

Queen. Successful battel gives the God of kings,
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevail'd,
Thanked be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord warden of the realm; and sith the fates
Have made his father so unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Edm. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

Prince. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you
mean?

Edm. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Mort. My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,

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But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of.

I like not this relenting mood in Edmund. [*Aside to the Qu.*
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

Queen. My lord, the mayor of Bristow knows our
mind.

Mort. Yea, madam, and they 'scape not easily,
That fled the field.

Queen. Baldock is with the king,
A goodly chancellor, is he not my lord?

Sir John. So are the Spencers, the father and the son,
Edm. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the mayor of Bristow, with
Spencer the father.*

Rice. God save queen Isabel, and her princely son.
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revel'd in England's wealth and treasury.

Queen. We thank you all.

Mort. jun. Your loving care in this,
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

Rice. Spencer the son, created earl of Glo'ster,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And ship'd but late for Ireland with the king.

Mor. jun. Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink
them all:

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

Prin. Shall I not see the king my father yet?

Ed. Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's bounds.

S. John. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a
muse?

Que. I rue my lord's ill fortune; but alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

Mor. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint,
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,

And

And we must seek to right it as we may.

Mean while, have hence this rebel to the block.

Spencer. Rebel is he that fights against the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Mor. Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runnagates.
We in mean while, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer,
and Baldock.*

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no
fear;

As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.

O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart
Pierc'd deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.

Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he, whom rule and empire
Have not in life or death made miserable?

Come Spencer, come Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy,

That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.

Father, this life contemplative is heaven.

O that I might this life in quiet lead!

But we, alas! are chas'd; and, you my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.

Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we do
wot of your abode.

Spen. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect.
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,
He gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were imbark'd for Ireland, wretched we,
With aukward winds, and surly tempests driven
To fall on shoar, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Spen. sen. Look up my lord:—Baldock, this drowfiness
Betides no good; here even we are betray'd.

*Enter with Welch books, Rice ap Howel, a Mower, and
the earl of Leicester.*

Mower. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice. Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.

Lei. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer,
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?

Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen,
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life.

Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.*

But Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.

Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here.

Stand not on titles, but obey th'arrest;

'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.

My lord, why droop you thus?

Edw. O day! the last of all my blifs on earth!
Center of all misfortune! O my stars!

Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart, in rescue of my friends.

Rice. Away with them!

Spencer jun. It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot. My heart with pity yearns to see this sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.

Edw. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?

Spencer jun. We must, my lord, so will the angry heav'ns.

Edw. Nay so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heav'ns have not to do in this.

Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.

Edw. In heav'n we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
And Leicester say, what shall become of us?

Leister. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

Edw. Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.

Leister. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That wait's your pleasure, and the day grows old.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shoar.
For friends hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.

Rice. My lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

Edw. Well, what shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence feigned weeds, unfeigned are my woes;
Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'it for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

[*Exeunt Edward and Leicester.*

Spencer jun. O is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence! never to see us more!

Rend, sphere of heav'n! and fire, forsake thy orb!
 Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
 Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

Bald. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
 We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life;
 Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
 And heart and hand to heav'n's immortal throne,
 Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
 Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
 To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you
 come to the place appointed.
 You, and such as you are, have made wise work in
 England.

Will your lordships away?

Mower. Your lordship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else?
 Follow me to the town.

Enter the king, Leicester, with a bishop for the crown.

Lei. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
 Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
 And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
 Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
 Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;
 For kind and loving hast thou always been.
 The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
 But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
 Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
 But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
 And highly scorning, that the lowly earth
 Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.
 And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
 Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
 And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
 That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison:
 For such outrageous passions claw my soul,
 As with the wings of rancour and disdain,

Full oft am I soaring up to high heav'n,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controul'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'ns turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vines be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leic. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extream my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;

So shall my eyes receive their last content,
 My head, the latest honour due to it,
 And jointly both yield up their wished right.
 Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;
 Let never silent night possess this clime ;
 Stand still, you watches of the element ;
 All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
 That Edward may be still fair England's king.
 But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
 And needs I must resign my wished crown ;
 Inhuman creatures ! nurs'd with tiger's milk !
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow ?
 My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
 See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.
 What, fear you not the fury of your king ?
 But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
 They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
 But seek to make a new-elected king ;
 Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
 Which thoughts are martyr'd with endless torments,
 And in this torment, comfort find I none,
 But that I feel the crown upon my head,
 And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

Trusly. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
 And therefore say, will you resign or no ?

The king rageth.

Edw. I'll not resign ! but whilst I live, be king !
 Traitors be gone, and join with Mortimer.
 Elect, conspire, install, do what you will ;
 Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !

Bish. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

Leist. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ;
 For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Lei. My Lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might ! but heav'n and earth conspire
 To make me miserable ! here, receive my crown ;
 Receive it ? no, these innocent hands of mine
 Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
 He of you all that most desires my blood, And

And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here: now sweet God of heav'n,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever inthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Enter Bartley.

Bartley. My lord.

Edw. Call me not lord;
Away, out of my sight—ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatick!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws,
Than his imbracements—Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trusty. And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.

Edw. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring,
Will by my death; and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Leif. Another post! what news brings he?

Edw. Such news as I expect—come Bartley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Bart. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Bartley would die.

Leif. My lord, the counsel of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

Edw. And who must keep me now? must you, my lord?

Bart. I, my most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.

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Edw. By Mortimer, whose name is written here.
Well, may I rend his name that rends my heart ;
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper ;
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too !

Bart. Your grace must hence with me to Bartley
straight.

Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leif. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Bart. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

Bart. And thinks your grace that Bartley will be cruel ?

Edw. I know not, but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell.

Lei. Not yet, my lord, I'll bear you on your way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Mortimer, and queen Isabel.

Mort. jun. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And gripe the forer, being gript himself.
Think therefore, madam, it imports us much,
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him ;
For our behoof will bear the greater sway
When as a king's name shall be under writ.

Queen. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou perswaded that I love thee well,
And therefore so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Mort. jun. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Mort. jun. Letters! from whence?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Queen. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

Queen. Alas! poor soul, would I could ease his grief.
Thanks, gentle Winchester, firrah, be gone.

[Exit Messenger.]

Win. The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

Queen. O happy news! send for the prince, my son.

Bish. Further, ere this letter was seal'd, lord Bartley
came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
'To set his brother free; no more but so,
'The lord of Bartley is so pitiful,
As Leister that had charge of him before.

Queen. Then let some other be his guardian.

Mort. jun. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.
Who's there? call hither Gurney and Matrevis,
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Bartley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Queen. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Mort. jun. Speak, shall he presently be dispatch'd
and die?

Queen. I would he were, so't were not by my means.

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

Mort. jun. Enough, Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Bartley from ourself,
'That he resign the king to thee and Gurney,
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Matr. It shall be done, my lord.

Mort. jun. Gurney.

Gur. My lord.

Mort. jun. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes fortune's wheel turn as he please,

Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord.

Mort. jun. And this above the rest, because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Bartley back again :
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him ; and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Matr. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Mort. jun. So, now away ; post thitherwards amain.

Queen. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king ?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him, that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty ;
And bear him this, as witness of my love.

Matr. I will, madam.

[*Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney.*

Manent Isabel and Mortimer.

Enter the young prince, and the earl of Kent talking with him.

Mort. jun. Finely dissembled ! do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince, with the earl of Kent.

Queen. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Mort. jun. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagem will soon be dash'd.

Queen. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Mort. jun. How fares my honourable lord of Kent ?

Edm. In health, sweet Mortimer ; how fares your
grace ?

Queen. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

Edm. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

Queen. The more my grief.

Mort. jun. And mine.

Edm. Ah, they do dissemble ! [Aside.

Queen. Sweet son come hither, I must talk with thee.

Mort. jun.

Mort. jun. You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Edm. Not I, my lord, who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life, I mean the queen?

Prince. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown;
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.

Queen. But be content, seeing it his highness' pleasure.

Prince. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Edm. Ay do, sweet nephew.

Queen. Brother, you know it is impossible.

Prince. Why, is he dead?

Queen. No, God forbid!

Edm. I would those words proceeded from your heart.

Mort. jun. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wait a cause of his imprisonment?

Edm. The more cause have I now to make amends.

Mort. jun. I tell thee 'tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.

My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prince. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Queen. Come son, and go with this gentle lord and
me.

Prince. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Mort. Why youngling, dain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

Prince. Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong
me.

Queen. Brother Edmund, strive not, we are his friends,
Isabel is nearer than the earl of Kent.

Edm. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

Queen. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

Edm. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong'd me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Matrevis and Gurney with the king.

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
Men are ordain'd to live in misery,

Therefore

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Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.

Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him,
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

Gur. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge,

To keep your grace in safety;
Your passions make your choler to encrease.

Edw. This usage makes my misery encrease.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking fobs,
That almost rend the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, tho' pitied by many.
O water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements.

Mat. Here's channel water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

Edw. Traitors, away; what will you murder me,
Or choak your sovereign with puddle water?

Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,

Left you be known, and so be rescued.

Mat. Why strive you thus, your labour is in vain?

Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain; so vainly do I strive,
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.]

Immortal powers! that know the painful cares,
That wait upon my poor distressed soul!

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O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king.
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers dy'd!
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

Mat. 'Twi'xt theirs and yours, shall be no enmity.
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter Edmund.

Gur. How now, who comes there?

Mat. Guard the king sure; it is the earl of Kent.

Edw. O, gentle brother, help to rescue me.

Mat. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

Edm. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

Edm. Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the
king.

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

Edm. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

Gur. Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

Edm. Where is the court but here? here is the king,
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

Mat. The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

[Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with the king.]

Manent Edmund and the soldiers.

Edm. O miserable is that common-weal, where
lords

Keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!

Sol. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.

Edm. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my
death,

Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Mortimer alone.

Mort. jun. The king must die, or Mortimer goes
down.

The commons now begin to pity him.

Yet

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.

This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.

Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.

Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.

But read it thus, and that's another sense :

Edwardum occidere nelite timere bonum est.

Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.

Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That being dead, if it chance to be found,

Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,

And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.

Within this room is lock'd the messenger,

That shall convey it, and perform the rest :

And by a secret token that he bears,

Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.

Lightborn, come forth, art thou so resolute as thou
wast?

Light. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

Mort. jun. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

Light. Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he
died.

Mort. jun. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt re-
lent.

Light. Relent! ha, ha, I use much to relent.

Mort. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions ;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man.

I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers,

To strangle with a lawn thrust thro' the throat ;

To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point ;

Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill

And blow a little powder in his ears ;

Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down.

But yet I have a braver way than these.

Mort. What's that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know
my tricks.

Mort.

Mort. I care not how it is, so it be not 'spy'd.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away; and never see me more.

Light. No!

Mort. No, unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light. That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord.

Mort. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass:
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Fear'd am I more than lov'd—let me be fear'd;
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that which I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is, *onus quam gravissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*, as they term it,
And to conclude, I am protector now.
Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance,
And what I list command, who dare controul?
Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion, Nobles,
Queen.

Bishop. Long live king Edward, by the grace of
God,
King of England, and lord of Ireland.

Cham. If any christian, heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm, that Edward's not true king,

And

And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Mort. jun. None comes, sound trumpets.

King. Champion, here's to thee.

Queen. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter soldiers with the earl of Kent prisoner.

Mort. jun. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

Sol. Edmund, the earl of Kent.

King. What hath he done?

Sol. He would have taken the king away per force,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mort. jun. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund, speak?

Edm. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Mort. jun. Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

Edm. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.

King. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Mort. jun. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Edm. Stay, villains!

King. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreat my lord protector for his life.

Que. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

King. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But seeing I cannot, I'll intreat for him—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Mort. jun. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.

How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

Edm. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

Mort. jun. At our command! once more, away with him.

Edm. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,

And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood.
And therefore, foldiers, whither will you hale me?

[*They hale Edmund away, and carry him to be beheaded.*]

King. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

Que. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy
foes;

Had Edmund liv'd, he would have fought thy death.
Come son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

King. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

Que. He is a traitor, think not on him; come.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Matr. and Gurney.

Matr. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

Gurn. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the favour.

Matr. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now,
Let us assail his mind another while.

Gurn. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Matr. But stay, who's this?

Enter Lightborn.

Light. My lord protector greets you.

Gurn. What's here? I know not how to construe it.

Matr. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

Light. Know ye this token? I must have the king.

Matr. Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer
straight.

This villain's sent to make away the king.

Gurn. I thought as much.

Matr.

Matr. And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.

Pereat iste : let him have the king.

What else? here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do, get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

Matre. Very well.

Gurn. Need you any thing besides?

Light. A table and a featherbed.

Gurn. That's all.

Light. Ay, ay, so when I call you, bring it in.

Matr. Fear not thou that.

Gurn. Here's a light to go into the dungeon.

Light. So now must I about this geer, ne'er was there
any

So finely handled as this king shall be.

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore
com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,

For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, e'er I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

Edw.

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.

O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes:

Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my
heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but
death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent
blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

O if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart!

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name

I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?

Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord, lie down and
rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now

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Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sit'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now, my lord?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

Light. Run for the table.

Edw. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

Matr. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gurn. Excellent well, take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the mote,

And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord: away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Mortimer and Matrevis.

Mor. jun. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer
dead?

Matr. Ay, my good lord, I would it were undone.

Mor. jun. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Matr. Gurney, my lord is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Mor. jun. Fly to the savages.

Matr. I humbly thank your honour.

Mor. jun. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;

And

And others are but shrubs compar'd to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.

Mor. jun. What if he have? the king is yet a child.

Queen. Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his
hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the King, with the Lords.

Lords. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

King. Villain!

Mor. jun. How now, my lord?

King. Think not that I am frightened with thy words!
My father's murder'd through thy treachery,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

Queen. Weep not, sweet son!

King. Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

Lords. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Mor. jun. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?

King. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murd'rest him.

Mor. jun. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

King. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

Mor. jun. False Gurney hath betray'd me and him-
self.

Queen. I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid.

Mor. jun. 'Tis my hand; what gather you by this?

King.

King. That thither thou did'st send a murderer.

Mor. jun. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.

King. Ay, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up.
But bring his head back presently to me.

Queen. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

Mor. jun. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

King. Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

Mor. jun. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair Queen, weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

King. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

Queen. As thou received'st thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

King. This argues, that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not intreat for Mortimer.

Queen. I spill his blood? no.

King. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

Queen. That rumour is untrue; for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel?

King. I do not think her so unnatural.

Lords. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, tho' I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Queen. Nay, to my death, for too long have I liv'd,
When as my son thinks to abridge my days.

King. Away with her, her words inforcè these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

Queen. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord?

And

And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

Lords. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

Queen. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.

Lords. That boots not, therefore, gentle madam, go.

Queen. Then come sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

Lords. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

King. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie, And bring my funeral robes. Accursed head,

Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now, Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous treachery.

Here comes the hearse, help me to mourn, my lords.

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost,

I offer up this wicked traitor's head;

And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,

Be witness of my grief and innocence.



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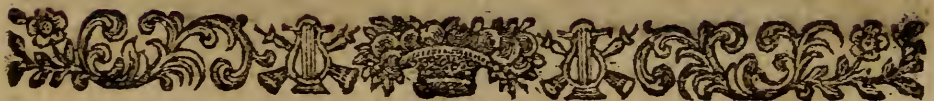
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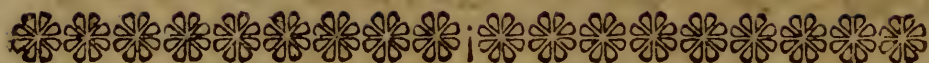


THE
Spanish TRAGEDY:

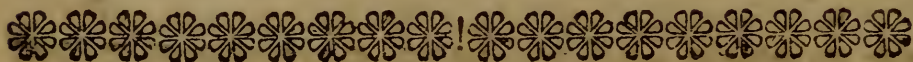
OR,

Hieronimo is mad again.





I Know not who was the Author of this Play, nor exactly what Age it is. My Copy was printed in 1633, but that it was much older than this, I gather from the Return from Parnassus, printed in 1606, where Burbage and Kemp, two famous Players, are introduc'd teaching a young Actor to speak a Speech of Hieronimo's; from whence 'tis plain, 'twas then a noted Piece, but how much older it might be, one cannot tell. Phillips and Winstanly ascribe it to one William Smith, an Author in the Reign of James the First, who wrote an Historical Play called the Hector of Germany, acted at the Red-Bull in 1611. But tho' the Dates may allow the same Person to be the Author of both, I think the Stile and Manner of the two Pieces are by no means the same.





Dramatis Personæ.

THE Ghost of *Andrea*.
Revenge.

King of Spain.

Viceroy of Portugal.

Don Cyprian, Duke of Castile.

Hieronimo, Marshal of Portugal.

*Balthazar, the Viceroy's Son, in Love with
 Belimperia.*

Lorenzo, Duke of Castile's Son.

Horatio, Hieronimo's Son.

Alexandro.

Villippo.

Pedringano.

Serberine.

Old Man.

Painter.

Page.

Hangman.

Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants.

Isabella, Hieronimo's Wife.

Belimperia, Lorenzo's Sister.






THE
Spanish TRAGEDY:
 O R,
Hieronimo is mad again.

ACT, I.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.

Ghost.  WHEN this eternal substance of my soul
 Did live imprison'd in my wonted
 flesh,
 Each in their function serving other's
 need,

I was a courtier in the Spanish court ;
 My name was don Andrea : my descent,
 Tho' not ignoble, yet inferior far
 To gracious fortunes of my tender youth :
 There in the pride and prime of all my years,

By

By duteous service, and deserving love,
In secret I possess a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Belimperia by name.
But, in the harvest of my summer's joys,
Death's winter nipt the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me :
For in the late conflict with Portugal,
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,
'Till life to death made passage thro' my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended strait
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron ;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said, that my rites of burial not perform'd,
I might not sit among his passengers.
E'er Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slak'd his smoaking chariot in her flood,
By don Horatio, our knight-marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves ;
There, pleasing Cerberus with honied speech,
I past the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Æacus, and Radamant,
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This knight (quoth he) both liv'd and died in love ;
And, for his love, try'd fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.
Why then (said Æacus) convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees, and cypress-shades.
No, no, (said Radamant) it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist :
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,

And Achilles' myrmidons do scour the plain.
 Then Minos, mildest censurer of the three,
 Made this device, to end the difference :
 Send him (quoth he) to our infernal king,
 To doom him as best seems his majesty.
 To this effect my passport strait was drawn.
 In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
 Thro' dreadful shades of ever-gloomy night,
 I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
 Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
 Three ways there were ; that on the right-hand side
 Was ready way unto the 'foresaid field,
 Where lovers live, and bloody martialists ;
 But either sort contain'd within his bounds.
 The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
 Was a ready fall down to the deepest hell,
 Where bloody furies shake their whips of steel,
 And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel ;
 Where usurers are choak'd with melting gold,
 And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes ;
 And murderers, green with ever-killing wounds,
 And perjur'd wights, scalded in boiling lead,
 And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
 'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
 Which brought me to the fair Elysiac green ;
 In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
 The walls of brass, the gates of adamant :
 Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
 I shew'd my passport, humbled on my knee ;
 Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile.
 I begg'd that only she might give my doom :
 Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss.
 Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
 And bade thee lead me thro' the gates of horror,
 Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
 No sooner had she spoke, but we were here,
 (I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye.

Rec. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
 Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
 Don Balthazar, the prince of Portugal,

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of life by Belimperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for *Chorus* in this tragedy.

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, and Hieronimo.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp ?

Gen. All well, (my sovereign liege) except some few
That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

King. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste ?

Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory ?

Gen. Victory, (my liege) and that with little loss.

King. Our Portugueze will pay us tribute, then ?

Gen. Tribute, and wonted homage therewithal.

King. Then blest be heaven, and guider of the hea-
vens,

From whose fair influence such justice flows.

Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,*

Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes

Succumbant : recti soror est victoria juris.

King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.

But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle, and your war's success ;

That adding all the pleasure of thy news

Unto the height of former happiness,

With deeper wage, and greater dignity,

We will reward thy blissful chivalry.

Gen. Where Spain and Portugal do jointly knit

Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bounds,

There met our armies in their proud array ;

Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,

Both menacing alike, with daring shows,

Both vaunting fundry colours of device,

Both cheerly founding trumpets, drums, and fifes,

Both raising dreadful clamours to the skies,

That vallies, hills, and rivers made rebound,

And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.

Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron-form,

Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot ;

But e'er we join'd, and came to push of pike,

I brought a Squadron of the readiest shot,
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight :
 They brought another wing t' encounter us :
 Mean while our ordnance play'd on either side,
 And captains strove to have their valour try'd.
 Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
 Did, with his coronet, bravely make attempt
 To break the order of our battle ranks :
 But don Rogero, worthy man of war,
 March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stopt the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
 Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows :
 Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
 When roaring loud, and with a swelling tide
 It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,
 And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.
 Now when Bellona rageth here and there,
 'Thick' storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
 And shiver'd launces dark'd the troubled air.

*Pede pes, & cuspide cuspis,
 Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.*

On every side dropt captains to the ground,
 And soldiers lie maim'd, some slain out-right :
 Here falls a body, sunder'd from his head,
 'There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
 Mingled with weapons, and unbowed steeds,
 That scattering overspread the purple plain.
 In all this turmoil three long hours and more,
 The victory to neither part inclin'd ;
 'Till don Andrea, with his brave launciers,
 In their main battle made so great a breach,
 That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd :
 But Balthazar, the Portugueze young prince,
 Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
 Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
 And in that conflict was Andrea slain ;
 Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar :

Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
 Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
 Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one,
 Prick'd forth Horatio, our knight-marshal's son,
 To challenge forth that prince to single fight:
 Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
 But strait the prince was beaten from his horse,
 And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe.
 When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
 And our carbines pursued them to death;
 Till Phœbus waving to the western deep,
 Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat:

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;

And for some argument of more to come,
 Take this, and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

[Gives him a chain.]

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No peace, (my liege) but peace conditional,
 That if, with homage, tribute may be paid,
 The fury of our forces will be staid:
 And to that peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,

[Gives the King a paper.]

And made a solemn vow, that during life
 This tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

King. These words; these deeds, become thy person well.

But now, knight-marshal, frolick with the king,
 For 'tis thy son that wins the battle's prize.

Hier. Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
 And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.

[A trumpet afar off.]

What means this warning of the trumpet's sound?

Gen. This tells me, that your grace's men of war,
 Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
 Come marching on towards your royal seat,
 To shew themselves before your majesty,
 For so I gave them charge at my depart;
 Whereby, by demonstration, shall appear

That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

The army meets. Balthazar, between Lorenzo and Horatio, captive.

King. A gladfome sight, I long to see them here.

[They enter, and pass by.]

Was that the warlike prince of Portugal,
That by our nephew was in triumph led ?

Gen. It was (my liege) the prince of Portugal.

King. But what was he, that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize ?

Hier. That was my son, (my gracious sovereign)
Of whom, tho' from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well;
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys.

King. Go, let them march once more about these
walls,

'That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard:
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
'That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter again.

Bring hither the young prince of Portugal—
'The rest march on; but e'er they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier two ducats,
And on every leader ten, that they may know
Our larges welcomes them.

[Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. and Hor.]

Welcome don Balthazar, welcome nephew;
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, altho' thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Balt. The trespass that my father made in peace,
Is now controul'd by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so :

His men are slain, a weak'ning to the realm ;
His colours seiz'd, a blot upon his name ;
His son distrest, a corsive to his heart :
These punishments may clear his late offence.

King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observes this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars :
Mean while live thou, tho' not in liberty,
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke ;
For, in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

Balt. And I shall study to deserve this grace.

King. But tell me, (for their holding makes me
doubt)

To which of these twain art thou prisoner ?

Lor. To me, my lord.

Hor. To me, my sovereign.

Lor. This hand first took the courser by the reins.

Hor. But first my lance did put him from his horse.

Lor. I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.

[*They let him go.*]

So, worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield ?

Balt. To him in courtesy, to this perforce ;
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes ;
He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death ;
He won my love, this other conquer'd me ;
And truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Inforc'd by nature, and by law of arms,
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right :
He hunted well, that was a lion's death ;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin :
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no
wrong ;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom ?

Lor. I crave no better than your grace awards.

Hor.

Hor. Nor I, altho' I sit beside my right.

King. Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall end :

You both deserve, and both shall have reward.

Nephew, thou took'st his weapons and his horse ;

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield ;

His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee :

Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.

But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatio's house were small for all his train :

Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,

And that just guerdon may befall desert,

To him we yield the armour of the prince.

How likes don Balthazar of this device ?

Balt. Right well, (my liege) if this proviso were,

That don Horatio bear us company,

Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,

And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, and Villippo.

Vice. Is our ambassador dispatch'd for Spain ?

Alex. Two days, (my liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute-payment gone along with him ?

Alex. Ay, my good lord.

Vice. Then rest we here a while in our unrest,

And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs ;

For deepest cares break never into tears.

But wherefore sit I in this regal throne ?

This better fits a wretch's endless moan.

[*Falls to the ground.*

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,

And therefore better than my state deserves :

Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,

Seeks him whom fates adjudg'd to misery.

Here let me lie—Now I am at the lowest.

*Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo :
Nihil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, fortune may bereave me of my crown :
Here, take it—Now let fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this fable weed.
O no, she envies none but pleasant things ;
Such is the folly of despiteful chance !
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts :
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments :
And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me ; what then ?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rowling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds ?
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress ?
O yes ! complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distain'd my faith :
My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars,
These bloody wars have spent my treasure ;
And with my treasure, my people's blood :
And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,]
My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.
O wherefore went I not to war myself ?
The cause was mine—I might have died for both :
My years were mellow, but his young and green ;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt, (my liege) but still the prince survives.

Vice. Survives ! ay, but where ?

Alex. In Spain, a prisoner, by mischance of war.

Vice. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of arms.

Vice. They reck no laws that meditate revenge.

Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Vice. No ; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

Alex.

Alex. Nay, evil news will fly faster still than good.

Vice. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Vice. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be ;
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news ;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then hear the truth, which these mine eyes have
seen.

When both the armies were in battle join'd,
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown, did wond'rous feats of arms :
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord general,
Till Alexandro (that here counterfeits
Under the colour of a duteous friend)
Discharg'd his pistol at the prince's back,
As tho' he would have slain their general ;
But therewithal don Balthazar fell down,
And when he fell, then we began to fly ;
But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery ! O trait'rous miscreant !

Vice. Hold thou thy peace—But now, Villippo, say,
Where then became the carcase of my son ?

Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vice. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou should'st thus betray him to our foes ?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou could'st see no part of our deserts ?
Perchance, because thou art Terfera's lord,
Thou hast some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son, and then myself were slain :
But thy ambitious thoughts shall break thy neck—
Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

[*He takes the crown, and puts it on again.*]

But now I'll wear it, till thy blood be spilt.

Alex.

Alex. Vouchsafe (dear sovereign) to hear me speak.

Vice. Away with him—his fight is second hell.

Keep him, till we determine of his death.

If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.

Villippo, follow us for thy reward.

Vil. Thus have I, with an envious forged tale,
Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstance of don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's chiefest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For love of him, and service to yourself,
I'll not refuse this doleful heavy charge;
Yet tears and sighs (I fear) will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd to fight,
Your worthy cavalier amidst the thickest,
For glory's cause, still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young don Balthazar
Encounter'd hand to hand. Their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous:
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth:
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus)
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunch'd his horse, and ding'd him to the
ground:
Then young don Balthazar, with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then (tho' too late) incens'd with just remorse,
I, with my band, set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

Bel.

Bel. I would thou hadst slain him that slew my love!—
But then, was don Andrea's carcase lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stept I back till I recover'd him.
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms,
And welding him unto my private tent,
'There laid him down, and dew'd him with my tears,
And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrows, sighs, nor tears,
Could win pale death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do,
I saw him honour'd with due funeral:
This scarf I pluck'd off from his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel. I know the scarf—would he had kept it still!
For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still;
And worn it for his Belimperia's sake;
For 'twas my favour at his last depart.
But now, thou wear it, both for him and me;
For, after him, thou hast deserv'd it best;
And for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Belimperia's life endures,
She will be don Horatio's thankful friend.

Hor. And, madam, don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Belimperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince,
For so the duke your father gave me charge.

Bel. Ay, go Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

Yet, what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Belimperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spight the prince that wrought his end.

And

And where don Balthazar that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance of his murd'rous deed ;
For what was't else but murd'rous cowardise,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight ?
And here he comes that murder'd my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy walk ?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

Lor. But here the prince is come to visit you.

Bel. That argues, that he lives at liberty.

Balt. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.

Bel. Your prison, then, (belike) is your conceit.

Balt. Ay, by conceit my freedom is inthrall'd.

Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

Balt. What if conceit have laid my heart to gage ?

Bel. Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

Balt. I die, if it return from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartless man, and lives ! a miracle !

Balt. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush, my lord, let go these ambages,
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no re-
medy ?

Balt. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy ;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower ;
In whose translucent breasts my heart is lodg'd.

Bel. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,
And but devis'd to drive me from this place.

[She going in, lets fall her glove, which Horatio, coming out, takes up.]

Hor. Madam, your glove—

Bel. Thanks, good Horatio—Take it for thy pains.

Balt. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time.

Hor. I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or hop'd.

Lor.

Lor. My lord, be not dismay'd for what is past ;
 You know that women oft are humorous :
 These clouds will overblow with little wind.
 Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
 Mean while, let us devise to spend the time
 In some delightful sports and revellings.

Hor. The king, my lord, is coming hither straight,
 To feast the Portuguese ambassador.
 Things were in readiness before I came.

Balt. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
 To welcome hither our ambassador,
 And learn my father and my country's health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, King, and Ambassador.

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain intreats
 Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son :
 We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Ambas. Sad is our king, and Portugal laments,
 Supposing that don Balthazar is slain.

Balt. So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.
 You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain,
 I frolick with the duke of Castile's son,
 Wrapt every hour in pleasures of the court,
 And grac'd with favours of his majesty.

King. Put off your greetings till our feastbe done :
 Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.

[Sit to the banquet.]

Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest :
 Brother, sit down, and, nephew, take your place :
 Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup,
 For well thou hast deserved to be honour'd.
 Now lordlings fall to, Spain is Portugal,
 And Portugal is Spain ; we both are friends,
 Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
 But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal ?
 He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
 To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

Enter

Enter Hieronimo with a drum, three knights, each his 'scutcheon: then he fetches three kings, they take their crowns and them captive.

Hieronimo, this mask contents my eye,
Altho' I found not well the mystery.

Hier. The first arm'd knight, that hung his 'scutcheon-up,

[He takes the 'scutcheon, and gives it to the King.

Was English Robert, Earl of Glo'ster,
Who when king Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arriv'd with twenty thousand men
In Portugal, and by success of war,
Enforc'd the king (then but a Saracen)
To bear the yoke of th' English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portugal, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hier. The second knight that hung his 'scutcheon up,
[He does as he did before.

Was Edmund earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem:
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the king of Portugal in fight;
For which, and other such-like service,
He after was created duke of York.

King. This is another special argument,
That Portugal may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hier. The third and last, not least in our account,
[Does as he did before.

Was (as the rest) a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster,
As by his 'scutcheon plainly may appear:
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our king of Castile prisoner.

Embass. This is an argument for our viceroy,
That Spain may not insult for her success,

Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleased both the embassador and me :
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the King.

[*Takes the cup of Horatio.*

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate :
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that we may be dispatch'd ;
I think our council is already set.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Andrea.

“ Come we for this from depth of under-ground,
“ To see him feast that gave me my death's wound ?
“ These pleasant fights are sorrow to my soul ;
“ Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting ?

Revenge.

“ Be still, Andrea, e'er we go from hence,
“ I'll turn their friendship into fell despight ;
“ Their love to mortal hate, their day to night ;
“ Their hope into despair, their peace to war ;
“ Their joys to pain, their blifs to misery.”



ACT. II.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. **M**Y lord, tho' Belimperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy :
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke ;
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure ;
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak ;
The hardest flint is pierc'd with softest shower ;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Baltz.

Balt. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
 Than beast or bird, or tree, or stony wall:
 But wherefore blot I Belimperia's name?
 It is my fault, not she that merits blame.
 My feature is not to content her sight;
 My words are rude, and work her no delight:
 The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
 Such as do drop from Pan and Marsia's quill.
 My presents are not of sufficient cost,
 And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
 Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
 Ay, but that's slander'd by captivity.
 Yet might she love me to content her fire:
 Ay, but her reason masters her desire.
 Yet might she love me, as her brother's friend:
 Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
 Yet might she love me to up-rear her state:
 Ay, but perhaps she loves some nobler mate.
 Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
 Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lor. My lord, for my sake leave these extasies,
 And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
 Some cause there is, that lets you not be lov'd;
 First that must needs be known, and then remov'd.
 What if my sister love some other knight?

Balt. My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

Lor. I have already found a stratagem,
 To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
 My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;
 Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see:
 By force, or fair means, will I cast about,
 To find the truth of all this question out.

Hoh, Pedringano!

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Seignor!

Lor. *Vien que presto.*

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to command me?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import.
 And, not to spend the time in trifling words,
 Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou know'st)
 Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
 For thy conveyance in Andrea's love:

For

For which thou wert adjudg'd to banishment :
 I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.
 And since thou know'st how I have favour'd thee,
 Now to these favours will I add reward,
 Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
 And lands and livings join'd with dignities,
 If thou but satisfy my just demand :
 Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
 My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
 If case in me it lies to tell the truth.

Lor. Then Pedringano, this is my demand,
 Whom loves my sister Belimperia,
 For she reposeth all her trust in thee ?
 Speak man, and gain both friendship and reward :
 I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place ?

Ped. Alas, my lord, since don Andrea's death,
 I have no credit with her as before ;
 And therefore know not if she love or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe,

[*Draws his sword.*]

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win :
 Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals ;
 Thou dyest for more esteeming her than me.

Ped. Oh, stay, my lord.

Lor. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
 And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
 And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
 But if thou dally once again, thou dyest.

Ped. If madam Belimperia be in love—

Lor. What villain, ifs and ands ?

Ped. Oh stay, my lord, she loves Horatio.

[*Balthazar starts back.*]

Lor. What don Horatio, our knight-marshal's son ?

Ped. Even him, my lord.

Lor. Now, say but how thou know'st he is her love,
 And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.
 Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters, which myself perus'd,
 Full fraught with lines, and arguments of love,

Preferring

Preferring him before prince Balthazar.

Lor. Swear on this cross, that what thou sayest is true;

And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

Ped. I swear to both, by him that made us all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward:

But if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,

This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Ped. What I have said is true, and shall for me
Be still conceal'd from Belimperia:
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when, and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will, my lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal:
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not:
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.

[Exit Ped.]

Why so: *tam armis, quam ingenio*;

Where words prevail not, violence prevails;

But gold doth more than either of them both.

How likes prince Balthazar of this stratagem?

Bal. Both well and ill: it makes me glad and sad;

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;

Sad, that I fear she hates me, whom I love;

Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd;

Sad, that she'll fly me if I take revenge;

Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,

For love resisted, grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destin'd plague:

First, in his hand he brandish'd a sword,

And with that sword he fiercely waged war,

And in that war, he gave me dang'rous wounds,

And by those wounds, he forced me to yield,

And by my yielding, I became his slave:

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
 Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits ;
 Which sweet conceits, smooth Belimperia's ears ;
 And thro' her ears, dive down into her heart,
 And in her heart sets him, where I should stand.
 Thus hath he ta'n my body by his force,
 And now by slight would captivate my soul :
 But in his fall, I'll tempt the destinies,
 And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lor. Let's go, my lord, our staying stays revenge :
 Do you but follow me, and gain your love,
 Her favour must be won by his remove. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Hor. Now, madam, since by favour of your love,
 Our hidden smoak is turn'd to open flame ;
 And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
 (Two chief contents) where more cannot be had :
 Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
 Why shew you sign of inward languishments ?

[*Pedringano shews all to the Prince and Lorenzo,*
placing them in secret.

Bel. My heart (sweet friend) is like a ship at sea,
 She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
 She may repair what stormy times have worn :
 And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
 That pleasure follows pain, and bliss, annoy.
 Possession of thy love, is the only port,
 Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,
 Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
 There to repair the joys that it hath lost :
 And sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire,
 That sweetest bliss, is crown of love's desire.

[*Balthazar and Lorenzo aside.*

Bal. Oh sleep mine eyes, see not my love profan'd ;
 Be deaf mine ears, hear not my discontent ;
 Die heart, another 'joys what thou deserv'st.

Lor. Watch still mine eyes, to see their love disjoin'd ;
 Hear still mine ears, to hear them both lament :
 Leap heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while ?

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me:

But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.

Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words:

Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks:

Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines:

Give me a kiss, I'll counter-check thy kiss:

Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

Hor. But gracious madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

Bel. Then by thy father's pleasant bow'r, the field
Where first we vow'd our mutual amity;

The court were dangerous, that place is safe:

Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,

That summons home distressed travellers:

There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;

Haply the gentle nightingale

Shall carrol us asleep ere we beware,

And singing with the prickle at her breast,

Tell our delight and sportful dalliance:

Till then, each hour will seem a year and more.

Hor. But honey sweet, and honourable love,

Return we now into your father's sight,

Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lor. Ay, danger mix'd with jealous despight,

Shall send thy soul into eternal night.

*[Exeunt.
Enter king of Spain, Portugal ambassador, Don Cyprian,
&c.]*

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Belimperia?

Cyp. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince;

I doubt not I, but she will stoop in time:
 And were she froward, which she will not be,
 Yet herein shall she follow my advice;
 Which is to love him, or forego my love.

King. Then lord embassador of Portugal,
 Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
 For strength'ning of our late-confirmed league;
 I know no better means to make us friends.
 Her dowry shall be large and liberal;
 Besides that she is daughter and half heir
 Unto our brother here, don Cyprian,
 And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
 I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift:
 And this it is, (in case the match go forward)
 The tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd:
 And if by Balthazar she have a son,
 He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

Emb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,
 And work it, if my counsel may prevail.

King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
 I hope his presence here will honour us,
 In celebration of the nuptial day;
 And let him determine of the time.

Emb. Will't please your grace command me aught be-
 side?

King. Commend me to the king; and so farewell.
 But where's prince Balthazar, to take his leave?

Emb. That is perform'd already, my lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
 The prince's ransom must not be forgot:
 That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
 And well his forwardness deserves reward:
 It was Horatio, our knight-marshal's son.

Emb. Between us, there's a price already pitch'd,
 And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King. Then once again farewell, my lord.

Emp. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest.

[*Exit.*]

King. Now, brother, you must take some little pain,
 To win fair Belimperia from her will:

Young

Young virgins must be ruled by their friends :
 The prince is amiable, and loves her well :
 If she neglect him, and forego his love,
 She both will wrong her own estate and ours ;
 Therefore while I do entertain the prince,
 With greatest pleasures that our court affords,
 Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought :
 If she give back, all this will come to nought.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with fable wings,
 To over-cloud the brightness of the sun,
 And that in darkness pleasures may be done :
 Come, Belimperia, let us to the bower,
 And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
 Altho' my fainting heart controuls my soul,

Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith ?

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self.
 Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
 And let us know if any make approach.

Ped. Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold,
 By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.

[*Exit Ped.*]

Hor. What means my love ?

Bel. I know not what myself :
 And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so : fair fortune is our friend,
 And heaven hath shut up day, to pleasure us.
 The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
 And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel. Thou hast prevail'd, I'll conquer my misdoubt,
 And, in thy love and counsel, drown my fear :
 I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts.
 Why sit we not ? for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sit'st within these leafy bow'rs,
 The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
 Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record by night,

For joy that Belimperia fits in fight.

Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet musick to Horatio's tale.

Hor. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

Hor. Then thus begin our wars; put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot, to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thyself, I dart this kiss at thee.

Hor. Thus I return the dart thou threw'st at me.

Bel. Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoak, and make thee yield.

Hor. Nay, then mine arms are large and strong with-
all:

Thus elms by vines are compass'd till they fall.

Bel. O let me go, for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read, that life in passion dies.

Hor. O stay a while, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

Bel. Who's there, Pedringano? we are betray'd.

*Enter Lor. Balthazar, Cerberus and Pedringano, dis-
guised.*

Lor. My lord, away with her. [*Take her aside.*
O, sir, forbear; your valour is already try'd.
Quickly dispatch, my masters.

[*They hang him in the arbour.*

Hor. What, will ye murder me?

Lor. Ay thus, and thus; these are the fruits of love.
[*They stab him.*

Bel. O save his life, and let me die for him:
O save him, brother, save him, Balthazar:
I lov'd Horatio, but he lov'd not me.

Bal. But Balthazar loves Belimperia.

Lor. Altho' his life were ambitious, proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder! murder! help Hieronimo, help.

Lor. Come, stop her mouth, away with her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt.

Hier. What out-cry calls me from my naked bed,
And chills my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? speak—here I am.
I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.
No, no, it was some woman cry'd for help;
And here within the garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her.
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd up, and all the murderers gone!
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

[*He cuts him down.*]

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
Oh no, but he that whilome was my son!
Oh, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
Oh speak, if any spark of life remain:
I am thy father: who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Here hath been glutted with thy harmless blood,
And left thy bloody corps dishonour'd here,
For me amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
Oh heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day, this deed of darkness had not been.
Oh earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vile profaner of this sacred bow'r?
O poor Horatio! what hadst thou misdone,
To lose thy life, e'er life was new begun?
Oh wicked butcher! what so e'er thou wert,
How couldst thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ah me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In losing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb;
Hieronimo,

Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my tears are spent.

Isa. What words of grief? my son Horatio!
Oh where's the author of this endless woe?

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge, my heart would find relief.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
Oh gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears:
Blow sighs, and raise an everlasting storm,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.

Ah me, Hieronimo, sweet husband speak!

Hier. He suppd with us to-night, frolick and merry,
And said, he would go visit Balthazar,
At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late,
He may be in his chamber; some go see—Roderigo, ho.

Enter Pedro and Jaques.

Isa. Ah me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo!

Hier. True, all Spain takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally belov'd,
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favours,
Which do assure me that he cannot be long-liv'd.

Isa. Sweet Hieronimo!

Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his cloaths:
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:
Jaques, run to the duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home,
I, and his mother have had strange dreams to-night:
Do you hear, sir?

Jaq. Ay, sir.

Hier. Well, sir, be gone—Pedro, come hither;
Know'st thou who this is?

Ped. Too well, sir.

Hier. Too well! who? who is it? peace, Isabella.
Nay, blush not man.

Ped. It is my lord Horatio.

Hier. Ha, ha, St. James; but this doth make me
laugh,

That there are more deluded than myself.

Ped. Deluded?

Hier. Ay, I would have sworn myself, within this hour,

That this had been my son Horatio,

His garments are so like : ha, are they not great persuasions?

Isa. O, would to god it were not so!

Hier. Wer't not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?

Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,

That such a black deed of mischief should be done

On one so pure and spotless as our son?

Away, I am asham'd.

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,

Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.

Hier. It was a man sure that was hang'd up here,

A youth, as I remember : I cut him down.

If it should prove my son now after all,

Say you, say you : light, lend me a taper ;

Let me look again.

O god ! confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,

Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,

That now is stiff with horror ; kill me quickly :

Be gracious to me, thou infective night,

And drop this deed of murder down on me ;

Gird in my waste of grief, with thy large darkness,

And let me not survive to see the light,

May put me in the mind I had a son.

Isa. O sweet Horatio ! O my dearest son !

Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to grief !

Sweet lovely rose, ill pluck'd before thy time.

Fair worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd :

I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are staid.

Isa. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,

For once these eyes were chiefly my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this handkerchief besmear'd with blood ?

It shall not from me, till I take revenge.

Seest thou these wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
 I'll not entomb them till I have revenge:
 Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
 Till then, my sorrows never shall be spent.

Isa. The heavens are just, murder cannot be hid:
 Time is the author both of truth and right,
 And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Mean while, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
 Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
 So shall we sooner find the practise out,
 And learn by whom all this was brought about.
 Come, Isabella, now let's take him up,

[*They take him up.*]

And bear him in from out this cursed place:
 I'll say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

[*Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*]

Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori:

Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos,

Præbeat, ipse metum magnum quicunque per orbem,

Gramina sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras,

Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,

Quicquid & irævi evocæca menia vedit.

Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,

Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:

Èrgo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,

Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus.

Emor ira tecum sic, sic juroat ire sub umbras.

At tamen abstiam properato cedere letho,

Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.

[*Here he throws it from him, and bears the body away.*]

Andrea.

“ Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain ?

“ I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain :

“ But it's my friend Horatio that is slain :

“ And they abuse fair Belimperia,

“ On whom I doated more than all the world,

“ Because she lov'd me more than all world.

Revenge.

“ Thou talkest of the harvest, when the corn is green ;
 “ The end is crown of every work well done.
 “ The sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.
 “ Be still ; and ere I lead thee from this place,
 “ I’ll shew thee Balthazar in heavy case.



A C T. III.

Enter Viceroy of Portugal, Nobles, Alexandro, Villippo.

Vice. **U**Nfortunate condition of great kings,
 Seated amongst so many helpless doubts !
 First, we are plac’d upon extreamest height.
 And oft supplanted with exceeding hate :
 But ever subject to the wheel of chance ;
 And at our highest, never joy we so,
 As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
 So striveth not the waves with fundry winds,
 As fortune toileth in th’affairs of kings,
 That would be fear’d, yet fear to be belov’d,
 Sith fear, or love, to kings is flattery :
 For instance (lordlings) look upon your king,
 By hate deprived of his dearest son ;
 The only hope of our successive lives.

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro’s heart,
 Had been invenom’d with such extream hate :
 But now I see, that words have several works,
 And there’s no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No, for (my lord) had you beheld the train,
 That fained love had colour’d in his looks,
 When he in camp comforted Balthazar,
 Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
 That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
 Than Alexandro’s purpose to the prince.

Vice. No more, Villippo, thou hast said enough,
 And with thy words, thou slay'st our wounded thoughts :
 Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
 Procraftinating Alexandro's death :
 Go some of you and fetch the traitor forth,
 That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, with a Nobleman, and halberts.

Nobl. In such extreame, will nought but patience
 serve.

Alex. But in extreame, what patience shall I use ?
 Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
 With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

Nobl. Yet hope the best.

Alex. 'Tis heav'n is my hope ;
 As for the earth, it is too much infected,
 To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye ? bring forth that daring fiend,
 And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I fear the extremity of death,
 (For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
 Do I (o king) thus discontented live.
 But this, o this torments my labouring soul,
 That thus I die suspected of a sin,
 Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,
 So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more, I say ; to the tortures with him :
 Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,

[They bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
 Of Phlegeton, prepared for his soul.

Alex. My guiltless death will be aveng'd on thee,
 On thee, Villippo, that hath malic'd thus ;
 Or of thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
 I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
 Where those thy words shall perish with thy works :
 Injurious traitor, monstrous homicide !

Enter Embassador.

Emb. Stay, hold a while ; and here (with pardon of
 his majesty) lay hands upon Villippo.

Vice.

Vice. Embassador, what news hath urg'd this sudden entrance?

Emb. Know, my sovereign, that Balthazar doth live.

Vice. What sayest thou, liveth Balthazar our son?

Emb. Your highness' son lord Balthazar doth live,
And well intreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these letters of the king's commends,

[Gives him letters.]

Are happy witness of his highness' health.

[The king looks on the letter, and proceeds.]

Vice. Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd:

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:

The rest resolve upon as things propos'd

For both our honours, and thy benefit.

Emb. These are his highness' farther articles.

[Gives him more letters.]

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation

Of noble Alexandro!—Come, my lord, unbind him:

Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,

To make a quital for thy discontent. [They unbind him.]

Alex. Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less,
Upon report of such a damned fact:

But, thus we see our innocence hath sav'd

The hopeless life which thou, Villippo, fought

By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vice. Say, false Villippo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsly betray lord Alexandro's life?

Him, whom thou knowest that no unkindness else,

But even the slaughter of our dearest son,

Could ever mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.

Alex. Say (treacherous Villippo) tell the king:
Or wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guiltful soul submits me to thy doom:

For, not for Alexandro's injuries,

But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd,

Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vice.

Vice. Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death,
 And not so mean a torment as we here
 Devis'd for him, who thou saidst slew our son :
 But with the bitter'st torment and extreams,
 That may be yet invented for thine end.

[*Alexander seems to intreat.*

Intreat me not, go take the traytor hence: [*Exit Villippo.*

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee

With public notice of thy loyalty.

To end those things articulated here,

By our great lord, the mighty king of Spain,

We with our counsel will deliberate :

Come, Alexandro, keep us company.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hie. Oh eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with
 tears:

Oh life! no life, but lively form of death :

Oh world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,

Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds.

Oh sacred heav'n! if this unhallowed deed,

If this inhuman, barbarous attempt ;

If this incomparable murder thus,

Of mine, but now no more my son,

Shall unreveal'd, and unrevenged pass,

How should we term your dealings to be just,

If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust ?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,

With direful visions wakes my vexed soul,

And with the wounds of my distressful son,

Sollicits me for notice of his death.

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,

And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,

And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.

The cloudy day my discontent records,

Early begins to register my dreams,

And drives me forth to seek the murderer.

Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,

See, search, shew, send some man,

Some man that may—

[*A letter falleth.*

What's here, a letter? tush, it is not so :

A letter written to Hieronimo.

[Red ink.]

*For want of ink, receive this bloody writ ;
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee :
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him :
For those were they that murdered thy son,
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
And better far than Belimperia doth.*

What means this unexpected miracle ?
My son slain by Lorenzo, and the prince !
What cause had they Horatio to malign ?
Or what might move thee, Belimperia,
To accuse thy brother had he been the man ?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betray'd,
And to intrap thy life, this train is laid :
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous,
This is devised to endanger thee,
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse ;
And he, for the dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behooves me be reveng'd :
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo ;
But live to effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ ;
And hearken near the duke of Castile's house,
Close, if I can, with Belimperia,
To listen more ; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now, Pedringano !

Ped. Now, Hieronimo !

Hier. Where's thy lady ?

Ped. I know not : here's my lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, Hieronimo ?

Hier. My lord.

Ped. He asketh for my lady Belimperia.

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo ? the duke my father
hath

Upon some disgrace, a while remov'd her hence :

But

But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

Hier. Nay, nay (my lord) I thank you, it shall not
need,

I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lor. Why so, Hieronimo? use me.

Hier. Who you, my lord?

I reserve your favour for a greater honour.

This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

Hier. I'faith, my lord, 'tis an idle thing, I must
confess,

I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your
honour.

Lor. How now, Hieronimo?

Hier. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing;

The murder of a son, or so:

A thing of nothing, my lord.

Lor. Why, then farewell.

Hier. My grief no heart, my thought no tongue can
tell. [Exit.]

Lor. Come hither, Pedringano; see'st thou this?

Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damn'd villain, Serberine,

That hath (I fear) reveal'd Horatio's death.

Ped. My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent

That e'er I us'd him in this enterprize.

But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,

And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,

Here, for thy farther satisfaction, take thee this;

[Gives him more gold.]

And hearken to me; thus it is: disguis'd,

This night thou must, (and pr'ythee so resolve)

Meet Serberine at St Luge's park:

Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house;

There

There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure ;
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord ?

Lor. Let me alone, I'll send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done ;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

Lor. When things shall alter (as I hope they will)
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou know'st my mind.

Che le leron.

[*Exit Pedringano,*

Enter Page.

Page. My lord !

Lor. Go, firrah, to Serberine, and bid him forthwith
Meet the prince and me at St. Luge's park,
Behind the house, this evening, boy.

Page. I go, my lord.

Lor. But firrah, let the hour be eight a clock :
Bid him not fail.

Page. I fly, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work, that will avoid distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap :
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly inquiry of Hieronimo for Belimperia breeds
suspicion,

And this suspicion bodes a farther ill.

As for myself, I know my secret fault,

And so do they, but I have dealt for them :

They that for coin their souls endanger'd,

To save my life ; for coin shall venture theirs :

And better 'tis that base companions die,

Than by their life to hazard our good haps ;

Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith :

I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend :

For die they shall ; slaves are ordain'd for no other end.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Pedringano with a pistol.

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,
 And hold on, fortune, once more favour me,
 Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
 And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
 Here is the gold, this is the gold propos'd,
 It is no dream that I adventure for,
 But Pedringano is possess'd thereof ;
 And he that would not strain his conscience
 For him, that thus his liberal purse had stretcht,
 Unworthy such a favour may he fail ;
 And wishing, want, when such as I prevail :
 As for the fear of apprehension,
 I know (if need should be) my noble lord
 Will stand between me and ensuing harms :
 Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
 Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1. I wonder much to what intent it is,
 That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.
2. 'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.
3. But we were never wont to watch nor ward
 So near the duke his house before.
2. Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat
 in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,
 For here did don Lorenzo's page appoint,
 That thou by his command shouldst meet with him :
 How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd !
 Methinks this corner is so close with one.

Ped. Here comes the bird that I must seize upon :
 Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
 Or wherefore should he send for me so late ?

Ped. For this, Serberine, and thou shalt ha't.

[*Shoots Serberine*]

So, there he lies ; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.

2. And

2. And here's one slain; stay the murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,

[*He strives with the Watch.*]

Who first lays hold on me, I'll be his priest.

3. Sirrah, confess (and therein play the priest)

Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?

Ped. Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.

3. Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2. Come, to the marshal with the murderer.

1. On to Hieronimo: help me here

To bring the murder'd body with us too.

Ped. Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will,

Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you,

And do your worst, for I defy you all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Bal. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust (my lord)

And unexpected harms do hurt us most.

Bal. Why, tell me, don Lorenzo, tell me man,

If aught concerns our honour, and your own?

Lor. Not you, nor me (my lord) but both in one:

For I suspect, and the presumption's great,

That by those base confederates in our fault,

Touching the death of don Horatio,

We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

Bal. Betray'd, Lorenzo? tush, it cannot be.

Lor. A guilty conscience, urged with the thought

Of former evils, easily cannot err:

I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,

That all's revealed to Hieronimo,

And therefore know, that I have cast it thus.

Enter Page.

But here's the Page—How now, what news with thee?

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.

Bal. Who, Serberine my man?

Page. Your highness' man, my lord,

Lor.

Lor. Speak Page, who murdered him ?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who ?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. Ay! Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well!
Injurious villain! murderer of his friend!

Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My lord, let me intreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge,
With your complaints unto my lord the king,
This their diffension breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee, don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Mean while I haste the marshal sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

[*Exit Balthazar.*]

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal:
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point:
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers, to their dearest friends;
He runs to kill, whom I have hope to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one (in mine opinion)
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My lord.

Lor. What's he?

Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano, that's imprison'd.

Lor. So, he is imprison'd then?

Mes. Ay, my good lord.

Lor. What would he with us?

He writes us here, *To send, good Lorenzo, and help him in
distress, &c.*

Tell

Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind ;
 And what we may, let him assure him of.
 Fellow be gone, my boy shall follow thee. [*Exit Messenger.*]
 This works like wax ; yet once more try thy wits.
 Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano,
 Thou knowest the prison, closely give it him,
 And be advis'd that none be there about :
 Bid him be merry still, but secret ;
 And though the marshal's sessions be to day,
 Bid him not doubt of his delivery ;
 Tell him, his pardon is already sign'd :
 And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd ;
 For were he ready to be turned off,
 (As 'tis my will the uttermost be try'd)
 Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still :
 Shew him this box, tell him his pardon's in't :
 But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life :
 But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown,
 He shall not want while don Lorenzo lives : away.

Page. I go (my lord) I run. [*Exit Page.*]

Lor. But, firrah, see that this be cleanly done.
 Now stands our fortune on a ticklish point,
 And now or never, ends Lorenzo's doubts :
 One only thing is uneffected yet,
 And that's to see the executioner,
 But to what end ? list not to trust the air
 With utterance of our pretence therein ;
 For fear the privy whispering of the wind
 Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
 That lie too open to advantages.

Et quel que voglio, il nessum le fa,

Intendo jo quel mi 'bassara.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Boy with the box.

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box ; and by my honesty 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time : for we menkind in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty ; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt : so I now. — By my credit, here's nothing
 but

but the bare empty box : were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot chuse but smile, to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest, for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who should say, mock on, here's thy warrant? Is't not a scurvy jest, that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a fort sorry for thee; but if I should be hang'd with thee, I could not weep. [Exit.

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.

Hier. Thus must we toil in other mens extreams,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heav'ns,
To know the cause, that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I, to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

Hier. So is't my duty to regard his death,
Who when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that, which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano with a letter in
his hand, bound.*

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Ped. Gramercy boy: but it was time to come,
For I had written to my lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For fear his lordship had forgotten me:

But

But sith he hath remembred me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's the place of execution.

Ped. This is short work: well, to your marshalship.
First, I confess, (nor fear I death therefore)
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.
But sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Dep. Ay, Pedringano.

Ped. No, I think not so.

Hier. Peace impudent, for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as judge)
Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Dispatch, the fault's approved, and confess;
And by our law, he is condemn'd to die.

Enter Hangman.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what? my fine officious knave.

Hang. To go to this gear.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward; thou wouldst fain
furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit:
So I should go out of this gear my raiment, into that
gear the rope:

But hangman, now I spy your knavery; I'll not change
without boot, that's flat.

Hang. Come, sir.

Ped. So then, I must up?

Hang. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for coming down.

Hang. Indeed here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How, to be turn'd off?

Hang. Ay, truly. Come, are you ready?
I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? if you do, I
may chance to break your old custom.

Hang.

Hang. Faith you have no reason, for I am like to break your young neck.

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? pray God I be not preserv'd to break your knave's pate for this.

Hang. Alas! fir, you are a foot too low to reach it: and I hope you will never grow so high, while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. Ay, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new trufs?

Hang. Ay, and many a fair year after, to trufs up many an honest man, than either thou, or he.

Ped. What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; Methinks, you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

Ped. Why, firrah hangman, I take it, that what is good for the body, is likewise good for the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

Hang. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man-flesh, that ever groan'd at my office door.

Ped. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hang. Ay, and that shall all they witness, that see you seal it with a thief's name.

Ped. I pr'ythee request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. Ay, marry fir, this is a good motion—My masters, you see here's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monst'rous times! where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages;
That intercepts itself of happiness.

Murder, O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunish'd.

Dispatch, and see the execution done :

This makes me to remember thee, my son. [*Exit Hier.*

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of
life?

Ped. Why, ay.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.

[*He turns him off.*

Dep. So executioner—Convey him hence ;

But let his body be unburied :

Let not the earth be choaked or infect

With that which heaven condemns, and men neglect.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearyed the earth?

Or mine exclaims, that have furcharg'd the air

With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?

The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,

At my lament, have mov'd the leafless trees,

Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,

Made mountains marsh, with spring-tide of my tears,

And broken thro' the brazen gates of hell.

Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul

With broken sighs and restless passions,

That winged mount, and hovering in the air,

Butt at the windows of the brightest heavens,

Solliciting for justice and revenge :

But they are plac'd in those imperial heights,

Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,

I find the place impregnable, and they

Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a letter.

Hang. O lord, sir, God bless you, sir; the man, sir,
Petergad, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits—

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way—the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport—I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hang. You will stand between the gallows and me?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hang. I thank your lord worship. [Exit Hang.]

Hier. And yet, tho' somewhat nearer me concerns, I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

*My lord, I write as my extremes require,
That you would labour my delivery:
If you neglect, my life is desperate;
And in my death, I shall reveal the truth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you;
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I help'd to murder don Horatio too.*

Help'd he to murder my Horatio,
An actor in th' accursed tragedy!
Was't thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well?
What have I heard? what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens! may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,
Shall thus, be thus revenged or reveal'd?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Belimperia's letter was not feign'd;
Nor feigned she, tho' falsely they have wrong'd
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt her's and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunish'd would not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my son?

And

And Balthazar, bane to thy soul and me,
 Was this the ransom he reserv'd for thee?
 Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!
 Woe to thy baseness and captivity!
 Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
 Thy curst father, and thy conquer'd self!
 And ban'd with bitter execrations be,
 The day and place where he did pity thee!
 But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
 When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?
 I will go plain me to my lord the king,
 And cry aloud for justice thro' the court,
 Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet;
 And either purchase justice by intreats,
 Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [Exit.]

Enter Isabella and her maid.

Isa. So that you say this herb will purge the eyes,
 And this the head—Ah, but none of them will purge the
 heart!

No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
 Nor any physick to recure the dead.

[*She runs lunatick.*]

Horatio, O where's Horatio?

Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yourself
 With outrage for your son Horatio,
 He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

Isa. Why, did I not give you gowns, and goodly
 things?

Bought you a whistle, and whipstake too,
 To be revenged on their villanies?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isa. My soul, poor soul—Thou talk'st of things
 Thou know'st not what—My soul hath silver wings,
 That mount me up unto the highest heavens:
 To heaven, ay, there sits my Horatio,
 Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubims,
 Dancing about his newly healed wounds,
 Singing sweet hymns, and chaunting heavenly notes:
 Rare harmony to greet his innocency,

That liv'd, ay, died a mirror in our days.
 But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
 That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run,
 To find them out, that murdered my son? [Exeunt.]

Belimperia at a window.

Bel. What means this outrage that is offer'd me?
 Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
 No notice! shall I not know the cause
 Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
 Accursed brother, unkind murderer,
 Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
 Hieronimo, why write I of thy wrongs?
 Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
 Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
 Me, for thy friend Horatio, handled thus;
 And him for me, thus causeless murder'd.
 Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
 To patience, and apply me to the time,
 Till heaven (as I have hop'd) shall set me free.

Enter Christophel.

Chris. Come, madam Belimperia, this must not be. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lorenzo, Baltazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no farther—Thus far things go well.
 Thou art assured that thou saw'st him dead?

Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lor. That's enough—

As for his resolution in his end,
 Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
 Here, take my ring, and give it Christophel,
 And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,
 And bring her hither straight.
 This that I did was for a policy,
 To smooth and keep the murder secret,
 Which, as a nine-days wonder, being o'er-blown,
 My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Balt. And time, Lorenzo; for my lord the duke,
 You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my lord (I hope) you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away :
But that's all one. My lord, you love her.

Balt. Ay.

Lor. Then in your love beware ; deal cunningly ;
Salve all suspicions, only sooth me up ;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us,
As for her sweet-heart, and concealment so,
Jest with her gently : under feigned jest
Are things conceal'd, that else would breed unrest.
But here she comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now, sister—

Bel. Sister ! no, thou art no brother, but an enemy,
Else would'st thou not have us'd thy sister so ;
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company ;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wit ?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee ?

Lor. Advise you better, Belimperia,
For I have done you no disparagement ;
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel. Mine honour ! why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you or any need to rescue it ?

Lor. His highness, and my father, were resolv'd
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the viceroy was determin'd.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that ?

Balt. Have patience, Belimperia, hear the rest.

Lor. Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh :
Now when I came, comforted with the prince,
And (unexpected) in an arbour there,

Found Belimperia with Horatio.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then, rememb'ring that old disgrace
Which you for don Andrea had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather (for I know no readier mean)
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

Balt. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Bel. Even so, my lord, and you are witness
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake;
And you, my lord, were made his instrument:
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?

Lor. Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.

Balt. And better was't for you (being in disgrace)
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to add more fuel to the fire,
Who burnt like Ætna, for Andrea's loss.

Bel. Hath not my father, then, enquir'd for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

[He whispereth in her ear.]

But, Belimperia, see the gentle prince—
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his love, thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an orator,
I know not I, by what experience,
'Too politick for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you—But content yourself,
The prince is meditating higher things.

Balt. 'Tis of thy beauty then, that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twins,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd;

Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

Balt. 'Tis I that love.

Bel. Whom?

Balt. Belimperia.

Bel. But I, that fear.

Balt. Whom?

Bel. Belimperia.

Lor. Fear yourself?

Bel. Ay, brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those that, when they love, are loath and fear
to lose.

Balt. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be.

Bel. Balthazar doth fear as well as we:

Est tremulo me tui parvidum junxere timorem,

Et vanum stolidæ proditionis opus.

[Exit.]

Lor. Nay, an' you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

Balt. Led by the load-star of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage.

[Exeunt.]

Enter two Portuguese, and Hieronimo meets them.

1. By your leave, sir.

Hier. 'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think: you're wide all—
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son! and what's a son?
A thing begot within a pair of minutes, there about:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women,
And, at the nine months end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.

What is there yet in a son ?

He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.

Ay, or yet ; why might not a man love a calf as well ?

Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son ?

Methinks a young bacon,

Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,

Should move a man as much as doth a son ;

For one of these, in very little time,

Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son,

'The more he grows in stature and in years,

'The more unsqar'd, unlevel'd he appears,

Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,

Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad riots,

Makes them look old before they meet with age :

'This is a son ; and what a loss were this, consider'd
truly ?

Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those

Infatiate humours : he lov'd his loving parents :

He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,

'The very arm that did hold up our house—

Our hopes were stored up in him.

None but a damn'd murderer could hate him.

He had not seen the back of nineteen years,

When his strong arm unhors'd the proud prince Bal-
thazar ;

And his great mind, too full of honour,

Took to mercy, that valiant but ignoble Portuguese.

Well, heaven is heaven still !

And there is Nemesis, and furies,

And things call'd whips,

And they sometimes do meet with murderers :

They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort.

Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and
steals,

Till violence leaps forth, like thunder

Wrapt in a ball of fire,

And so doth bring confusion to them all.

Good leave have you : I pray you go,

For I'll leave off, if you can leave me so.

2. Pray you, which is the way to my lord the duke's?

Hier. The next way from me.

2. To his house, we mean.

Hier. O, hard by; 'tis yon house that you see.

2. You could not tell us if his son were there.

Hier. Who, my lord Lorenzo?

1. Ay, sir.

[*He goes in at one door, and comes out at another.*]

Hier. Oh forbear, for other talk for us far fitter were;

But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt:
There is a path upon your left-hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humours if you but behold,
It will conduct you to despair and death;
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a huge dale of lasting night,
That kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes.
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
An habitation for their cursed souls,
There in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
Yourself shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1. Ha, ha, ha.

Hier. Ha, ha, ha! Why ha, ha, ha? Farewell, good
ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

2. Doubtless this man is passing lunatick,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him doat.
Come, let's away, to seek my lord the duke.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hieronimo with a poinard in one hand, and a rope in the other.

Hier. Now, fir, perhaps I come and see the king;
The king sees me, and fain would hear my fuit.
Why is not this a ftrange and feld feen thing,
That ftanders by, with toys fhould ftrike me mute?
Go to, I fee their fhifts, and fay no more.
Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge:
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery tow'r; there fits a judge
Upon a feat of fteel, and molten brafs,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth ftand:
Away, *Hieronimo*, to him begone,
He'll do thee juftice for *Horatio's* death.
Turn down this path, thou fhalt be with him ftraight;
Or this, and then thou need'ft not take thy breath,
This way, or that way: foft and fair, not fo;
For if I hang or kill myfelf, let's know,
Who will revenge *Horatio's* murder then?
No, no, fie no; pardon me, I'll none of that.

[He flings away the dagger and halter.

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king.

[He takes them up again.

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, *Balthazar*, I'll be with thee——
And thee, *Lorenzo*—here's the king, nay, ftay;
And here, ay here: there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embaffador, Caftile and Lorenzo.

King. Now, fhew the embaffador, what our viceroy
faith:

Hath he receiv'd the articles we fent?

Hier. Juftice! O juftice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Back, feeft thou not the king is bufy?

Hier. O, is he fo?

King. Who is he that interrupts our bufinefs?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* beware, go by, go by.

Emb. Renowned king, he hath receiv'd and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league;
And as a man extremly overjoy'd,

To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
 Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd.
 This for thy farther satisfaction
 And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know :
 First, for the marriage of his princely son
 With Belimperia, thy beloved niece,
 The news are more delightful to his soul,
 Than myrrh and incense to th' offended heavens :
 In person therefore will he come himself,
 To see the marriage rites solemniz'd,
 And in the presence of the court of Spain,
 To knit a sure inexplicable band
 Of kingly love, and everlasting league,
 Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portugal ;
 There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
 And make a queen of Belimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love ?

Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
 Of honourable care to keep his friend,
 And wond'rous zeal to Balthazar his son ;
 Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
 That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Emb. Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness
 sent,

(Altho' he send not that his son return)
 His ransom due to don Horatio.

Hier. Horatio! who calls Horatio ?

King. And well remember'd, thank his majesty :
 Here, see it given to Horatio.

Hier. Justice! O justice! justice! gentle king.

King. Who is that, Hieronimo ?

Hier. Justice, O justice! O my son, my son,
 My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem.

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well advis'd.

Hier. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more,
 For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss ;
 Give me my son, you shall not ransom him.
 Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth,

[He diggeth with his dagger.]

And ferry over to the Elysian plains,

And bring my son to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, I'll make a pick-ax of my poi-
nard,

And here surrender up my marshalship ;
For I'll go marshal up my fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

King. What means this outrage ?
Will none of you restrain his fury ?

Hier. Nay, soft and fair, you shall not need to strive,
Needs must he go that the devils drive. [Exit.

King. What accident hath hapt to Hieronimo ?
I have not seen him to demean him so.

Lor. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,
Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatick.

King. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't,
This is the love that fathers bear their sons :
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom ; let him have his due,
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus haplessly distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And given to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
'Tis best we see farther in it first,
Till when, ourself will exempt the place.
And, brother, now bring in the embassador,
That he may be a witness of the match,
'Twixt Balthazar and Belimperia ;
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,
That we may have thy lord the viceroy here.

Emb. Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

King. On then, and hear your lord embassador.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Jaq. I wonder Pedro, why our master thus,
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distract since his Horatio died:
And now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
Grows lunatick and childish, for his son:
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him.
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out Horatio, where is my Horatio?
So that with extream grief, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See, here he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry thro' every crevise of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search thro' every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grand-dame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven:
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
How now, who's there, sprights, sprights?

Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are de-
ceiv'd:

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burn day-light.

Hier. Let it be burnt, night is a murd'rous flut;
That would not have her treasons to be seen:
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness:
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train:

And

And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words,
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries and for-
row

Make you speak you know not what.

Hier. Villain thou lyest, and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad : thou lyest, I am not mad :
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques ;
I'll prove it to thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was
murder'd ?

She should have shone : search thou the book :
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind
of grace,

That I know, nay I do know had the murd'rer seen
him,

His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death :
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief ?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, come in a doors,
O seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here ;
I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques :
Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How ? be merry here, be merry here ?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd ?

Hier. Was, do not say what : let her weep it out,
This was the tree, I set it of a kernel ;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the humane sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water :
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore :
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son :
It bore thy fruit and mine : O wicked, wicked plant !

[*One knocks within at the door.*

Sec

See who knocks there ?

Pedro. It is-a painter, sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort :
Let him come in, one knows not what may chance :
God's will that I should fet this tree,
But even so masters, ungrateful servants, rear'd from
nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the painter.

Pain. God blefs you, sir.

Hier. Wherefore ? why, thou scornful villain ?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest ?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good fellow ?

Paint. Justice, madam.

Hier. O ambitious begger, wouldst thou have that,
That lives not in the world ?

Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

Pain. O then I see, that God must right me for my
murder'd son.

Hier. How ! was thy son murder'd ?

Pain. Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

Hier. What, not as thine ? that's a lie,
As massy as the earth : I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons, and he was murder'd.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I : but this same one of mine,
Was worth a legion. But all is one,
Pedro, Jaques ; go in a doors Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here, and I,
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like two she lions reaved of their young.
Go in a doors, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*The painter and he jets down.*]

Come, let's talk wisely now.

Was thy son murder'd ?

Pain. Ay, fir.

Hier. So was mine.

How dost thou take it? art thou not sometime mad?
Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes?

Pain. O lord, yes, fir.

Hier. Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, a wound?
A groan, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:
My name's Bazardo.

Hier. Bazardo! 'fore God an excellent fellow. Look
you, fir,

Do you see? I'd have you paint me my gallery,
In your oil colours matted, and draw me five
Years younger than I am: do you see, fir? let five
Years go: let them go like the marshal of Spain,
My wife Isabella standing by me,
With a speaking look to my son Horatio,
Which should intend to this, or some such like pur-
pose;

God bless thee, my sweet son; and my hand leaning up-
on his head thus, fir; do you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well, fir.

Hier. Nay, I pray mark me, fir:

Then, fir, would I have you paint me this tree, this
very tree:

Canst paint a doleful cry?

Pain. Seemingly, fir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry; but all is one.

Well, fir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro' with
villains swords, hanging upon this tree.

Canst thou draw a murd'rer?

Pain. I'll warrant you, fir;

I have the pattern of the most notorious villains,
That ever liv'd in all Spain.

Hier. O; let them be worse, worse: stretch thine
art,

And let their beards be of Judas's own colour,
And let their eye-brows jut over: in any case observe
that;

Then, fir, after some violent noise,

Bring

Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under my arm,
With my torch in my hand, and my sword rear'd up
thus,

And with these words ;

What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?

May it be done ?

Pain. Yea, fir.

Hier. Well, fir, then bring me forth, bring me thro'
alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance go-
ing along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap.

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars
extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls
shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and
the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, fir, starting, behold a man hanging,
and tott'ring, and tott'ring, as you know the wind will
wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch,
find it to be my son Horatio.

There you may shew a passion, there you may shew a
passion.

Draw me like old Priam of Troy,
Crying the house is a fire, the house is a fire,
And the torch over my head : make me curse,
Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,
Make me well again, make me curse hell,
Invoke, and in the end leave me
In a trance, and so forth.

Paint. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end : the end is death and
madness ;

And I am never better than when I am mad ;
Then methinks I am a brave fellow ;
Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me ;
And there's the torment, there's the hell :
At the last, fir, bring me to one of the murderers ;
Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I
Tear and drag him up and down.

*[He beats the Painter in, then comes out again,
with a book in his hand.]*

Vindicta mihi.

Ay, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill ;
Nor will they suffer murder un-repaid :
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortal men may not appoint a time.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee ;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution ;
For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem ;

Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet thou shalt be assured of a tomb :
If neither ; yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death :
But how ? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindness will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely, and safely, fitting things to time.
But in extreams advantage hath no time :
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness ;
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think,
That ignorantly I will let it slip ;
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum mors est.

Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue

To milder speeches than thy spirits afford,
 Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
 Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
 Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.

[A noise within.

How now, what noise? what coil is that you keep?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here are a sort of poor petitioners,
 That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
 That you should plead their causes to the king.

Hier. That I should plead their several actions?
 Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three citizens and an old man.

1. *Cit.* So, I tell you this, for learning, and for law,
 There's not any advocate in Spain
 That can prevail, or will take half the pain,
 That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hier. Come near, you men that thus importune me;
 (Now must I bear a face of gravity)
 For this I used before my marshalship,
 To plead in causes as Corrigidor,
 Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2. *Cit.* Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery?

1. *Cit.* Mine of debt.

Hier. Give place.

2. *Cit.* No, sir, mine is an action of the case.

3. *Cit.* Mine an *Ejectione firma* by lease.

Hier. Content you, sirs, are you determin'd
 That I should plead your several actions?

1. *Cit.* Ay, sir, and here's my declaration.

2. *Cit.* And here is my bond.

3. *Cit.* And here is my lease.

[They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you silly man so mute,
 With mournful eyes and hands to heaven uprear'd?
 Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O, worthy sir, my cause but slightly known,
 May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
 And melt the corrick rocks with rueful tears.

Hier.

Hier. Say father, tell me what's thy suit ?

Senex. No fir, could my woes

Give way unto my most distressful words,

Then should I not in paper (as you see)

With ink bewray, what blood began in me.

Hier. What's here? *The humble supplication of don
Bazulto, for his murdered son.*

Senex. Ay, fir.

Hier. No fir, it was my murdered son : Oh my son,
Oh my son, oh my son Horatio !

But mine, or thine Bazulto, be content.

Here take my handkerchief, and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see

The lively pourtrait of my dying self.

[He draws out a bloody napkin,

O no, not this Horatio, this was thine ;

And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,

This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,

That of thy death revenged I should be.

But here, take this, and this—what, my purse ?

Ay this, and that, and all of them are thine :

For all as one are our extremities.

1. Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo !

This gentleness shews him a gentleman.

Hier. See, see, oh see thy shame, Hieronimo ;

See here a loving father to his son ;

Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,

That he delivers for his son's decease.

If love's effects so strive in lesser things,

If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,

If love enforce such power in poor estates :

Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,

Toft with the wind and tide, o'erturned then

The upper billows, course of waves to keep,

Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep :

Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect

The swift revenge of thy Horatio ?

Though on this earth justice will not be found,

I'll down to hell, and in this passion,

Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,

Getting

Getting by force (as once Alcides did)
 A troop of furies, and tormenting hags,
 To torture don Lorenzo and the rest.
 Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
 Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
 The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit:
 Come old father, be my Orpheus;
 And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,
 Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief
 Till we do gain, that Proserpine may grant
 Revenge on them that murdered my son.
 Then will I rend and tear them thus, and thus,
 Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[Tears the papers.]

1. O sir, my declaration!

[Exit Hieronimo, and they after.]

2. Save my bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2. Save my bond.

3. Alas! my lease, it cost me ten pound,

And you (my lord) have torn the same.

Hier. That cannot be, I gave them never a wound;

Shew me one drop of blood faln from the same,

How is it possible I should slay it then?

Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

[Exeunt all but the old man.]

*Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who staring
 him in the face speaketh.*

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,

To ask for justice in this upper earth,

To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,

To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,

Whose lights are dim'd with overlong laments?

Go back, my son, complain to Æacus,

For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone:

For justice is exiled from the earth,

Hieronimo will bear thee company.

Thy mother cries on righteous Radamant,

For just revenge against the murderers.

Senex.

Senex. Alas (my lord) whence springs this troubled speech?

Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.

Sweet boy, how thou art chang'd in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art elder than thy father:
Ah ruthless fate, that favour thus transforms!

Baz. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son.

Hier. What, not my son? then thou a fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night,
'To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Radamant,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

Baz. I am a grieved man and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murder'd son.

Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son:

Thou art the lively image of my grief,
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see:
Thy eyes are dim'd with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled; and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And self-same sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel:
Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou and I and she will sing a song:
Three parts in one: but all of discords fram'd,
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter king of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar, don Pedro, and Belimperia.

King. Go, brother, 'tis the duke of Castile's cause,
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Cast. I go.

Vice.

Vice. Go forth, don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the duke of Castile.

Pedro. It shall be done, sir.

King. And now to meet the Portuguese:
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome (brave Viceroy) to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train.
'Tis not unknown to us, for why you come,
Or have so kingly cross't the raging seas:
Sufficed it in this, we note the troth,
And more than common love you lend to us,
So is it that mine honourable niece;
For it beseems us now that it be known,
Already is betroth'd to Balthazar:
And by appointment and our condescent,
To morrow they are to be married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasures, and our peace.
Speak men, of Portugal, shall it be so?
If ay, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned king, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolv'd men,
But such as have upon thine articles,
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy well-belov'd niece,
Fair Belimperia, with my Balthazar,
With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee:
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

King. See, brother see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more private fits this princely mood.

Vice. Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.

[*Exeunt all but Cast. and Lorenzo.*]

Cast. Nay, stay Lorenzo, let me talk with you :
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings ?

Lor. I do (my lord) and joy to see the same.

Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is ?

Lor. For her (my lord) whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm the promis'd marriage.

Cast. She is thy sister.

Lor. Who, Belimperia ? Ay, my gracious lord :
And this is the day that I have long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lor. Heav'ns will not let Lorenzo err so much.

Cast. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words :
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou Lorenzo wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.

Lor. That I, my lord ?

Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou wert my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love,
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts, within the court of Spain ?
Or seest thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health ?
Lorenzo, should'st thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the kings,
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee ?
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly,
Whence grows the ground of this report in court ?

Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues :
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives, that long contenteth all.

Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.

Lor. Yourself, my lord, have seen his passions,
That ill-beseem'd the presence of a king:
And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo,
As to my soul, my lord.

Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man distract in mind,
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err?
But for his satisfaction, and the world's,
'Twere good (my lord) Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconstrue me.

Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so:
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar and Belimperia.

Bal. Come Belimperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease, and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heav'n hath thee ordained to be mine,
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And cheer them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love;
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord, my father.

Bal. Truce my love, I will go salute him.

Cast. Welcome, Balthazar, welcome brave prince,
The pledge of Castile's peace;
And welcome Belimperia--How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied;
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,
We have forgotten, and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier love.
But Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo.
I'll have a word with him.

*Enter Hieronimo and Servant.**Hier.* And where's the duke?*Ser.* Yonder.*Hier.* Even so: what new device have they devised
tro?

Pocas palabras, mild as the lamb:

Hift, I will be reveng'd. No, I am not the man.

Cast. Welcome Hieronimo.*Lor.* Welcome Hieronimo.*Bal.* Welcome Hieronimo.*Hier.* My lords, I thank you for Horatio.*Cast.* Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.*Hier.* What, so short?

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.

Cast. Nay, stay Hieronimo: go call him, son.*Lor.* Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.*Hier.* With me, sir? why, my lord, I thought you
had done.*Lor.* No, would he had.*Cast.* Hieronimo, I hear you find yourself aggrieved at
my son,

Because you have not access unto the king;

And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?*Cast.* Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.*Hier.* Your son Lorenzo! whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain? mine honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare,*[Draws out his sword.]*

I'll meet them face to face to tell me so.

These be the scandalous reports of such,

As love not me, and hate my lord too much.

Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent,

Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?

My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.*Hier.*

Hier. My good lord, I know you did not.

Cast. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,

Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:
But here before prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. Ay marry, my lord, and shall.

Friends (quoth he) see, I'll be friends with you all:
Especially with you, my lovely lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us,
That we be friends, the world is suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lor. And thus I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hier. What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request,
Let us intreat your company to day.

[*Exeunt.*

Hier. Your lordships to command.
Keep your way.

*Mi, chi mifa? pui correzza che non sult
Tradito niha otrade vel.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Ghost, and Revenge.

“ *Ghost.* Awake, Erietho, Cerberus, awake,

“ Sollicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,

“ To combat Achmon, and Erichus in hell,

“ For ne'er by Styx and Phlegeton,

“ Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes,

“ Such fearful fights, as poor Andrea sees.

“ Awake, Revenge, for thou art ill advis'd

“ To sleep, awake: what, art warn'd to watch?

“ *Rev.* Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

“ *Ghost.* Awake, Revenge; if love, as love hath had,

“ Have yet the power or prevalence in hell:

“ Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,

“ And intercepts our passage to revenge:

“ Awake, Revenge, or we are woe be-gone.

M 2

“ *Re.*

“ *Re.* Thus wordlings ground what they have dream'd upon.

“ Content thyself, Andrea, though I sleep,
 “ Yet in my mood solliciting their souls :
 “ Suffice it thee that poor Hieronimo
 “ Cannot forget his son Horatio.
 “ Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep a while :
 “ For in unquiet, quietness is found,
 “ And slumbring is a common worldly wile.
 “ Behold Andrea for an instance, how
 “ Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
 “ What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a dumb show.

“ *Ghost.* Awake, Revenge, reveal this mystery.

“ *Rev.* The two first, the nuptial torches bore
 “ As bright burning as the mid-day's sun :
 “ But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
 “ Cloathed in fable, and a saffron robe,
 “ And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
 “ As discontent that things continue so.

“ *Ghost.* Sufficeth me thy meaning's understood,
 “ And thanks unto thee, and those infernal powers,
 “ That will not tolerate a lover's woe :
 “ Rest thee, for I will sit and see the rest.

“ *Rev.* Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

[Exeunt.]



A C T. IV.

Enter Belimperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. **I**S this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
 Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?
 Are these the fruits of thy incessant tears?
 Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
 Thy protestations, and thy deep laments,

That

'That thou wert wont to weary men withal ?
Oh unkind father ! oh deceitful world !
With what excuses canst thou shew thyself ?
Thus to neglect the life and loss of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine own belief,
Assures thee to be causeless slaughter'd ?
Hieronimo, for shame Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after times,
Of such ingratitude unto thy son :
Unhappy mother of such children then,
But monstrous father to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion sake :
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfal, with extreamest death.

Hier. But may it be, that Belimperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say ?
Why then I see that heav'n applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit solliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so :
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio dyed.
Pardon, o pardon, Belimperia,
My fear and care in not believing it ;
Nor think, I thoughtless think upon a mean,
To let his death be unreveng'd at full :
And here I vow, so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution,
I will e'er long determine of their deaths,
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And aught what may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

Hier. O then, whatsoever I devise,
Let me intreat you, grace my practises:
For why, the plot's already in my head.
Here they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo, what courting Belimperia?

Hier. Ay, my lord, such courting as I promise you,
She hath my heart: but you, my lord, have hers.

Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never, we are to intreat
your help.

Hier. My help? why my good lords, assure yourselves
of me,
For you have given me cause, ay, by mine honour have
you.

Bal. It pleas'd you at th'entertainment of the embasador,
To grace the king so much as with a show:
Now were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself it would content them well.

Hier. Is this all?

Lor. Ay, this is all.

Hier. Why then I'll fit you, say no more:
When I was young, I gave my mind,
And ply'd myself to fruitless poetry:
Which though it profit the professor nought,
Yet it is passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry (my good lord) thus:
And yet methinks you are too quick with us.
When in Toledo, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here, my lords, *[Shows them a book.]*
Which long forgot, I found this other day:

Now

Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it,
I mean each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to the assembly.

Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy ?

Hier. Why ? Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight,
To make experience of their wits in plays.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo,
The prince but asked you a question.

Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now (my good lord) could you intreat
Your sister Belimperia to make one :
For what's a play without a woman in't ?

Bel. Little intreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo ;
For I must needs be imployed in your play.

Hier. Why this is well : I tell you, lordlings,
It was determin'd to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too ;
Such as could tell what to speak.

Bal. And now it shall be said by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak ;
If (as it is our country manner)
You will but let us know the argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a knight of Rhodes :
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld ;
Especially the soul of Solyman :
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Solyman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same :
Then 'gan he break his passion to a friend,
One of his Bashaws, whom he held full dear ;
Her had this Bashaw long sollicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,

But by her husband's death: this knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treachery he slew,
She stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this flew Solyman:
And to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and this is the tragedy.

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, Hieronimo, what then became of him,
That was the Bashaw?

Hier. Marry thus, mov'd with remorse of his mis-
deeds,

Ran to a mountain top, and hang'd himself.

Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?

Hier. O, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it.
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you,
For I already have conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Solyman, the Turkish emperor.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Erasto, the knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. Perfeda, chaste, and resolute.

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black multachio, and a fauchion.

[Gives a paper to Balthazar.]

You with a cross, like a knight of Rhodes.

[Gives another to Lorenzo.]

And, madam, you must attire yourself

[Gives Belimperia another.]

Like Phebe, Flora, or the huntress,
Which to your discretion shall seem best.

As for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
That all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

Hier. A comedy! fie! comedies are fit for common wits:

But to present a kingly troop withall,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
Tragœdia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My lords, all this must be perform'd,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation,
They would perform any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians:

Hier. In Paris! mass, and well remember'd,
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Bal. What's that Hieronimo? forget not any thing.

Hier. Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Belimperia hath practis'd the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bal. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a meer confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hier. It must be so: for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention, and all was good:
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wond'rous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure thyself shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus, my lord, we must resolve
To sooth his humours up.

Bal. O then, Hieronimo, farewell till soon.

Hier. You'll ply this gear?

Lor. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt all but Hieronimo.*

Hier. Ay, why so, now shall I see the fall of Babylon,

Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.

And if the world like not this tragedy,

Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

[*Exit.*

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Isa. Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither piety, nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where they have murder'd my beloved son.

[*She cuts down the arbour.*

Down with these branches, and these loathsome boughs,

Of this unfortunate and fatal pine,

Down with them, Isabella, rend them up,

And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,

A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,

No, not an herb within this garden plot.

Accursed complot of my misery!

Fruitless for ever may this garden be,

Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever

Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.

An eastern wind commix'd with noisome airs

Shall blast the plants, and the young saplings.

The earth with serpents shall be pester'd,

And passengers for fear to be infect,

Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell,

There murder'd, died the son of Isabel.

Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace.

See there his ghost solliciting with wounds,

Revenge on her that should revenge his death.

Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;

For sorrow and despair hath cited me,

To hear Horatio plead with Radamant:

Make haste, Hieronimo; what can excuse

Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,

Whose

Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath?
Ah ha, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgiv'ft the murd'ers of thy noble fon,
And none but I beftir me to no end:
And as I curse this tree from farther fruit,
So fhall my womb be curfed for his fake;
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The haplefs breast that gave Horatio fuck.

[*She ftabs herself.*]

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks up the curtain.

Enter the duke of Caftile.

Caft. How now, Hieronimo, where's thy fellows,
That you take all this pain?

Hier. O, fir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well:
But good my lord, let me intreat your grace
To give the king the copy of the play:
This is the argument of what we fhew.

Laft. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, good my lord.

Caft. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your grace,
That when the train is paff into the gallery, you
Would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

Caft. I will, Hieronimo.

[*Exit Caft.*]

Hier. What, are you ready Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter Balthazar with a chair.

Well done, Balthazar, hang up the title:
Our fcene is Rhodes: what, is your beard on?

Bal. Half on, the other is in my hand. [*Ex. Bal.*]

Hier. Dispatch for fhame, are you fo long?
Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs,
Thou haft receiv'd by murder of thy fon.
And laftly, tho' not leaft, how Ifabel,
Once his mother, and my deareft wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath flain herself.
Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd:
The plot is laid of dire revenge;

On them, Hieronimo, pursue revenge :

For nothing wants, but acting of revenge.

[*Exit.*

Enter Spanish king, Viceroy, duke of Castile, and their train.

King. Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Solyman the Turkish emperor,
Perform'd of pleasure by our son the prince,
My nephew, don Lorenzo, and my niece ?

Vice. Who, Belimperia ?

King. Ay, and Hieronimo our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do't themselves :
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the book-keeper,
This is the argument of that they show.

[*Gives him a book.*

*Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry Languages,
was thought good to be set down in English, more large-
ly, for the easier understanding to every publick reader.*

Enter Balthazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Balt. **B**Ashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heaven the
honour,

And holy Mahomet our sacred prophet :
And be thou grac'd with every excellence,
That Solyman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less,
Than in reserving this fair nymph
Perfeda, blisful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel like powerful adamant,
The warlike heart of Solyman to wait.

King. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar your son,
That represents the emperor Solyman :
How well he acts his amorous passion !

Vice. Ay, Belimperia hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his mind runs all on Belimperia.

Hier. Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.

Balt. Earth yields no joy without Perfeda's love.

Hier. Then let Perfeda on your grace attend,

Balt. She shall not wait on me, but I on her,

Drawn

Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield:
 But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth,
 Eraſto, dearer than my life to me,
 That he may ſee Perſeda my belov'd.

Enter Eraſto.

King Here comes Lorenzo—Look upon the plot,
 And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

Bel. Ah, my Eraſto, welcome to Perſeda.

Era. Thrice happy is Eraſto that thou liv'ſt:
 Rhodes' loſs is nothing to Eraſto's joy,
 Sith his Perſeda lives, his life ſurvives.

Balt. Ah, baſhaw, here is love betwixt Eraſto
 And fair Perſeda, ſovereign of my ſoul.

Hier. Remove Eraſto, mighty Solyman,
 And then Perſeda will be quickly won.

Balt. Eraſto is my friend, and while he lives
 Perſeda never will remove her love.

Hier. Let not Eraſto live to grieve great Solyman.

Balt. Dear is Eraſto in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your rival, let him die.

Balt. Why, let him die; ſo love commandeth me;
 Yet grieve I that Eraſto ſhould ſo die.

Hier. Eraſto, Solyman ſaluteth thee,
 And lets thee wot by me his highneſs' will,
 Which is, that thou ſhould'ſt be thus employ'd:

[Stabs him.]

Bel. Ah me, Eraſto!—See, Solyman, Eraſto's ſlain.

Balt. Yet liveth Solyman to comfort thee,
 Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
 But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
 That with Perſeda's beauty is increas'd,
 If by Perſeda's grief be not releas'd.

Bel. Tyrant, deſiſt ſolliciting vain ſuits;
 Relentleſs are mine ears to thy laments,
 As thy butcher is pitileſs and baſe,
 Which ſeiz'd on my Eraſto, harmleſs knight;
 Yet by thy power thou thinkeſt to command,
 And to thy power Perſeda doth obey:
 But were ſhe able, thus ſhe would revenge

Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince :

[*Lets her stab him.*

And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.

[*Stabs herself.*

King. Well said, old marshal, this was bravely done.

Hier. But Belimperia plays *Perfeda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest, Belimperia?

You would be better to my son than so.

King. But now what follows, Hieronimo ?

Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo—

Here break we off our sundry languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue :

Haply you think (but bootless be your thoughts)

That this is fabulously counterfeit,

And that we do as all tragedians do,

Go die to-day, (for fashioning our scene,

The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer)

And in a minute starting up again,

Revive to please to-morrow's audience :

No, princes know, I am Hieronimo,

The hopeless father of a hapless son,

Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,

Not to excuse gross errors in the play.

I see your looks urge instance of those words—

Behold the reason urging me to this.

[*He shews his dead son.*

See here my shew, look on this spectacle ;

Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end :

Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain :

Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost :

Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft :

But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,

All fled, fail'd, died ; yea, all decay'd with this.

From forth these wounds came breath that gave me
life.

They murder'd me, that made these fatal marks.

The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate ;

The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar,

The love, my son to Belimperia :

But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,

With

With pitchy silence hush'd the trait'rous harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sort'd leisure,
To take advantage in my garden-plot,
Upon my son, my dear Horatio :
There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.
His shrieks I heard ; and yet methinks I hear
His dismal outcry echo in the air ;
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Thro' girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see :
And griev'd I think you at this spectacle.
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine,
If thou can'st weep upon thy Balthazar,
'Tis like I wail for my Horatio.
And you, my lord, whose reconciled son
March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
With God amend that mad Hieronimo :
How can you brook our play's catastrophe ?
And here behold this bloody handkerchief,
Which at Horatio's death I (weeping) dipt
Within the river of his bleeding wounds,
Is as propitious : see, I have preserv'd,
And never hath it left my bleeding heart,
Solliciting rememb'rance of my vow,
With these, O these accursed murderers ;
Which now perform'd, my heart is satisfy'd.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life ;
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently :
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar thy son,
That Solyman, which Belimperia,
In person of Perfeda, murder'd,
Solely appointed to that tragick part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Belimperia miss'd her part in this ;
For tho' the story saith, she should have died,

Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
 Did otherwise determine of her end;
 But love of him (whom they did hate so much)
 Did urge her resolution to be such.
 And princes, now behold Hieronimo,
 Author and actor in this tragedy,
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist,
 And will as resolute conclude his part
 As any of the actors gone before.
 And, gentiles, thus I end my play:
 Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

[He runneth to hang himself.]

King. O hearken, Viceroy—Hold Hieronimo—
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain.

Vice. We are betray'd—my Balthazar is slain.
 Break ope the doors—run, save Hieronimo.

[They break in, and hold Hieronimo.]

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events,
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
 Which I this day have offer'd to my son.

Accursed wretch, why staid'st thou him that was resolv'd
 to die?

King. Speak, traitor! damn'd bloody murderer, speak!
 For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.

Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murder'd my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children
 thus?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead?

Cast. Ay, slain too sure.

Hier. What, and your's too?

Vice. Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.

Hier. Nay, then I care not—Come, and we shall be
 friends:

Let us lay our heads together.

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

Vice. O damn'd devil, how secure he is!

Hier. Secure! why do'st thou wonder at it?

I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,

And

And in that fight am grown a prouder monarch,
 Than ever fate under the crown of Spain.
 Had I as many lives as there be stars,
 As many heavens to go to as those lives,
 I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
 But I would see thee ride in this red pool.

Cast. Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy daughter Belimperia;
 For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
 I saw her stab him.

Hier. O good words—As dear to me was my He-
 ratio,

As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
 My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
 And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
 Am I at last revenged thoroughly;
 Upon whose souls may heavens be yet reveng'd
 With greater far than these afflictions.
 Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,
 I cannot look with scorn enough on death.

King. What, do't mock us, slave? bring tortures
 forth.

Hier. Do, do, do, and mean time I'll torture you:
 You had a son, as I take it, and your son
 Should have been married to your daughter: ha, was't
 not so?

You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew:
 He was proud and politick—Had he liv'd,
 He might ha' come to wear the crown of Spain:
 I think 'twas so—'Twas I that kill'd him:
 Look you, this same hand was it that stab'd
 His heart—do you see this hand?
 For one Horatio, if you ever knew him,
 A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden,
 One that did force your valiant son to yield,
 While your valiant son did take him prisoner.

Vice. Be deaf my senses, I can hear no more.

King. Fall heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

Cast. Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hier. Now do I applaud what I have acted.

Nunc mens cede manui.

Now to express the rapture of my part,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

[He bites out his tongue]

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch!
See, viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.

[He makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]

Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

Vice. Here, and advise thee that thou write the truth.
Look to my brother, save Hieronimo.

[He with the knife stabs the duke and himself.]

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous
deeds?

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
Of Spain, expected after my decease—
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be entomb'd whate'er befall:
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Vice. And thou, don Pedro, do the like for us;
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
Set me with him, and he with woful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unman'd,
And let the wind and tide hale me along
To Sylla's barking and untamed gulph;
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want of my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portuguese.

[Exeunt.]

The trumpets sound a dead march; the king of Spain mourning after his brother's body; and the king of Portugal bearing the body of his son.

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires.

Horatio

Horatio murder'd in his father's bower ;
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain ;
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone ;
Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd ;
The duke of Castile, and his wicked son,
Both done to death by old Hieronimo :
My Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell ;
And good Hieronimo slain by himself.
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul,
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine,
That by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may comfort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio thro' those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still indur'd.
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain.
I'll lead my Belimperia to those joys
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess.
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, (for thou must help, or none)
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown ?

Rev. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where nought but furies, buggs, and tortures dwell.

Ghost. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request,
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Titius from the vulture's gripe,
And let don Cyprian supply his room :
Place don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lovers endless pains surcease ;
Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease.
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above.
Let Serberine go roul the fatal stone,
And take from Sifiphus his endless moan.
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd thro' boiling Acheron,

And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

Rev. Then haste we down to meet thy friends and
foes ;

To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes :
For here, tho' death doth end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*]





MUSTAPHA.

A

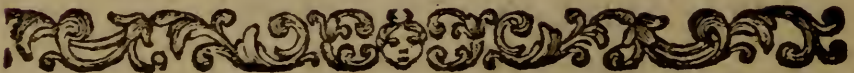
TRAGEDY.

By Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brook.





SIR Fulk Greville, Lord Brook, was born in 1554, the same Year with Sir Philip Sydney. He had his Education at both the Universities, and at his Return from his Travels he was introduc'd to Court, employ'd by Queen Elizabeth, and became one of her Favourites. By King James he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Privy Counsellor, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and a Peer. Neglecting to prefer one Heywood, who had long been his Servant, the Fellow was so bold as to expostulate with him on that Head, and receiving a severe Answer, he took it so ill, that waiting an Opportunity, he stabb'd him in the Back in Brooke-House in Holbourn, and then went into the next Room and stabb'd himself. His Epitaph at Warwick is: Fulk Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sydney. He wrote another Tragedy, call'd Alaham; also a Treatise on Human Learning, a Treatise of War, an Inquisition on Fame and Honour, two Letters in Prose, and 109 Sonnets, entituled Cælica. All his Works were printed together in Folio in 1633.



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

*S*olyman.
Mustapha.
Roſten.
Achmat.
Roſſa.
Zanger.
Camena.
Beglarby Nuntius.
Prieſt.



MUSTAPHA.



MUSTAPHA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Solyman, Rossa.

Sol.



ROSSA, th' eternal wisdom doth not covet
Of man his strength or reason, but his
love;

And not in vain; since love, of all the
powers,

Is it which governs every thought of ours.

I speak by Mustapha; for as a father,

How often deem'd I those light-judging praises

Of multitudes, whom my love taught to flatter,

Truth's

Truth's oracles ; and Mustapha's true stories ?
 So dearly nature bids our own be lov'd :
 So ill a judge is love of things below'd.
 But is contempt the fruit of parent's care ?
 Doth kindness lessen kings authority,
 Teaching our children pride, our vassals wit,
 To subject us, that subject are to it ?
 This frailty in myself I conquer must,
 And stay the false untimely hopes it works,
 Threat'ning the father's ruin, in the son :
Many with trust, with doubt few are undone.
 Sent for he is ; nor shall the painted shews
 Of fame or kindness, longer seal mine eyes :
 For since he strives to undermine my crown,
 I will as firmly watch to keep him down.

Ros. Solyman, my lord, the knowledge who was fa-
 ther

To Mustapha, made me (poor silly woman)
 Think worth in blood had natural succession :
 But now, I see ambition's mixtures may
 The gold of nature's elements allay.
 His fame untimely born ; strength strangely gather'd ;
 Honour won with honouring ; greatness with humbleness ;

(A monarch's heir in courses popular)
 Made me divine some strange aspiring mind ;
 Yet doubtful ; for it might be art, or kind.
 But look into him by his outward ways :
 Persia, our old imbrued enemy,
 Treats of peace with the son, without the father :
 A course in all estates to princes nice ;
 But here much more ; where he that monarch is,
Must (like the sun) have no light shine but his.
 The offers ; real crowns, or hopes of kingdoms.
 What sudden knot hath bound up our divisions ?
 Made them that only fear'd our greater growing,
 Offer such projects for our greater growing ?

“ 'Tis true, that private thoughts may easily change :
 “ But states, whose ways are time, occasion, feat,
 “ Have other ends, than chance, in all they treat.

Yet be it, all the world would us obey ;
 In monarchies, which surfeit more than pine,
 The king should judge: *Strength knows what strength
 can wield:*

The best foundation, else may over-build.
 No, no : upon the pitch of high attempts
 I see him stand, sporting with wrong, and fear,
 For law and duty, both are captives there.
 His hopes, the hopes of all ; for all aspire:
 His means, that proud rebellious discontent,
 Which scorns both governors and government.
 Solyman ! fear is broke loose within me.
 What will, or may, methinks already happens ;
 His power thus great, will, fixt occasion ready,
 Shadows of ruin to my heart deliver.

Confused noise within my ears doth thunder
 Of multitudes, that with obeying threaten.
 Solyman ! while fear to lose thee, wisheth death,
 My fear again to leave thee, wisheth breath.

Sol. Rossa ! I scorn there should be cause of fears
 In one man's rage ; for hard then were our state,
 That reins of all the world desire to bear:
 Yet thy disquiet shall increase my hate.

Thy wishes vain to thee yet never were :

*For love and empire, both alike take pleasure,
 Part of themselves upon deserts to measure.*

And, but that all my joys have sorrow's image,
 I could say, I take pride in thine affection ;
 For power may be fear'd, empire ador'd,
 Rewards may make knees bow, and self-love humble ;
*But love is only that which princes covet ;
 And for they have it least, they most do love it.*
 Care therefore for thyself, I hold thee dear ;
 And as for me !

Tho' fortune be of glass, and apt to break ;
 Kings lives kept but in flesh, and easily pierc'd ;
 King's crowns no higher than private arms may reach ;
*Yet those all-daring spirits are rarely known,
 That upon princes graves dare raise a throne.*

Ros. Sir ! few in number or time presents children ;
 Where man ends, there ends discontentment's empire ;

Novelty in flesh hath always had a dwelling ;
 Then tell me, lord, what man would choose his room,
 That must expect in wickedness a mean,
 Or else be sure to feel a fatal doom?
 Can that stay in the midst whose center's lowest?
Old age is nature's poverty and scorn ;
 Desire's riches live in princes children ;
 Their youths are comets, within whose corruption
 Men prophesy new hopes of better fortunes.
 Ah, sir ! *Corrupt occasion still preferreth*
The wisdom, that for self-advantage erreth.

Sol. Wisdom is not unto itself in debt,
 That leaveth nothing, but a God above it.
 Will he return from death unto the living ?

Ros. No, sir ! but much may hap before his death ;
 Who thinking nothing worse, and nothing after,
 Knows thought of wrong is death, if princes live ;
 Where dead, all heirs their own good do forgive.

Sol. I sent, he comes ; and come is in my power.

Ros. Before he comes, who knows your fatal hour ?
The wicked wrestle both with might and slight :

“ While princes live, each man's life guardeth theirs ;
 “ When they are dead, men's loves go with their fear.
 Slain by the way, less grudge, more safety were.

Sol. *Wrong is not princely, and much less is fear.*

Ros. These glorious hazards tempt, and hasten fate ;
 They will become a man, but not a state.

Sol. This fear in women shews a kindness too ;
 And is for men to thank, but not to do.

Ros. Is providence of no more use to power ?

Sol. Than to preserve the fame of power entire,
 Which often undermined is by fear.

I do suspect, yet is there nothing done ;

I lose my fame, if I so kill my son.

Tho' I yet know nought he hath done amiss,

I doubt, and *heavy princes doubting is.*

Tho' I resolve I will not kill him there ;

It mortal is if kings see cause to fear.

When Mustapha returns, my jealous care

Will very hardly danger oversee :
Order alone holds states in unity.

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Beglerbie Nuntius. Solyman, Rossa.

Begler. **F**OND man! distract with divers thoughts
 on foot,

That rack'st thyself, and nature's peace dost break,
 Judge not the Gods above : it doth not boot,
 Nor do thou see that which thou dar'st not speak.
 Power hath great scope ; she walks not in the ways
 Of private truth : virtues of common men
 Are not the same which shine in kings above,
 And do make fear bring forth the works of love.
 Admit that Mustapha not guilty be,

*Who by his prince will rise, his prince must please ;
 And they that please, judge with humility.*

Yonder they are, whose charge must be discharg'd.
 In Rossa's face behold desire speaketh,
He keeps the laws, that all laws form breaketh.

Sol. Is Mustapha in health, and coming ?

Beg. My lord ! already come ; for what can stay,
 Where love and duty both teach to obey ?

Sol. In what strange ballance are man's humours poised !
 Since each light change within us, or without,
 Turns fear to hope, and hope again to doubt.
 If thus it work in man, much more in thrones,
 Whose tender heights feel all thin airs that move,
 And work that change below they use above.

For on the axis of our humours turn
 Church-rites, and laws, subjects desire, and wit ;
 All which, in all men, come and go with it.
 Rossa ! a king ought therefore to suspect
 Fears, fearful counsels which incline to blood,
 Wherein but truths, no influence is good.
 Else will inferior practice ever cast
 Such glassy shadows upon all our errors,

As

As he that sees not ruin, shall see terrors.
 Power therefore should affect the people's stamp,
 " Whose good or ill thoughts, ever prove to kings,
 " Like air, which either health, or sickness brings.
 Now, Roffa ! by these straight lines, if we found
 The hollow depths of Rosten's mystery,
 He will the canker of this state be found.
 Long hath he wav'd betwixt my son and me,
 Making succession sacred, whilst he felt
 Practice could not divide the bark and tree :
 His end being not to find or cherish truth,
 But rather vices, where his art works ruth.
 Long hath he weigh'd our humours with his ends,
 To find which nature was the fittest mould
 For him to bring to pass in, what he would.
 And tho' his power be on my old age built,
 Yet that, as slow to ruin, he dislikes :
 Guilt seeking shields for every blow it strikes.
 Now in my son tho' active powers he find,
 Yet what he cannot govern, gives offence ;
 From birth, or worth, still fearing competence.
 He grounds this work on jealousy of kings,
 " Where hopeful goodness oft in successors
 " Seem not strengths, as they be, but strong oppressors.
 And when this art could not procure his fall,
 Nor shape our humours like Procastes' bed,
 Where all that fit him not, are ruined :
 Straight then he offers up unto my son
 My life, my crown, and all that I have won.
 Such slender props are *princes favourites*,
 " Who like good fortune's children, love their mother,
 " And never can be true to any other.
 In these nets shall he then catch him and me,
 And so this high and sovereign scepter-power,
 Sink into slaves by my infirmity ?
 No, no ; when princes, by defect of mind,
 A proneness feel to sink into their slaves ;
 Wherein they make their creatures their graves :
 By nature have they not a phenix fire,
 From their own ashes to revive again,

And in their children's honour, live and reign ?
 Then, *Rossa*, judge : my love hath made us one ;
 And who can judge these humourists but we ;
 Since hope and fear below lack eyes to see ?
Mustapha is thro' misprision hither come,
 Brought to the practice of this crafty slave,
 Careless in which he makes the other's tomb :
 His nets are laid, our thoughts for stales pitch'd down,
 To catch ourselves in, and in us, the crown.
 But nature's laws have conquer'd princes doubts ;
 And between king and man, what was begun,
 Concludes betwixt a father and a son.

Ros. Behold ! these sandy hearts have no foundation :
 Yet hence must I, with hazard, work my will,
 That have to do with thought, nor good, nor ill.
 My lord ! your doubts from arguments did rise
 Of wanton pride, ambitious seeking love :
 “ And can remissions be in nature wise,
 “ While states upon the steep of danger move ?
 No, think what pregnant grounds of his ambition
 Resolv'd you first : his greatness was your danger ;
 And shall a father wave a king's suspicion ?
 Since mischief, whilst her head shews in a cloud,
 In Pluto's kingdom doth her body shrowd.

Sol. Suspicion may enquire, but not conclude ;
Both hope and fear, do with excess delude.
 Tell, *Beglerbie*, how did he welcome thee ?
 In your access what found you, pomp, or pride ?
 Was he reserv'd, or else did he descend ?
 Appear'd I as his sovereign, or his friend ?

Begler. His court was great, and that which adds to
 you
 'Is, that all princes had their agents there
 Confessing, in the son, the father's due :
 And from them all the honour done him such,
 As if none thought the world for him too much,
 Yet I no sooner to his presence came,
 But he paid all their homages to me,
 The rest look'd on, as when men wonders see.

Sol. What was his cheer? didst thou observe his eyes,
When thou declared'st my will to have him come?

Belger. First, at your name he bow'd in humble wise;
The rest appear'd to be a joyful doom.

Only the Persian spake (it seems) with care:
God make these favours good, for they be rare.

Ros. 'Tis the glass which father looks not in;
The workman hides, the instruments discover:
See how it fits a king to be a lover! [Aside.
Sir, mark these words: whence should their wonder
grow?

His scorn and grudge, he worships and obeys:
In him, or for him, what strange works are these?

Sol. Tell me his manner. How did he dispose
His followers and his affairs, till his return?
The news of war against our Persian foes,
I am sure, made not his undertakers mourn.

Begler. The Persian agent some distraction shew'd;
All else their eyes to their sun-rising turn.

Sol. What's the discourse of court? and what the
face?

His carriage is it royally severe,
Reserv'd like us, by attributes of place?
Or popular, as power in people were?
Shapes he his course to rule, or gain a state?
Is our course chang'd, or doth he imitate?

Begler. He winds not spirits up with power or fear:
The ancient form he keeps, where it is good:
His projects, reformation every where:
His care, to have diseases understood:
Reverend unto your throne, more to your deeds:
It is no imitation which exceeds.

Sol. What doth he in our church, or law reprove?
What error in our discipline of war?

Begler. With zeal he doth adore the powers above;
With zeal inferior duties paid him are:
And, for his ends on publick centers move,
His ends are serv'd with every body's love.
His court, like yours, the image of a camp:
In yours, your power, in his, himself the lamp.

He sees (men say), but only what he shows,
 I mean examples both of power and love:
 You see again what from within you grows,
 Such humble fear, as fearful power moves.
 His camp, in rest and action both, content;
 Assiduous order works his frame in either:
 Your discipline now loose, now overbent;
 Forc'd to use fear in both, contents in neither.
 This freedom, sir, makes them you two compare,
 Of whom, both he and they, but shadows are.

Sol. What be his troops? an army, or a train?
 Come they to dwell, or to go back again?

Begler. His will was to depart immediately,
 With no train but the Bashaw, priest, and I.
 Your honour only ministred debate;
 Princes (some thought) stood fast by keeping state:
 His pomp gave lustre to your power, some said,
For princes should be gloriously obey'd.
 At this gap enter'd love and intercession,
 The multitude all liberties approv'd,
 The wise to give them way held it discretion,
 Where it gave honour to yourself above.
 Thus to the coast number and order come,
 Where Mustapha leaves all to bide your doom.

Sol. Within the port, or where doth he attend?
 What's the aspect between his own and ours?
 Gains he, or wains he by approaching power?

Begler. His foot on land, straight to the church he
 goes;
 Applause and wonder follow to that place,
 Greater he, by your influence, still grows,
 Your trophies upon him the people place.
 Unto the state men prophecy progression,
 And see your age, 'tis true, in your succession,
 Your power and love both, in his pomp appear;
 For even the Bashaw's next you I did meet
 Hast'ning to honour him, whom you hold dear.
 What greater triumph to a glorious father,
 Than such a son for age to lean unto,

Whence declination may more forces gather,
 And impotence retain ability to do?
 Goodness exiling jealousy of state,
 From him whose duty sets his power a rate.

Now by the way a paper up I took,
 Spread by the Mufti, as it should appear,
 Foretelling with authority of book,
 What those times wrap'd in clouds, and these make
 clear.

Wherein these prophet-spirits did foreshow
 The progress of this empire to the height;
 Under what princes humours it should grow,
 Under whose weakness fall again by weight:
 Inferring this, that where declining spirits
 To govern mighty scepters God ordains,
 Order no basis finds; honour must fall:

Where man is nothing, place cannot do all.
 Again, where worth and wisdom sovereign be,
 And he that's king of place, is king of men,
 Change, chance or ruin, cannot enter then.
 And such a king must sit upon this throne;
 Unperfect times, they say, are fully run,
 And this perfection present in your son.

Sol. Change hath prepar'd her moulds for innova-
 tion.

I see inferior wheels of practice move,
 Yet they prevail not on the powers above.
 His worth rests constant, and yet works this motion,
 They to him, for him, sacrifice at random
 All which they have, and have not, in devotion.
 He is the glass, in which their light affections
 Come to behold what image they shall take:
 If liberty they find, then anarchy they make.
 On time, place, truth, these spirits never rest.
 His worth, thus innocent, how can I fear?
 Their thoughts, thus violent, can power digest?
 Then government! thy hand must cut between
 My fearful dangers, and his fearless praise.
*In all states, power, which oppresseth spirits,
 Imprisons nature, empire disinherits.*

This throne grew not by delicate alliance,
 Combining state with state, all states to laws,
 Of idle princes, and base subjects cause.
 We grew by curious improving all ;
 Ourselves to people, people unto us ;
 Worth, through ourselves, in them we planted thus ;
 And shall I help to make succession less,
 Blasting the births of nature and example
 In narrow fears of self-unworthiness ?
 No, no : the art of monarchy is more :
 Princes must strength by such succession gather,
With future hopes all present smart is eased :
 Age hath a veil, and majesty is pleased.
*Who makes can-mar. Honour, reward and fear
 Are reins of power : The end's inherent there.*

Ross. Behold, I stand amaz'd : Sir, ease my heart.
 A king less than a man ! more than a God !
 I know not where to stay, or how to part.
God hath ordain'd that wickedness shall die.
 Sir, who is guilty ? Mustapha, or I ?

Solym. He now is in the hands of power and time :
 His danger is to come, and ours is past :
 Let's see into what moulds our own are cast.

Ross. Who will endure the sentence he may give
 Between you two ? He must be king that lives.
 Your grave prepared is among your own :
 Neighbours, church, people, soldiers, made the stage,
 Where hope and youth shall ruin fear and age.
 Most wretched I, rais'd to be overthrown.
 If you will die, then am I lost in you ;
 And die you must if you believe your own.
 If he shall live, then am I prov'd untrue ;
 Hated by him, whom you have plac'd above,
 Lost unto you, and ruin'd by my love.

“ Ah, Confidence ! thou glory of the ill !
 “ How safely dost thou blinded power assail,
 “ That having all, yet knows not what it will ?”

Solym. *Rossa!* you move me ; yet remove I not.
Man comprehends a man, but not a king.
 I feel myself, 'tis true, and I feel you :

How to itself can power then prove untrue?
 Succession on the present never wins
 But by the death of body, or of spirit:
 All heirs by our mortality run in.
 Let not misprision wound me in thy love:
 Great inequality of worth you yield
 To them you think can on my ruins build.



C H O R U S I.

Of BASHAWS, or CADDIES.

L I K E as mix'd humours, drawn up from the ground,
 Are unto many forms and functions bound,
 Partly out of their native property,
 Partly the climes thro' which their journies be;
 Some into meteors, that amaze below,
 Others to comets, which fore-threaten woe;
 Some into hail-stones, that afflict the earth,
 Others to rain, which hastens every birth;
 Lightning and thunder only made of those,
 Which the cold region's double heats enclose:
 So is frail mankind, tho' in other fashion,
 Rais'd, and let fall with his own earthly passion;
 Formed, transformed, and made instruments
 In many shapes to serve power's many bents;
 Feeding superiors, even as vapours do,
 Which spending themselves scourge their parents too,
 Some in mishaped meteors terrifying;
 All constant spirits, under tyrants lying;
 Others like winds, which Æolus makes blow,
 To breathe themselves out, while they overthrow;
 Some like sweet dews, that nourish where they touch;
 Like exhalations some inflame too much;
 Bondage and ruin only wrought by those,
 That kings with servile flattery inclose,

Hatching, in double heats of power and will,
 Thunder and lightening to amaze and kill.
 Thus tyrants deal with peoples liberty,
 The nether region cannot long live free.
 Thus tyrants deal with us of higher place,
 As drawn up only to disperse disgrace.
 Echos of power, that pleasingly resound
 Those heavy taxes wherewith princes wound.
 Exhausters of frail mankind by our place,
 To make them poor, and consequently base:
 With colonies we eat the native down,
 And, to increase the person, wain the crown:
 With ilde visions trafficking mens minds,
 To humble moderation in all kinds;
 Till under false stiles of obedience,
 We take from mankind all, but suffering sense.
 Yet even by these fails, which for scepters move,
 We forced are with modest breath to prove,
 Which way these people-tides will pass with ease;
Crowns wounding deeply when they strive to please.
 Whence, as we dare not blow them up to rage;
 So again, if we quit this people-stage,
 Thrones know not where to act those fancy-plays,
 Which catch the lookers on so many ways.
 For we, like dews drawn to be clouds above,
 Straight grow with that attracting sun in love;
 Which ever raiseth light things up to fall,
 In crafty power creation natural.
 Wrapt in which crown-mists, men cannot discern
 How dearly they her glittering tinctures earn:
 Till, thro' glassy time these cage-birds see,
That honour is the badge of tyranny.
 Laws the next pillars be, with which we deal,
 As sophistries of every common-weal;
 Or rather nets, which people do ask leave,
 That they to catch their freedoms in, may weave,
 And still add more unto the Sultan's power,
 By making their own frames themselves devour.
 These Lesbian rules, with shew of real grounds,
 Giving right, narrow; will, transcendent bounds.
 The Musti, and their spiritual jurisdictions,

By course succeed these other guilt-inflitions :
 Conscience annexing to our crescent star
 All freedoms, that in man's frail nature are ;
 By making doctrines large, strict ; mild, severe ;
 A power intends to stir up hope or fear :
 Which heavenly shadow, with earth-centers fix'd,
 Rack men, by truth and untruth, strangely mix'd ;
 And prove to thrones such a supporting cause,
 As finely gives law to all other laws.
 Thus like the wood that yields helves for the ax,
 Upon itself to lay an heavy tax :
 We silly Bashaws help power to confound,
 With our own strength exhausting our own ground.
 An art of tyranny, which works with men,
 To make them beasts, and high-rais'd thrones their den,
 Where they, that mischief others, may retire
 Safe with their prey, as lifting tyrants higher.
 By which enthraling of ourselves with others,
 Prove we not both confusion's heirs and mothers ?
 Far unlike Adam, putting civil names
 Upon those errors, which the whole world blames.
 For if power ravine more than is her own ;
People, we say, are chequers to a throne.
 Again, if she to rise up, will pull down ;
Creation, we say, still inheres the crown.
 If good men chance to interrupt this way ;
Too much in virtue oft there is, we say :
 Since each inferior limb must from the head
 Receive his standard and be ballanced.
 If people grudge their freedom, thus made thrall ;
 Power is their body, they but shadows all.
 If God himself by law, or influence,
 Seems but to limit this omnipotence ;
 Even as in Christian courts of chancery,
 Tho' land or titles cannot settled be,
 Yet where the person dares to disobey,
 Thro' him, his title they imprison may :
 So tho' with tyrants God transcendent be,
 Yet plague they his for too much piety ;
 And, by distinctions from the pulpit's doom,
 Leave still for crown-impiety a room.

'This is our office under tyranny,
Where power and passion only current be.

But where the better rules the greater part,
And reason only is the prince's art,
There, as in margents of great volum'd books,
The little notes, whereon the reader looks,
Oft help his over-pressed memory
Unto the author's sense where he would be ;
So do true counsellors assist good kings,
And help their greatness on, with little things.
Honour, in chief, our oath is to uphold,
'That by no traffick it be bought or sold :
Else look what brings that dainty throne-work down,
Adds not, but still takes something from a crown.
Profit, and her true mine, frugality,
Incident likewise to our office be :
As husbanding the sceptre's spreading right,
To stretch itself, yet not grow infinite ;
Or with prerogative to tyrannize,
Whose works prove oft more absolute than wise.
Not mustering laws, which freedom interrupts ;
Nor moulding pulpits, which is to corrupt,
And help change in ; *whose vanity still tends
To work immortal things to mortal ends.*
But our part is to keep the justice free,
As equal poisoning liberality ;
Which both contents the people that receives,
And princely giver more enabled leaves.
Likewise with foreign states we keep respect
By diligence, which seldom finds neglect.
In treaties still concluding mutual good ;
Since no one byass'd cont: act ever stood.
In complements we strive to hold such measure,
That outward form consume not inward treasure.
For betwixt man and man, 'twixt kings and kings,
Our place should offer well-digested things.
Else as those crudities, which do remain
Within the body, all complexions stain,
*So doth advantage between state and state,
Tho' finely got, yet prove unfortunate :*

And

And oft, disorder like, in government,
 Leave even those that prosper, discontent.
 But is our great lord's character like these?
 Are disproportion'd humours made to please?
 Can *parricide, even unto nature treason,*
 Draw any true line from man's zenith, reason?
 Then how can vice, in this confus'd estate,
 Long 'scape the doom of never-sparing fate?
 For, as we see, when sickness deeply roots,
 Meat, drink, and druggs alike do little boot;
 Because all what should either nurse or cure,
 As master'd by diseases, grow impure:
 So when excess (the malady of might)
 Hath (dropsy-like) drown'd all the files of right,
 Then doth obedience (else the food of power)
 Help on, that dropsy canker to devour;
 In which craz'd times, woe worth foreseeing wit,
 Which marr itself may, cannot help with it.
 For as those kings that conquer neighbour nations,
 First by the sword make chaos of creations;
 Then, spider-like, a curious netting spin,
 Invisible, to catch inferiors in:
 So when the art of powerful tyranny,
 Hath undermin'd man's native liberty,
 Then, like lords absolute of words and deeds,
 They soon change weeds to herbs, and herbs to weeds.
 Which over-winding while the people fear,
 Can tyrants hope of sanctuary there?
 Or, when this fear hath tied mens minds together,
 Proves this a storm, or constant winter-weather?
 Again, when selfness hath men's hearts estrang'd,
 Is not one sovereign soon to many chang'd?
 Lastly, where absolute seems only wise,
 Is not one envious there in many eyes?
 Disease thus grown, the crisis and the doora,
 Shew *princes must be ours, or we their tomb:*
 For as the ocean, which is ever deep,
 Under her smooth face, doth in secret keep
 The vast content of death's devouring womb,
 Where those desires which venture find a tomb;

Æolus, with sweet breath, making all things fair,
 Till he hath bound hope prentice to his air;
 Then adding more breath to that breath they spend,
 Makes tide with tide, and wave with wave contend;
 Enforcing men, for tax, to throw their goods
 Into his merciless enticing floods,
 Where swallowing some in sight of those he spares,
 Even they that prosper best must swarm with cares :
 So doth vast power, at first, spread out her sleights
 Of grace and honour, *smooth bewitching baits* ;
 And when men's lives, their goods, and liberty,
 Are left in trust once with her tyranny,
 Then, ocean-like, blown up with storms of passion,
 Which, but excess, makes all seem out of fashion :
 It takes advantage to devour the just,
 Because to laws that limit thrones they trust ;
 Ruins the wise, whose eye discerns too much,
 And thereby brings power's errors to the touch ;
 Discards the learned, for the difference
 They make between the truth and prince's sense ;
 Stains the religious, as if they withstood
Power's will, the stamp of all that's current good ;
 Yet saves it some, that they may witness bear,
Where power reigns, there worth must live in fear.

Thus are we soothers, as all shadows be,
 Sworn to the bodies of authority.
 Thus do inferiors, catch'd with their own ends,
 Pay double use for all the sceptre lends ;
 Not seeing, *while man strives to stand by grace,*
He offers nature's freedom up to place ;
 Whose true relation, between men and might,
 Assures us, *thrones should not be infinite* ;
 Lastly, thus do we suffer God to wain,
 Under the humours of a Sultan's reign ;
 And in the fatal ruin of his son,
 Cut off our own lives, on a less thread spun.



ACT. II. Scen. I.

Ackmat solus.

WHOO, standing in the shade of humble vallies,
 Looks up, and wonders at the state of hills ;
 When he with toil of weary limbs ascends,
 And feels his spirits melt with Phœbus' glories,
 Or sinews stark with Æolus' bitter breathing,
 Or thunder-blasts, which, coming from the sky,
 Do fall most heavy on the places high :
 Then knows (tho' farther seen, and farther seeing
 From hills above, than from the humble vallies)
They multiply in woes, that add in glories.
 Who weary is of nature's quiet plains,
 A mean estate, with poor and chaste desires ;
 Whose virtue longs for knees, blifs for opinion ;
 Who judgeth pleasure's paradise is in purple ;
 Let him see me ; no governor of Castile,
 No petty prince's choice, whose weak dominions
 Make weak unnoble counsels to be current ;
 But Bashaw unto Solyman, whose sceptre,
 Nay servants, have dominion over princes ;
 Under whose feet, the four forgotten monarchies,
 The footstools lie of his eternal glory :
 Even I, thus rais'd, this Solyman's belov'd,
 Thus carried up by fortune to be tempted,
 Must, for my prince's sake, destroy succession ;
 Or suffer ruin, to preserve succession.
 Oh happy men ! that know not, or else fear
 This second slippery place of honour's steep,
 Which we with envy get, and danger keep.
 Unhappy state of ours ! wherein we live,
 Where doubts give laws, which never can forgive :

Where

Where rage of kings not only ruins be,
 But where their very love works misery :
 For princes humours are not like the glafs,
 Which in it shews what shapes without remain,
 And with the body go, and come again ;
 But like the wax, which first bears but his own,
 Till it the seal in easy mould receive,
 And by th' impression only then is known.
 In this soft weakness Rossa prints her art,
 And seeks to toss the crown from hand to hand :

Kings are not safe whom any understand.

First, of herself, she durst send Rosten forth
 To murder Mustapha, his dearest son :
 He found him only guarded with his worth,
 Suspecting nothing, and yet nothing done.
 Rosten is now return'd ; for wicked fear
 Did even make him wickedness forbear.
 A Beglerby goes since to call him hither ;
 The colour, war against the Persian king ;
 The truth, to suffer force of tyranny,
 From his enforced father's jealousy.
 Who utters this, is to his prince a traitor ;
 Who keeps this, guilty is ; his life is ruth,
 And dying lives, ever denying truth.
 Thus hath the fancy-law of power ordain'd,
 That who betrays it most, is most esteem'd ;
 Who saith it is betray'd, is traitor deem'd.
 I sworn am to my king, and to his honour ;
 His humours ? no : which they that follow most,
 Wade in a sea, wherein themselves are lost.
 Yet, Achmat, stay ! for who doth wrest king's minds,
 Wrestles his faith upon the stage of chance ;
 Where virtue, to the world by fortune known,
 Is oft misjudg'd, because she's overthrown.
 Nay, Achmat, stay not ! for who truth environs
 With circumstances of man's failing wit,
 By fear, by hope, by love, by malice erreth ;
 Nature to nature's bankrupts he engageth :
*And while none dare shew kings they go amiss,
 Even base obedience their corruption is.*

Then

Then, fear, dwell with the ill: truth is assur'd.
 Opinion, be and reign with fortune's princes;
 Policy, go piece the faults of mortal kingdoms;
 Death, threaten them that live to die for ever;
 I first am nature's subject, then my prince's:
 I will not serve to innocency's ruin.

Whose heaven is earth, let them believe in princes.

My God is not the God of subtle murder.

Solyman shall know the truth—I look no further.

Behold! he comes like majesty confus'd;

Horror, revenge, rage lighten in his eyes:

All laws give place where power is join'd with these,

And he must go beyond that will appease.

ACT. II. Scen. 2.

Solyman, Achmat.

Soly. **M**ercy and love! you phrases popular,
 Which undermine and limit princes thrones,
 Go seek the regions of equality.

*Greatness must keep those arts by which it grew,
 And ever what it wills or fears make true.*

Ach. My lord, what moves these undermining words,
 Which shewing fear in you, stir fear in us?
 Cruelty and dissolution enter thus.

Soly. Doth kings restraint of wrath appear like fear?
 Shall our remissness suffer more than this?

Can horror only adoration bear?

Behold, the world lays homage at my feet!

To them by sword and fire I am known:

Must kings that change this likeness, lose their own?

Two states I bear, his father, and his king;

These two, being relatives, have mutual bonds;

Neglect in either, all in question brings.

My son climbs up with wings of seeming merit;

His course, applause; and mine the scale of order:

By

By dissolution he builds up content,
 And I displease by planting government.
 My age spends on the stock of honour won ;
 Flesh hath her buds, her flowers, her fruit, her fall ;
 Work hath his time, and rest is natural :
 His youth hath hope for right, and fame for end ;
 Time for a stage, for rival expectation ;
 Ascending by the ballance we descend.
 Let youth affect good will, praise, reputation,
 Fashion itself to times, or times to it,
 Grow strong, and rich in man's imagination :
 But when her fame reflects scorn upon kings,
 Her glory undermines, or else confounds
 Of place, time, nature, all the reverend bounds.
 These crooked shadows no straight bodies have ;
 Practice, ambition, pride, are here disguis'd :
 And shall love be a chain, tied to my crown,
 Either to help him up, or pull me down ?
 No, no, this father-language fits not kings,
 " Whose publick universal providence
 " Of things, not persons, always must have sense."
 With justice I these misty doubts will clear ;
And he that breaks divine and human law,
Shall no protection out of either draw.

Ach. Sir, where corrupted limbs art doth divide,
 It hath no name of torment, but of cure :
Yet many perish, so the state be sure.

Soly. Then, Achmat, bid the eunuchs do their charge.
 I wound myself in wounding of my son :
 A king's estate hath of a father's won.
 Advantageous ambition ! hast thou learn'd
 That present government still gives offence,
 And long life in the best kings discontenteth ?
 That discontentment's hopes live in succession ?
 Well, false desires ! (which in false glasses shew
 " That princes thrones are like enchanted fires,
 " Mighty to see, and easy to pass over :)
 By Mustapha's example, learn to know,
No private thoughts can sound authority.
 Achmat, I mean that Mustapha shall die !

Ach. My lord, good fortune doth me witness bear,
That my hopes need not stand upon succession,
Where life is poor in all, but woe and fear:
Then, sir, doubt not my faith, tho' I withstand
This fearful counsel which you have in hand.

Soly. Resolv'd I am.—The form alone I doubt.
Envy and murmur I desire to shun,
With which yet great examples must be done.

Ach. The form of proof precedes the form of death:
Kings honours and their safeties live in both:
Against these to give counsel I am loth.

Soly. *Thought is with God an act—Kings cannot see
Th' intents of mischief, but with jealousy.*

Ach. In what protection then lives innocence?

Soly. Below the danger of omnipotence.

Ach. Are thoughts and deeds confounded any where?

Soly. In princes lives, that may not suffer fear;
*Where place unequal equally is weigh'd,
There power supreme is ballanc'd, not obey'd.*

Ach. This is the way to make accusers proud,
And feed up starved spite with guiltless blood.

Soly. A just advantage unto kings allow'd,
Whose safeties do include a common good.

Ach. Sir, I confess where one man ruleth all,
There fear and care are secret ways of wit;
*Where all may rise, and only one must fall,
There pride aspires, and power must master it.*

For worlds repine at those, whom birth or chance
Above all men, and yet but men, advance.

I know when easy hopes do nurse desire,
The dead men only of the wife are trusted:
And tho' crook'd fear doth seldom rightly measure,
As thinking all things, but itself, dissembled;
Yet, Solyman, let fear awake kings counsels;
But fear not nature's laws, which seldom alter,
Nor rare examples of iniquity,
Which, but with age, of time deliver'd be:
Fear false step-mothers rage, woman's ambition,
Whereof each age to other is a glass:
Fear them that fear not, or desire shame,

Selling their faiths to bring their ends to pass.
 Establish Rossa's children for your heirs,
 Let Mustapha's hopes fall—translate his right;
 And when her proud ambitions glutted be,
 Straight envy dies, fear will appear no more;
 Nature takes on the shape it had before.

Soly. Shall error 'scape by art? And shall a bare
 Step-mother's name, in her that speaketh truth,
 Disguise and shadow parricide from blame?

Intents are seeds, and actions they include.

*Princes, whose sceptres must be fear'd of many,
 Are never safe that live in fear of any.*

Ach. Tyrants they are that punish out of fear;
 States wiser than the truth decline, and wear.

Soly. Thou art but one—The rest, in whom I trust,
 Discern his fault, and urge me to be just.

Ach. Tho' faction's strength be great, her slight is
 more;

Her plots and instruments inlaid with art:

Less care hath truth, than hath the evil part.

Soly. Traitor, must I doubt all to credit thee?

Ach. No less is truth, where kings deceiv'd will be.

Soly. The greater number holds the safest parts.

Ach. That one is but the least of faction's arts.

Soly. Thy counsel hazards all; their course but one.

Ach. That painted hazard is but made the gate,

For ruin of your son to enter at.

Truth must the measure be to slave and king.

Soly. Shall power then lose her odds in any thing?

Ach. God, even to himself, hath made a law.

Soly. He doth for fame, what kings do but for awe.

What, but desert, makes those that praise accuse?

Ach. The virtue they admire, and cannot use.

Soly. Dare aught but truth assail a prince's child?

Ach. On princes frailties factions ever build.

Soly. Speak plain, and free my soul from this disease,
 That with the ruin of mine own would please.

Ach. That which you will not feel, how can you see?
 For in your love these works were all inweav'd,
 With which most worthy men are most deceiv'd.

Soly. What king or man loves fear, wrong, treachery?
These be the things that now in question be.

Ach. Sir, where kings doubt, wisdom and laws provide

Due trial, and restraint of liberty,
And unto caution their estate is tied:
But where kings rage becomes superlative,
There people do forbear, but not forgive.
My lord, then stay—*Delays are wisdom, where
Time may more easy ways of safety show.*
Self-murder is an ugly work of fear,
And little less is children's overthrow.

Mustapha is yours; more, fir, even he
Is not, for whom you Mustapha o'erthrow.

Suspicious common to successions be;

Honour and fear together ever go.

Who must kill all they fear, fear all they see,
Nor subjects, sons, nor neighbourhood can bear:
So infinite the limits be of fear.

Soly. Well, Achmat, stay—I strive to rest my thoughts.
Words rather stir than quiet fix'd impressions.

*Kings hearts must judge what subjects hearts have
wrought;*

Not your calm heart unthreaten'd and upright.
Such bees fetch honey from the self-same flower,
Whence spiders draw their deep-invenom'd power.

No, no—*Experience wounded is the school,
Where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart:*

Innocence includes the serpent, not the fool.

The wager's great of being, or not being.

These crudities let me within digest;

My power shall take upon it all the rest

Act. II. Scen. 3.

Camena, Solyman, Achmat.

Cam. **T**hey that from youth do suck at fortune's
 breast,
 And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,
 " Like dropsy-fed, their thirst doth never rest ;
 " For still, by getting, they beget desire :
 " Till thoughts, like wood, while they maintain the
 " flame
 " Of high desires, grow ashes in the same.
 " But virtue ! those that can behold thy beauties,
 " Those that suck, from their youth, thy milk of
 " goodness,
 " Their minds grow strong against the storms of fortune,
 " And stand, like rocks, in winter gusts unshaken ;
 " Not with the blindness of desire mistaken.
 O virtue therefore ! whose thrall I think fortune,
 Thou who despisest not the sex of women,
 Help me out of these riddles of my fortune,
 Wherein (methinks) you with yourself do pose me :
 Let fates go on : sweet virtue ! do not lose me,
 My mother, and my husband have conspired,
 For brothers good, the ruin of my brother :
 My father by my mother is inspired,
 For one child to seek ruin of another.
 I that to help by nature am required,
 While I do help, must needs still hurt a brother.
 While I see who conspire, I seem conspired
 Against a husband, father, and a mother.
 Truth bids me run, by truth I am retir'd ;
 Shame leads me both the one way, and the other.
 In what a labyrinth is honour cast,
 Drawn divers ways with sex, with time, with state !
 In all which, error's course is infinite,
 By hope, by fear, by spite, by love, and hate ;
 And but one only way unto the right.

A thorny way :: where pain must be the guide ;
 Danger the light ; offence of power the praise :
 Such are the golden hopes of iron days.

Yet Virtue, I am thine, for thy sake griev'd
*(Since basest thoughts, for their ill-plac'd desires,
 In shame, in danger, death, and torment glory)*
 That I cannot with more pains write thy story.
 Chance, therefore, if thou scornest those that scorn thee ;
 Fame, if thou hatest those that force thy trumpet
 To sound aloud, and yet despise thy founding ;
 Laws, if you love not those that be examples
 Of nature's laws, whence you are fall'n corrupted ;
 Conspire that I, against you all conspired,
 Joined with tyrant Virtue, as you call her,
 That I, by your revenges may be nam'd,
 For virtue, to be ruin'd, and defam'd.
 My mother oft, and diversly I warn'd,
 What fortunes were upon such courses builded :
*That fortune still must be with ill maintain'd,
 Which at the first with any ill is gain'd.*
 I Rosten warn'd, that man's self-loving thought
 Still creepeth to the rude-embracing might
 Of princes grace : a lease of glories let,
 Which shining burns ; breeds serenes when 'tis set.
 And, by this creature of my mother's making,
 This messenger, I Mustapha have warn'd,
 That *innocence is not enough to save,*
Where good and greatness, fear and envy have.
 Till now, in reverence I have forborn
 To ask, or to presume to guess, or know
 My father's thoughts ; whereof he might think scorn :
*For dreadful is that power that all may do ;
 Yet they, that all men fear, are fearful too.*
 Lo where he sits ! Virtue, work thou in me,
 That what thou seekest may accomplisht be.

Solym. Ah death ! is not thyself sufficient anguish,
 But thou must borrow fear, that threatning glass,
 Which, while it goodness hides, and mischief shows,
 Doth lighten wit to honor's overthrows ?

But hush ! methinks away Camena steals :
Murther, belike, in me itself reveals.

Camena ! whither now ? why haste you from me ?
Is it so strange a thing to be a father ?
Or is it I that am so strange a father ?

Cam. My lord, methought, nay, sure I saw you busy ;
Your child presumes, uncall'd, that comes unto you.

Solym. Who may presume with fathers, but their own,
Whom nature's law hath ever in protection,
And gilds in good belief of dear affection ?

Cam. Nay, reverence, sir, *so childrens worth doth hide,*
As of the fathers it is least espy'd.

Solym. I think 'tis true : *who know their children least,*
Have greatest reason to esteem them best.

Cam. How so, my lord ? since *love in knowledge lives,*
Which unto strangers therefore no man gives.

Solym. The life we gave them soon they do forget,
While they think our lives do their fortunes let.

Cam. The tenderness of life it is so great,
As any sign of death we hate too much ;
And unto parents sons, perchance, are such.
Yet nature meant her strongest unity
'Twixt sons and fathers ; making parents cause
Unto the sons, of their humanity ;
And children *pledge of their eternity.*
Fathers should love this image in their sons.

Solym. But *streams back to their springs do never run.*

Cam. Pardon, my lord ! *doubt is succession's foe :*
Let not her mists poor children overthrow.
Though streams from springs do seem to run away,
'Tis nature leads them to their mother sea.

Solym. Doth nature teach them, in ambition's strife,
To seek his death, by whom they have their life ?

Cam. *Things easy, to desire impossible do seem :*
Why should fear make impossible seem easy ?

Solym. Monsters yet be ; and being, are believ'd.

Cam. Incredible hath some inordinate progression :
Blood, doctrine, age, corrupting liberty,
Do all concurr, where men such monsters be.
Pardon me, sir, if duty do seem angry :

Affection must breathe out afflicted breath,
Where imputation hath such easy faith.

Solym. Mustapha is he that hath defil'd his nest;
The wrong the greater, for I lov'd him best.
He hath devis'd that all at once should die,
Rosten, and Rossa, Zanger, thou, and I.

Cam. Fall none but angels suddainly to hell?
Are kind, and order grown precipitate?
Did ever any other man, but he,
In instant lose the use of doing well?
Sir, these be mists of greatness. Look again:
*For kings that, in their fearful icy state
Behold their children, as their winding sheet,
Do easily doubt; and what they doubt, they hate.*

Solym. Camena! thy sweet youth, that knows no ill,
Cannot believe thine elders, when they say,
That good belief is great estates decay.
Let it suffice, that I, and Rossa too,
Are privy what your brother means to do.

Cam. Sir, pardon me: and nobly as a father,
What I shall say, and say of holy mother,
Know I shall say it, but to right a brother.
My mother is your wife: duty in her
Is love: she loves; which not well govern'd, bears
The evil angel of misgiving fears;
Whose many eyes, whilst but itself they see,
Still make the worst of possibility:
Out of this fear she Mustapha accuseth:
Unto this fear, perchance, she joins the love,
Which doth in mothers for their children move.
Perchance, when fear hath shew'd her yours must fall,
In love she sees that hers must rise withall.
Sir, *fear a frailty is, and may have grace,
And over-care of you cannot be blam'd;
Care of our own in nature hath a place;
Passions are oft mistaken, and misnam'd;
Things simply good grow evil with misplacing.*
Though laws cut off, and do not care to fashion,
Humanity of error hath compassion.

Yet God forbid, that either fear, or care,
Should ruin those that true and faultless are.

Solym. Is it no fault, or fault I may forgive,
For son to seek the father should not live ?

Cam. Is it a fault, or fault for you to know,
My mother doubts a thing that is not so ?
These ugly works of monstrous parricide,
Mark from what hearts they rise, and where they bide.
Violent, despair'd, where honor broken is ;
Fear lord ; time death ; where hope is misery ;
Doubt having stopt all honest ways to bliss,
And custom shut the windows up of shame,
That craft may take upon her wisdom's name.
Compare now, Mustapha, with this despair :
Sweet youth, sure hopes, honor, a father's love,
No infamy to move, or banish fear,
Honor to stay, hazard to hasten fate :
Can horrors work in such a child's estate ?
Besides, the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Have plac'd you high to rule, not overthrow ;
For us, not for yourselves, is your estate :
Mercy must hand in hand with power go.
Your scepter should not strike with arms of fear,
Which fathoms all mens imbecillity,
And mischief doth, lest it should mischief bear.
As reason deals within with frailty,
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,
But adds, subtracts, keeps down ambitious spirits :
So must power form, not ruin instruments :
For flesh and blood, the means 'twixt heav'n and hell,
Unto extreams extreamly racked be ;
Which kings in art of government should see.
Else they, which circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air, wherein they draw their breath.
Pardon, my lord ! pity becomes my sex :
Grace with delay grows weak, and fury wise.
Remember Theseus' wish, and Neptune's haste,
Kill'd innocence, and left succession waste.

Solym. If what were best for them that do offend
Laws did inquire, the answer must be, grace.
If mercy be so large, where's justice place?

Cam. Where love despairs, and where God's promise
ends.—

For mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it :
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.

Solym. God may forgive, whose being, and whose
harmis

Are far remov'd from reach of fleshly arms :

*But, if God equals, or successors had ;
Even God, of safe revenges would be glad.*

Cam. While he is yet alive, he may be slain ;
But from the dead no flesh comes back again.

Solym. While he remains alive, I live in fear.

Cam. Though he were dead, that doubt still living
were.

Solym. None hath the power to end what he begun.

Cam. The same occasion follows every son.

Solym. Their greatness, or their worth is not so much.

Cam. And shall the best be slain, for being such ?

Solym. Thy mother, or thy brother are amis :

I am betray'd ; and one of them it is.

Cam. My mother, if she errs, errs virtuously ;
And let her err, ere Mustapha should die.

*Kings, for their safety, must not blame mistrust ;
Nor, for surmises, sacrifice the just.*

Solym. Well, dear Camena, keep this secretly :
I will be well-advis'd before he die.

Come, Achmat, to the church : we will go pray
God, to unfold this probability,
Where power and wit so much offend him may.

In this disease of spirits, the true appeal
Is to that judge that every spirit knows ;
For we by error else may honour lose.

His laws, the life, the innocence, the state
Of son and father now in ballance stand.

Kings that have cause to fear, take leave to hate;

Sons that aspire, as easily lift their hands.

If I fall now, I give that scope to fate,
Our equal gage being only nature's bands.

Help comes alike to each of us too late,

If aught betwixt us and advantage stand.

Yet she, and you, a strife within me move,

And rest I will with counsel from above.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS II.

Of Mahometan Priests

IF among Christians, even the best divines
Conclude, their church (though thrall to human
 might)

Yet to be such a fair mould, as refines
And guides kings power, else indefinite,

That it no tyrant, or profaner be;

Horrors too frequent in authority:

May not our conquering true church then assume,
By grace, and duty, to link God to kings,
And kings to man? which what else could presume?
Since might and number rule all other things.

Then, crowns, what honour to our church is due,
That fashions itself thus, to fashion you?

Laws we had none, but what our priests inspir'd;
Our right was less; for we had nought to claim:

To propagate itself the truth desir'd,
And to that end, at all mankind did aim:

So that while souls we only sought to save,
They are with God, and we their empires have.

Olli, a prophet from our church divided
In outward forms, not lines of inward life,

Like

Like witty schism, we lovingly decided,
 With well-bent spirits in opinion's strife.
 Europe in chief our prophets then withstood,
 With her three-mitred god of flesh and blood.

Her lett'ed Greece, that lottery of arts,
 Since Mars forsook her, subtle, never wise ;
 Proud of her new-made gods in fleshly hearts,
 As she of old was of her heathen lies ;
 We undertook with unity of mind,
 And what their wits dispute, our swords did bind.

So that e'er her gross sects could danger see,
 Their thrones, schools, mitres, idols were resign'd
 To us, new trophies of our monarchy :
 Thus are the Muses still by Mars refin'd :
 And thus our church, by pulling others down,
 I fear o'erbuilt itself, perchance the crown.

For, till of late, our church and prince were one,
 No latitude left either to divide ;
 The word, and sword endeavour'd not alone,
 But were, like mutual voice and echo, ty'd
 With one desire jointly to move, speak, do ;
 As if fate's oracles and actors too.

Now while the crown and priesthood joined thus
 In equal ends, though dignities distinct,
 As man's soul to his body linked is :
 Crowns, by this tincture of divine instinct,
 So above nature rais'd the laws of might,
 As made all errors of the world our right.

Vices, I grant, our martial course then had ;
 For spoil, blood, lust, were therein left too free,
 As raising strong ideas in the bad,
Brave instruments of princely sovereignty.
 Like thieves, at home our justice was severe ;
 In other princes realms our freedoms were.

Great the Seraglio was, I must confess,
 Yet so, as kindle did, not quench our spirits :
 Our pleasures never made our natures less ;
 Venus was join'd with Mars, to stir up merits.
 In right, or wrong, our course was not precise,
 Nor is, in any state that multiplies.

Yet, to redeem this discipline of vice,
 We added to the glory of our state ;
 Won honour by them, to the prejudice
 Of strangers, conquering more than we did hate :
 Our emulation was with crowns, not men ;
 Thus did our vices spread our empire then.

Where since, though we still spoil that Christian sect,
 Which, *by division fatal to their kind*,
 Friends, duties, enemies, and right neglect,
 To keep up some self-humour in the mind ;
 Yet all we thus win, not by force, but sleight,
 Pois'd with our martial conquests, will lack weight.

For force, not right, our crescents bear in chief :
 Camps, and not courts, are maps of our estate,
 Where church, law, will, all discipline in brief,
 Establish'd are to make worth fortunate :
 We scorn those arts of peace, that civil tether,
 Which, in one bond, tie craft and force together.

Of cell-bred sciences we chew no cudd ;
 Our food and garments overload us not ;
 When one act withers, straight another buds ;
 Our rest, is doing ; good success, our lot ;
 Our beasts are no more delicate than we :
 This odds have Turks of Christianity.

Yet by your traffick with this dreaming nation,
 Their conquer'd vice hath stain'd our conquering state,
 And brought thin cobwebs into reputation
 Of tender subtilty ; whose stepmother fate

So inlays courage with ill-shadowing fear,
As makes it much more hard to do, than bear.

And as in circles, who breaks any part,
That perfect form doth utterly confound :
Or as amongst the feigned lines of art,
One only right is, all else crooked found :
So from our prophet's laws when Sultans stray,
In human wit power finds perplexed way.

Hence, though we make no idols, yet we fashion
God, as if from power's throne he took his being ;
Our Alcoran as warrant unto passion ;
Monarchs, in all laws but their own will, seeing.
He whom God chooseth, out of doubt doth well :
What they that choose their God do, who can tell ?

Again, when great states learn civility
Of petty kingdoms, learn they not to fall ?
Nay monarchies, when they declining be,
Brook they those virtues which they rose withall ?
Had Mustapha been born in Selim's time,
What now is fearful, then had been sublime.

The Christian bondage is much more refin'd,
Though not in real things, in real names ;
Laws, doctrine, discipline, being all assign'd
To hold upright that witty man-built frame ;
Where every limb, though in themselves distinct,
Yet finely are unto the scepter linkt.

An art by which man seems, but is not free ;
Crowns keeping all their specious guiding reins,
Fast in the hand of strong authority ;
So to relax, or wind up passion's chains,
As before humble people know their grief,
Their 'states are us'd to look for no relief.

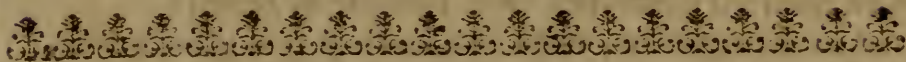
Yet if by parts we travel to compare,
What differences 'twixt these two empires are :

We build no citadels, our strengths are men,
 And hold retreat to be the loser's den:
 They, by their forts, mow their own people down
 A way perchance to keep, not spread a crown.
 Of bondage we leave our succession free;
 Office and action are our liberty.
 They may inherit land; we hope for place:
 They give the wealthy, we the active grace.
 We hear the fault, and so demand that head,
 Which hath in martial duties been misled!
 Their process is to answer, and appear;
 But under laws, which hold the scepter dear.
 Our law is martial, sudden and severe;
 For *fact can rarely intricateness bear*:
 Their laws take life from sovereignty,
 Thankless to which, power will not let them be.
 So that the Mussulman sends home his head;
 The Christian keeps his own, till he be dead.
 Our trade is tax, comprising men, and things:
 And draw not they mankind's wealth under kings?
 Soothing the tyrant, till by his excess,
Want makes the majesty of thrones grow less,
By taxing people's vice at such a rate,
As to fill up a sieve, exhausts a state:
 Lastly, so shuffling trade, law, doctrine, will,
 As no soul shall find peace in good, or ill;
 Both being traps alike us'd, to entice
 The weak and humble into prejudice.
 Our Sultans rule their charge by prophets laws,
 And leave the Mufti judge of all their laws:
 The Christians take, and change faith with their kings,
 Which under mitres oft the scepter brings.
 We make the church our Sultan's instrument:
 They with their kings will make their church content.
 They wrangle with themselves, and by dispute
 In questions, think to make the one side mute:
 If not, then sacrifice the weaker part;
 As if, in thrones, blood were religious art;
 Forcing the will, which is to catch the wind,
 As if man's nature were more than his mind:

We in subduing Christians conquer both,
 And to lose use of either part are loth.
 So that we suffer their fond zeal to pray,
 That it may well our conquering armies pay.
 And where we are, there Christians fain would be,
 If lack of power were not their modesty.
 Thus do all great states safely manage things,
 Which danger seems to thrones of petty kings.
 For though the sick have sense of every breath,
 And shun all what they feel, for fear of death :
 Yet in strong states, those storms they feel give health,
 And by their purgings spoil infection's stealth ;
 A play of sun-motes; from man's small world come
 Upon the great world to work heavy doom.

For proof ; behold in Solyman that fear,
 Which torrid zones of tyranny must bear.
 For who hath lost man's nature in his passion,
 Can never see the world in better fashion :
 But credit gives to limitless suspicion,
Which unto all vice giveth one condition,
Confusion's orb ; where men may hate their own,
 Nature and reason there being overthrown.
 Hence go out mandates of conspiracy
 'Gainst Mustapha, who must not guiltless be
 In such a father, and a monarch's eyes,
 As will see nothing, but destruction, wise.
 Hence Mustapha, from like dreams of the heart,
 Sees his destruction wrought by tyrants art,
 And yet yields things to names ; his right to passion ;
 Which misplac'd duties help power to disfaction.
 Nay hence mankind, by crafty power oppress'd,
 Where it hath given part, still gives the rest ;
 And thinking thrones in all their practice true,
 Dare not of their own creatures ask their due :
 But rather, like mild earth with weeds o'ergrown,
 Yields to be plough'd, manur'd, and overthrown.
 Lastly, thus scepters fall with their own weight,
 When climbing power, once risen to her height,
 Descends to make distinction in her lust,
 Which grants that *absolute may be unjust* ;

And so subjects to censure what should reign ;
 Steps to bring power to people back again.
 Whence I conclude: *Mankind is both the form,
 And matter; wherewith tyrannies transform :*
*For power can neither see, work, or devise,
 Without the Peoples hands, hearts, wit, and eyes :*
*So that were man not by himself oppress'd,
 Kings would not, tyrants could not make him beast.*



ACT. III. Scen. I.

Rossa, Rosten.

Ross. **O** Wearisome obedience, tax to power!
 Shall I in vain be Mustapha's accuser?
 Shall any justice equal him and me?
 Is love so open-ear'd, my power so weak,
 As aught against me to my lord to speak?
 " Sands shall be number'd first; and motion fix'd,
 " The sea exchange her channel with the fire,
 " Before my will or reason stand in awe
 " Of God, or nature, common people's law."

Ross. *Rossia*, whence grows this strange unquiet motion?

Govern your thoughts. What want you to content you,
 'That have the King of Kings at your devotion?

Ross. Content? O poor estate of woman's wit!
*The latitude of princes is desire,
 Which all, it hath enjoy'd, still carries higher.*
 Say you the world is left to my devotion?
 Who question'd am both in my state and fame,
 Must lose my will, and cannot lose my shame:
 For Mustapha, long since condemned to die,
 Now lives again.

To boast of marriage then what ground have I?

Ross.

Ross. Conclude not now : For *thoughts that be of-*
fended,

Are seldom with their present visions mended.

Rage sees too much ; security too little ;

Affections are, like glassy metal, brittle.

Ross. Ah servile sex ! must yokes our honour be,
To make our own loves our captivity ?

No, *Rossa*, no : look not in languish'd wit,
For none can stand on fortune's steep with it.

“ Think innocency harm ; virtue dishonour ;

“ Wound truth ; and overweigh the scale of right :

Sexes have ways apart ; states have their fashions :

The virtues of authority are passions.

Ross. *Rossa*, take heed.

Your honours, like kings humours, brittle are,
Which broken once, repair'd can hardly be ;

And these once stain'd, what is humanity ?

Rossa, first judge your ends, and then your means.

You seek to undermine a prince's state,

Deep rooted in by time, power, reverence ;

Establish'd on succession fortunate

Of many *Turks* : from men that servile be,

Use having lost the use of liberty.

I understand a monarch's state too well,

To bid you purchase people's idle breath,

That have no power of honour, life, or death ;

These ways are wrong, uncertain, fearful too,

In *absolutes*, which all themselves will do.

But turn your eyes up to the will of one ;

Know you must work a father from his son.

Ross. This parents dotage, as it weakness is,

So works it with the vigour of disease,

Still undermining with the things that please.

Upon this quick-sand what can be begun ?

Ross. Sons love with self-love must be overthrown :

By force of nature's law there's nothing won.

Strifes in the father's mind you must beget,

And him above his sweet affections bear,

To take impressions both of hope and fear.

Ross.

Ros. Those silly natures apt to lovingness,
Which ever must in others power live,
With doubt become more fond, with wrong more thrall:
Fear here wants eyes, hate hath no sting at all.

Ros. All these false strengths of native confidence,
With their excess, have their inconstancy:
The laws of kind with tyrants nothing be.
Besides, dear Rossa, *ills have such alliance,*
As in what subject any one is grown,
The seeds of all, even in that one, are sown.

Ros. This mass of passions who can deal withall?
Too nice, and subtle is inconstancy.
Shall wrong fair-written still in patience be?
Must my desire so many cautions have,
And wait on those thoughts that have worship'd me?
I cannot bear this mediocrity.

Ros. Rossa, take heed. *Extreams are not the means*
To change estates, either in good or ill.
Therefore yield not; since that makes nature less:
Nor yet use rage, *which vainly driveth on*
The mind to working without instruments:
Besides, it doth make partial our intents,
Discredits truth, condemns indifferent things.
But take upon you quiet providence,
The prince's state, with his authority;
Teach power to doubt; for doubt is her defence.
Degrees of passions, as of spirits there be;
Chuse now for use, and not for dignity.
Love spreads the wit to play, but not to arm;
Hath many feet to walk an easy pace,
Slow to mistrust, and never apt to harm:
But fear of credit is within the mind,
Strengthen'd by nature with the strength of all;
In men and tyrants, states both natural.
The project of this fear must yet be made
The prince's safety, honour of the state:
Such glorious stiles may easily overshadow
The ways of spite; for *treason is in hate.*
Flattery straight speaks aloud in power's right,
Carrying things under names, truth under might.

“ Who

“ Who dare distinguish in a tyranny,
 “ Where fraud itself hath power’s authority?
 “ Who shall correct errors, made for the king,
 “ But kings themselves? who, actors in their fears,
 “ Most honour those that most suspicion bring.
 “ Who there sees right, or dare use honour’s name,
 “ Where both are sure of death, and doubtful fame?

Then, Rossa, plant you here; accuse the son;
 Altho’ you fail his death, you need not doubt:

In tyrants state never was man undone

By miscomplaints. Besides, what comes about

In earth, but it hath lets, and finds delay?

Yield not: but multiply malice in patience;

Honour is only form, form tyrants ways.

Accuse his friends, speak doubtful, charge, and praise;

Put truth to silence: *People dare not see*

The pride of power in formal tyranny.

I know my time; the Bashaws how they bend;

Faction still wakes; and competence hath spite;

’Tis fault enough that Achmat is his friend;

His lightness, and his power well understood.

Things may so pass as Mustapha may die,

E’er counsel or remorse put fury by.

But if extremity chance to require

A more audacious figure; then use rage:

It gives sometimes an honour to desire;

It shews a plainness, credible to age:

While it is rul’d, it may have time and place;

But if it rule, it prophesys disgrace.

Ros. I feel my heart now rise; my spirits work;

Confused thoughts all words have overgrown.

When Mustapha is dead, what star hath motion,

But Achmat, in whom Solyman yet trusts?

They who their ends by change strive to advance,

Must never doubt to go the way of chance.

Ros. Achmat is wise, and Solyman’s belov’d:

Even tyrants covet to uphold their fame;

Not fearing evil deeds, but evil name.

Rof. When childrens blood the father's forehead
stains,

What privilege for counsellors remains ?

Rof. What arguments against him?

Rof. Use of killing ;

Suspicion, the favourite of tyrants,

Delight of change ; favours past ; and fear of greatness,

Sharpen'd by Achmat's harsh and open dealing,

Which mighty tyrants liberty would draw

Into the narrow scope of human law.

Rof. Let Mustapha be dead.

Rof. How dead, while Achmat reigns ?

Down is the idol, but the workman lives :

His favour, virtue, reputation, course,

To us are still that Mustapha, or worse.

Then down he must, and shall. My chiefeft end

Is, first to fix this world on my succession ;

Next so to alter, plant, remove, create,

That I, not he, may fashion this estate.

ACT. III. Scen. 2.

Beglerby, Rossa, Rosten.

Begler. **R**ossa and Rosten, while you stand debating
The joys or sorrows of your private for-
tunes,

Some evil angel doth traduce you both.

Achmat is call'd for : wit, art, spite he hath ;

And while for sons with fathers men intreat,

Affection makes each good appearance great.

Rof. Rosten, make haste : go hence, and carry with
thee

My life, fame, malice, fortune, and desire :

For which, set all establish'd things on fire.

You ugly angels of th'infernal kingdoms!

You who most bravely have maintain'd your beings

In equal power, like rivals, to the heavens !
 Let me reign, while I live, in my desires ;
 Or dead, live with you in eternal fires.

*Begler. Roffa, no words but deeds, please hell or
 heaven :*

I fear to tell, I tremble to conceal ;
*Fortune unto the death, is then displeas'd,
 When remedies do ruin the diseas'd.*

Rof. Use not these parables of coward fear :

Fear hurts less when it strikes, than when it threatens.

*Begler. If Mustapha shall die, his death miscarries
 Part of thy end, thy fame, thy friends, thy joy :
 Who will, to hurt his foes, himself destroy ?*

Rof. Myself? what is it else but my desire ?

My brother, father, mother, and my god,
 Are but those steps which help me to aspire.
 Mustapha had never truer friend than I,
 That would not with him live, but with him die.
 Yet tell, what is the worst ?

*Begler. Camena must with him a traitor be ;
 Or Mustapha, for her sake, must be free.*

*Rof. O cruel fates ! that do in love plant woe,
 And in delights make our disasters grow.
 But speak, what hath she done ?*

Begler. Undone thy doing.

Discover'd unto Mustapha his danger :
 And from these relicks, I do more than doubt,
 Her confidence brings Solyman about.

*Rof. Nay, black Avernus ! so I do adore thee,
 As I lament my womb hath been so barren,
 To yield but one to offer up before thee.
 Who thinks the daughter's death can mothers stay
 From ends, whereon a woman's heart is fix'd,
 Weighs harmless nature, without passion mix'd.*

Begler. Is mother by the woman overthrown ?

*Rof. Rage knows no kin : power is above the law,
 And must not curious be of base respect,
 Which only they command that do neglect.*

*Begler. Your child's death angers him whom you must
 please.*

Rof.

Ros. My ends are great : *Small things are wrought
with ease.*

Begler. This plants confusion in the powers above.

Ros. My end is not to quiet, but to move.

Begler. God plagues injustice in so great excess.

Ros. The doing minds feel not that idleness.

Begler. What if this work prove not conspiracy,
But care, that with all duties may agree ?

Ros. 'Tis private fortune that is built on truth :
Justice is but of great estates the youth.

Begler. Yet by the love of mothers to their children,
By all the pains of travail so well known,
Punish, but yet spare life, it is your own.

Ros. I do protest no terrors, no desires,
Glories of fame, nor rumors injuries,
Could, in a mother's heart have quench'd the fire
Of loving kindness, to her children born :
It conquer'd is with nothing, but with scorn.
I am resolv'd to move the wheels of fate.
Her triumph shall be pain ; her glory shame :
Horror is of excess a just reward :
The givers of example have regard.

C H O R U S III.

Time, Eternity.

Time. **W**HAT mean these mortal children of mine
own,
Ungratefully against me to complain,
That all I build is by me overthrown ?
Vices put under to rise up again ?
That on my wheels both good and ill do move ;
The one beneath, while t'other is above.

Day 3

Day, night, hours, arts, all, God or men create,
The world doth charge me, that I restless change ;
Suffer no being in a constant state :

Alas ! why are my resolutions strange
Unto these natures, made to fall or climb,
With that sweet genius, ever-moving Time ?

What weariness, what loathsome desolations
Would plague these life and death-begetting creatures ?
Nay, what absurdity in my creations
Were it, if Time-born had eternal features ?
This nether orb, which is corruption's sphere,
Not being able long one shape to bear.

Could pleasure live ? could worth have reverence ?
Laws, arts, or sects (meer probabilities)
Keep up their reputation in man's sense,
If Novelty did not renew his eyes,
Or Time take mildly from him what he knew,
Making both me and mine, to each still new ?

Daughter of heaven am I ; but God, none greater ;
Pure like my parents ; life, and death of action ;
Author of ill success to every creature ;
Whose pride against my periods makes a faction :
With me who go along, rise while they be ;
Nothing of mine respects Eternity.

Kings, why do you then blame me, whom I choose
As my anointed ; from the potter's oar ;
And to advance you made the people lose,
While you to me acknowledged your power ?
Be confident, *all thrones subsist in me :*
I am the measure of Felicity.

Mahomet in vain, one trophy of my might,
Rais'd by my chang'd aspect to other nations,
Strives to make his succession infinite,
And rob my wheels of growth, state, declination.

But he, and all else, that would master Time,
In mortal spheres, shall find my power sublime.

I bring the truth to light, detect the ill ;
My native greatness scorneth bounded ways ;
Untimely power a few days ruin will ;
Yea, worth itself falls, till I list to raise.
The earth is mine : of earthly things the care
I leave to men, that, like them, earthly are.

Ripe I yet am not to destroy succession ;
The vice of other kingdoms give him Time.
The Fates, without me, can make no progression ;
By me alone, even truth doth fall or climb :
The instant petty webs, without me spun,
Untimely ended be, as they begun.

Not kings, but I, can Nemesis fend forth,
The judgments of revenge and wrong are mine :
My stamps alone do warrant real worth ;
How do untimely virtues else decline ?
For son or father, to destroy each other,
Are bastard deeds, where Time is not the mother.

Such is the work this state hath undertaken,
And keeps in clouds, with purpose to advance
False counsels ; in their self-craft justly shaken,
As grounded on my slave, and shadow Chance.
Nay more ; *my child Occasion is not free*
To bring forth good or evil, without me.

And shall I for revealing this misdeed,
By tying future to the present ill,
Which keeps disorder's ways from happy speed ;
Be guilty made of man's still-erring will ?
Shall I, that in myself still golden am,
By their gross metal bear an iron name ?

No ; let man draw, by his own cursed square,
Such crooked lines, as his frail thoughts affect :

And

And, like things that of nothing framed are,
Decline unto that centre of defect :

I will disclaim his downfall, and stand free,
As native rival to Eternity.

E T E R N I T Y.

What means this new-born child of planets motion ?
This finite elf of man's vain acts and errors ?
Whose changing wheels in all thoughts stir commotion,
And in her own face only bears the mirror.

A mirror in which, since Time took her fall,
Mankind sees ill encrease; no good at all.

Because in your vast mouth you hold your tail,
As coupling ages past with times to come :
Do you presume your trophies shall not fail,
As both creation's cradle, and her tomb ?

Or, for beyond yourself you cannot see,
By days and hours would you eternal be ?

Time is the weakest work of my creation,
And, if not still repair'd, must straight decay :
The mortal take not my true constellation,
And so are dazzl'd by her nimble sway,
To think her course long ; which, if measur'd right,
Is but a minute of my infinite.

A minute which doth her subsistence tie ;
Subsistencies, which in not being, be :
Shall is to come ; and *was* is passed by ;

Time *present* cements this duplicity :
And if one must, of force, be like the other,
Of nothing is not nothing made the mother ?

Why strives Time then to parallel with me ?
What be her types of longest lasting glory ?
Arts, mitres, laws, moments, supremacy,
Of nature's erring alchymy the story :

From nothing sprang this point, and must, by course,
To that confusion turn again, or worse.

For she, and all her mortal off-springs build
 Upon the moving base of self-conceit;
 Which constant form can neither take nor yield;
 But still change shapes, to multiply deceit:
 Like playing *atomi*, in vain contending,
 Tho' they beginning had, to have no ending.

I, that at once see Time's distinct progression;
 I, in whose bosom *was*, and *shall*, still be;
 I, that in causes work th'effects succession,
 Giving both good and ill their destiny;
 Tho' I bind all, yet can receive no bound;
 But see the finite still itself confound.

Time! therefore know thy limits, and strive not
 To make thyself, or thy works infinite,
Whose essence only is to write and blot:
 Thy changes prove thou hast no stablish'd right.
 Govern thy mortal sphere, deal not with mine:
Time but the servant is of power divine.

Blame thou this present state, that will blame thee;
 Brick-wall your errors from one to another;
 Both fail alike unto Eternity,
Goodness of no mix'd course can be the mother.
 Both you and yours do covet states eternal;
 Whence, tho' pride end, your pains yet be infernal.

Ruin this mass; work change in all estates,
 Which, when they serve not me, are in your power:
 Give unto their corruption dooms of fate;
 Let your vast womb your Cadmus-men devour.
 The vice yields scope enough for you and hell,
 To compass ill ends, by not doing well.

Let Mustapha by your course be destroy'd,
 Let your wheels, made to wind up and untwine,
 Leave nothing constantly to be enjoy'd:
 For your scythe mortal must to harm incline,

Which, as this world, your maker, doth grow old,
Dooms her for your toys, to be bought and sold.

Cross your own steps ; hasten to make and mar ;
With your vicissitudes please, displease your own ;
Your three light wheels of sundry fashions are,
And each, by other's motion, overthrown.

Do what you can ; mine shall subsist by me :
I am the measure of Felicity.



Act. IV. Scen. I.

Solyman, Achmat.

Soly. **A**CHMAT! go, charge the Bashaws to assemble :

God only is above me, and consulted.

Take freedom ; not, as oft kings servants do,
To bind church, state, and all power under you.

Visions are these, or bodies which appear'd ?

Rais'd from within, or from above descending ?

Did vows lift up my soul, or bring down these ?

God's not pleas'd with us, till our hearts find ease.

What horror's this ? *Safety, right, and a crown,*

Thrones must neglect that will adore God's light.

His will, our good: Suppose it pluck us down ;

Revenge is his. *Against the ill what right ?*

What means that glass born on those glorious wings,

Whose piercing shadows on my myself reflect

Stains, which my vows against my children bring ?

My wrongs and doubts seem there despairs of vice ;

My power a turret, built against my maker ;

My danger, but disorder's prejudice.

This glass, true mirror of the infinite,

Shews all ; yet can I nothing comprehend.

This

This empire, nay the world, seems shadows there ;
Which mysteries dissolve me into fear.

I that without feel no superior power,
And feel within but what I will conceive,
Distract ; know neither what to take, nor leave.

I, that was free before, am now captiv'd ;
This sacrifice hath rais'd me from my earth,
By that I should, from that I am depriv'd.

In my affections man, in knowledge more,
Protected no where, far more disunited ;
Still king of men, but of myself no more.

In my son's death, it shews this empire's fall ;
And in his life, my danger still included :
To die, or kill, alike unnatural.

My powers and spirits, with prayer thus confused ;
Nor judge, nor rest, nor yield, nor reign I can :
No God, no devil, no constant king, nor man.

The earth draws one way, and the sky another.

If God work thus, *kings must look upwards still,*
And from these powers they know not, choose a will.

Or else believe themselves, their strength, occasion ;
Make wisdom conscience ; and the world their sky :
So have all tyrants done ; and so must I.

Act. IV. Scen. 2.

Beglerby. Solyman.

Beg. **S**Olyman, if Rossa you will see alive,
You must make haste : for her despair is such,
As she thinks all things but her rage, too much.

Solyman. Fortune ! hast thou not moulds enough of
forrow,

But thou must those of love and kindness borrow ?

Tell me : out of what ground grows Rossa's passion ?

Beg. When hither I from Mustapha return'd,
And had made you account of my commission ;
Rossa, whose heart in care for your health burn'd,

Curiously

Curiously after Mustapha inquiring,
 A token spies, which I from hence did bear
 For Mustapha, by sweet Camena wrought;
 Yet gave it not; for I began to fear,
 And something in it more than kindness thought.
 No sooner she espy'd this precious gift,
 But, as enrag'd, hands on herself she lays;
 From me, as one that from herself would shift,
 She runs; nor till she found Camena stays.
 I follow, and find both their voices high,
 The one as doing, th' other suff'ring pain:
 But whether your Camena live, or die,
 Or dead, if she by rage or guilt be slain;
 If she made Rossa mad, or Rossa mad
 To hurt things dearest to herself be glad,
 I know not. But O Solyman! make haste;
For man's despair is but occasion past.

ACT. IV. Scen. 3.

Rossa. Solyman. Beglerby.

Rossa. **W**Hat! am I not mine own? Who dare usurp
 To take this kingdom of myself from me?
 Nature hath lied; she saith, *Life unto many*
May be denied, but not death unto any.

O Solyman! I have at once transgress'd
 The laws of nature, and thy laws of state:
 I wretched am, and you unfortunate.

Solyman. Declare what storm is this? What accident?
 Thy self-accusing doth excuse intent.

Rossa. Sir, odious is the fact on every side:
 The remedy is more than you can bear;
 And more must fall upon you than you fear.

Solyman. What threatning's this? what horror? what
 despite?

Kings thoughts to jealousy are over-tender.

Rossa. And any weakness many doth engender.

Solym. *Rossa*, what means this venom of thy breath?

Rossa. Revenge and justice both require my death.

Solym. Then tell.

Rossa. And lose the privilege of death?

Solym. Then tell, and die.

Rossa. Nay, tell, and live a worthy death.

Rip not my wounds, dear Lord! silence is fit:

My life hath shame, and death must cover it.

Solym. What should be secret unto thoughts that love?

Rossa. All imperfections that offence do move.

Solym. What guiltiness cannot good-will forgive?

Rossa. These horrors which in stained souls do live.

Solym. Are thy faults to thy self, or unto me?

Rossa. To both alike: remedyless they be.

Solym. Yet shew me trust: it proves your heart is pure
To me, and all crimes else kings can endure.

Rossa. Imagine all the depths of wickedness:

My womb as hell; my soul the world of sin:

Confusion in my thoughts, fear merciless;

Without me shame; impenitence within.

Solym. These words are not of charge, but intercession,
As arguing not your guilt, but your oppression.

Yet lest I fail, and error multiply,

Declare what's done? What moves this agony?

Rossa. Thy child is slain. These hands imbrued are,
Even in her bowels, whom I nurs'd with care.

Solym. So strange a death includes some odious crime.

Rossa. She did conspire. Silence devours the rest.

Solym. Horror I apprehend, danger, despair:

All these lie hidden in this word, Conspire.

Rossa. This wretch conspir'd the ruin of this state.

Sir, ask no more: for *Ills go in a blood*;

You hear already more than doth you good.

Solym. But tell: what made *Camena* think this
thought?

Or by whom could she think to have it wrought?

Rossa. *Mischief itself is cause of mischief done.*

What should she fear; since with her is combin'd

Mustapha, this state's successor, and your son?

Solym.

Solym. Can this be true? Is human nature such,
As in the worst part none can think too much?

Rossa. The ruins of my own may shew my faith:
For I can see no comforts after you;
Yet to your Bashaws know I not what's true.

Solym. Discover how these treasons came to light.

Rossa. Call Achmat first: for *truth is but a blast,*
Till it his censure's oracle hath past.

Solym. What scorns be these? how am I thus possess'd?
Hath Achmat other greatness than by me?

Rossa. If greater by you than yourself he be.

Solym. *In kings the secrets of creation rest.*

Rossa. Sir, you created him: he all the rest.

Solym. I gave that to his worth, faith, industry.

Rossa. And so these gifts tied to your children be.

Solym. What can his age expect by innovation?

Rossa. *Ambition gets by doing, estimation.*

Solym. His power hath no true basis, but my grace.

Rossa. Sir, *strength, like numbers, multiplies by place.*

Solym. Decrepit slave! vile creature of mine!
Lies it in his base thoughts, and shaking hands,
To move the props whereon my empire stands?

Rossa. The name of power is yours; the being his;
By whom creation, hope, reward, and fear
Spread, and disposed still are, every where.

Besides, *there is no age in man's desire,*
Which still is active, young, and cannot rest:

For Achmat knows you will not what you can;
Since *crowns do change a state, but not the man.*

Solym. His life and fortune stand upon my breath.

Rossa. *Contempt deposeth kings, as well as death.*

Solym. But tell: How doth their treachery appear?
Hath she confess'd? or who do them accuse? [sent,

Rossa. This guidon, with her own hand wrought, and
Bears perfect record what was their intent.

Solym. Expound: what is the meaning of this work,
Under whose art the arts of mischief lurk?

Rossa. These clouds, they be the house of jealousy,
Which fire and water both within them bear,
Where good shews less, ills greater than they be.

Saturn here feeds on children that be his.
His word;

A fatal winding sheet succession is.

This precious hill, where daintiness seems waste,
By nature's art, that all art will exceed,
In careless finesse shews the sweet estate
Of strength, and providence together plac'd:
Two intercessors reconciling hate,
And giving fear even of itself a taste.

Those waves, which beat upon the cliffs, do show
The cruel storms, which envy hath below.

The border round about in characts hath

The mind of all; which in effect is this:

'Tis hard to know; as hard, and harder too,

When men do know, to bring their hearts to do.

Solym. What said she, when you shewed her this
work?

Ross. Like them that are descry'd, and fain would
lurk.

For while she would have made herself seem clear,
She made her fault still more and more appear.

Solym. How brook'd she that the wicked only fear?
Her death (I mean) with what heart did she bear?

Ross. She neither stubborn was, nor overthrown;
And, but for Mustapha, made no request:
As if his harms had only been her own.

Solyman! take heed.

“ Malice, like clocks wound up to watch the sun,

“ Hastening a headlong course on many wheels,

“ Have never done, untill they be undone.

I slew my child; my child would have slain thee:
All bloody fates in my blood written be.

Solym. I swear by Mahomet, my son shall die.

Revenge is justice, and no cruelty.

Beglarby, attend. This glorious Phaeton here,
That would at once subvert this state and me,
Safe to the eunuchs carried let him be.

*These spirits of practise, that contend with fate,
Must, by their deaths, do honour to a state.*

Act. IV. Scen. 4.

Beglerby, Priest, Mustapha.

Beg. “ **A** H humorous kings! how are you toss’d
like waves,

“ With breaths that from the earth beneath you move ;

“ Observed and betray’d, known and undone,

“ By being nothing, unto all things won.

“ Frail man, that mould’st misfortune in thy wit,

“ By giving thy made idol leave to fashion

“ Thy ends to his ; for mark, what comes of it ?

“ Nature is lost, our being only chance,

“ Where grace alone, not merit, must advance.

The one my image, Solyman’s the other :

He, with himself, is wrought to spoil his own :

I, with myself, am made the instrument,

That courts should have no great hearts innocent.

But stay—Why wander I thus from my ends ?

New counsels must be had when planets fall :

Change hath her periods, and is natural.

The faint we worship is Authority,

Which lives in kings, and cannot with them die.

True faith makes martyrs unto God alone :

Misfortune hath no such odds in a throne.

But see, this foot-ball to the stars is come !

Mustapha I mean, in innocence secure,

Which, for it will not give fate, must endure.

Heli, distract, fix’d, and aghast I see,

And will go nearer to observe the rest,

That wit may take occasion at the best :

For if they feel their state, and know their strength,

How prone this mass is for another head ;

Did ever hazard find occasion dead ?

Whether he get the crown, or lose his blood,

The one is ill to him, to me both good.

Priest. False Mahomet, thy laws monarchal are,

Unjust, ambitious, full of spoil and blood,
 Having not of the best, but greatest care.
 Must life yield up itself to be put out,
 Before this frame of nature be decay'd ?
 Must blood the tribute be of tyrant's doubt ?
 O wretched flesh ! in which must be obey'd
 God's law, that wills impossibility,
 And *princes wills, the gulphs of tyranny.*
 We priests, even with the mystery of words,
 First bind our selves, and with our selves the rest,
 To *servitude, the sheath of tyrants swords ;*
 Each worst unto himself, approving best.

People, believe in God—we are untrue,
 And spiritual forges under tyrants might :
 God only doth command what's good for you :
 Where we do preach your bodies to the war,
 Your goods to tax, your freedom unto bands,
 Duties by which you own'd of others are,
 And fear, which to your harms doth lend your hands.
 Ah, forlorn wretch ! with my hypocrisy
 I Mustapha have ruin'd, and this state.
 I am the evil's friend, hell's mediator,
 A fury unto man, a man to furies.

Must. Whence grows this sudden rage thy gesture
 utters ?

These agonies, and furious blasphemings ?
Man then doth shew his reason is defaced,
 When rage thus shews itself with reason graced.

Priest. If thou have felt the self-accusing war,
 Where knowledge is the endless hell of thought,
 The ruins of my soul there figur'd are ;
 For where despair the conscience doth fear,
 My wounds bleed out that horror which they bear.

Must. Horror and pride, in nature opposite ;
 The one makes error great, the other small,
 Where rooted habits have no sense at all.
 Heli, judge not thyself with troubled mind,
 But shew thy heart : *when passion's steams breathe forth,*
Even woes we wonder'd at, are nothing worth.

Priest. I have offended nature, god, and thee :
To each a sin, to all impiety.

Must. *The faults of men are finite, like his merits :*
His mercies infinite, that judgeth spirits.

Tell me thy errors, teach me to forgive,
Which he that cannot do, knows not to live.

Priest. Can't thou forgive? rather avoid the cause,
Which else makes mercy more severe than laws.

Must. From man to man, duties are but respects,
The grounds whereof are meer humanity ;
Can justice other there than mercy be ?

Priest. Thought is an act.—Who can forgive re-
morse,

Where nature, by her own law, suffers force ?

Must. What shall I do ? tell me—I do not fear.

Priest. Preserve thy father, with thyself, and me :
Else guilty of each other's death we be.

Must. Tell how.

Priest. Thy father purposeth thy death :
I did advise—thou offerest up thy breath.

Must. What have I to my father done amiss ?

Priest. That wicked Rossa thy step-mother is.

Must. Wherein have I of Rossa ill-deserv'd ?

Priest. In that the empire is for thee reserv'd.

Must. Is it a fault to be my father's son ?

“ Ah, foul ambition ! which, like water-floods

“ Not channel-bound, do't neighbours over-run,

“ And growest nothing when thy rage is done.”

Must Rossa's heirs out of my ashes rise ?

Yet, Zanger, I acquit thee of my blood ;

For, I believe, thy heart hath no impression

To ruin Mustapha for his succession.

But tell what colours they against me use,

And how my father's love they first did wound ?

Priest. Of treason towards him they thee accuse :

Thy fame and greatness gives their malice ground.

Must. *Good world, where it is danger to be good !*

Yet grudge I not power of myself to power :

This baseness only in mankind I blame,

That indignation should give laws to fame.
Shew me the truth—To what rules am I bound?

Priest. No man commanded is by God to die,
As long as he may persecution fly.

Must. To fly, hath scorn—it argues guiltiness,
Inherits fear, weakly abandons friends,
Gives tyrants fame, takes honour from distress—
Death, do thy worst! *The greatest pains have end.*

Priest. Mischief is like the cockatrice's eyes,
Sees first, and kills; or is seen first, and dies.
Fly to thy strength, which makes misfortune vain.
Roffia intends thy ruin. What is she?
Seek in her bowels for thy father lost:
Who can redeem a king with viler cost?

Must. O false and wicked colours of desire!
Eternal bondage unto him that seeks
To be possess'd of all things that he likes!
Shall I, a son and subject, seem to dare,
For any selfness, to set realms on fire,
Which golden titles to rebellions are?
Heli, even you have told me, wealth was given
The wicked, to corrupt themselves and others:
Greatness and health to make flesh proud and cruel.
Where, in the good, sickness mows down desire,
Death glorifies, misfortune humbles.
Since therefore life is but the throne of woe,
Which sickness, pain, desire, and fear inherit,
Ever most worth to men of weakest spirit;
Shall we, to languish in this brittle jail,
Seek, by ill deeds, to shun ill destiny?
And so, for toys, lose immortality?

Priest. *Fatal necessity is never known*
Until it strike; and till that blow be come,
Who falls is by false visions overthrown.

Must. Blasphemous love! safe conduct of the ill!
What power hath given man's wickedness such skill?

Priest. Ah servile men! how are your thoughts be-
witch'd
With hopes and fears, the price of your subjection,
That neither sense nor time can make you see

The art of power will leave you nothing free!

Must. Is it in us to rule a Sultan's will?

Priest. We made them first for good, and not for ill.

Must. Our Gods they are, their God remains above.

To think against anointed power is death.

Priest. To worship tyrants is no work of faith.

Must. 'Tis rage of folly that contends with fate.

Priest. Yet hazard something to preserve the state.

Must. Sedition wounds what should preserved be.

Priest. To wound power's humours, keeps their honours free.

Must. Admit this true: what sacrifice prevails?

Priest. Force the petition is that never fails.

Must. Where then is nature's place for innocence?

Priest. Prosperity, that never makes offence.

Must. Hath destiny no wheels but meer occasion?

Priest. Could east upon the west else make invasion?

Must. Confusion follows where obedience leaves.

Priest. The tyrant only that event deceives.

Must. And are the ways of truth and honour such?

Priest. Weakness doth ever think it owes too much.

Must. Hath fame her glorious colours out of fear?

Priest. What is the world to him that is not there?

Must. Tempt me no more. Good-will is then a pain,
When her words beat the heart, and cannot enter.

I constant in my counsel do remain,

And more lives, for my own life, will not venture.

My fellows, rest: our Alcoran doth bind,

That I alone should first my father find.

Begl. Sir, by our lord's commandment, here I wait,
To guide you to his presence:

Where, like a king and father, he intends

To honor, and acquaint you with his ends.

Must. Heli! farewell. *All fates are from above
Chain'd unto humours that must rise or fall.*

Think what we will: men do but what they shall.

Priest. Are men no more? are kings anointed blood
Profane to them, and sacred unto us?

Plays power with laws of God, and nature thus?

Shall sorrow write this story of oppression

Only in idle tears, and not in blood?

Where

Where is man's zeal to God, his love to men ?
 Shall that false labyrinth of human fear
 Keep honour and revenge still captive there ?

No : let the spirit of wrong stir up affection,
 By smart to make both men and tyrants know,
 There is in each, of each, the overthrow.

Are hell and heaven peopled out of us ?
 Keep we the keys of conscience, and of passion,
 And can no just revenge in either fashion ?

Was ever change unwelcome unto man ?

Restless mortality still hates the present :

No one rule please the universal can.

'This empire's constitution martial is,
 Where hopes and fears must never be unbent :
 Anarchy is call'd for here by discontent.

To Mustapha I know the world's affection ;

To Solyman fear only draws regard,

And men stir easily where the rein is hard.

'Then let them stir, and tear away this veil
 Of pride from power ; that our great lord may see
 Unmiracled, his own humanity.

People ! look up above this Divan's name ;

'This rent of error, snare of liberty ;

Where punishment is tyrant's tax and fame.

Abolish these false oracles of might,

Courts subaltern, which bearing tyrant's seal,

Oppress the people, and make vain appeal.

Ruin these specious masks of tyranny,

These crown-paid cadies of their maker's fashion ;

Which, power like, for right distribute passion.

Confound degrees, the artifice of thrones

'To bear down nature ; while they raise up art

With gilded titles, to deceive the heart.

The church absolves you : truth approves your work,

Craft and oppression every where God bates.

Besides, where order is not, change is free,

And gives all rights to popularity.

C H O R U S IV.

Of Converts to Mahometism.

ANGELS fell first from God,
 Man was the next that fell:
 Both being made by him for heaven,
 Have for themselves made hell:
 Defection had, for ground,
 An essence which might fall,
 Grown proud with glories of that God,
 Like whom they would be all.
 Hence each thing but himself,
 These fall'n powers comprehend,
 Nor can beyond depravity
 Their knowledge still extend.
 But in that dark'ned orb,
 Thro' mists which vice creates,
 Joyless, enjoy a woeful glimpse
 Of their once happy states.
 And serpent-like, with curs'd
 Eternity of evil,
 Active in mischief many ways
 To add more to the devil,
 They take on every shape
 Of vice that may delight,
 Striving to make creation less,
 Privation infinite.
 Whence man from goodness stray'd,
 And wisdom's innocence,
 Yea, subject made to grave and hell,
 By error's impotence,
 Labours with shadow'd light
 Of imbecillity,
 To raise more towers of Babel up,
 Above the truth to be.

Among which phantasms mounts
 That roof of tyrants power,
 The outward church, whose nature is
 Her founders to devour.
 And, thro' an hollow charm
 Of life-forfaken words,
 Entangle real things, to reign
 On all the earth affords :
 By irreligious rites,
 Helping religion's name
 To blemish truth, with gilded lies
 Cast in opinion's frame.
 Whence she that erst rais'd kings,
 By pulling freedom down,
 Now seeks to free inferior powers,
 And only bind the crown.
 In which aspiring pride,
 Where wit encountreth wit,
 The power of thrones unequal is,
 And turns the scale with it :
 Mastering those greedy swarms
 Of superstitious rites,
 Which by the sinner's fear, not faith,
 Makes her scope infinite.
 Hence grows it that our priests,
 Erst oracles of state,
 Against whose doom our Sultans durst
 Trust nothing unto fate,
 At once were censur'd all,
 In one house to the fire,
 As guilty in their idle souls.
 Of Icarus' desire.
*So free and easy is it
 To cast down again
 The creature's pride, which his
 Creator covets to restrain :*
 Again, *so easy is it
 To bring states to death,
 By urging those powers to oppose,
 Whose union gave them breath.*

Thus from the lives of priests
 Kings first their doctrine stain,
 And then let sect, schism, question in,
 To qualify their reign.
 Nor can this swoln excess be well
 Reform'd in either,
 While both stand mix'd of good and ill,
 Which join not well together.
 Kings seeking from the church
 The rights of deity ;
 The church from kings, not nursing help,
 But God's supremacy.
 A strife wherein they both find loss,
 Instead of gain ;
Since neither state can stand alone,
Much less divided reign.
 The strife and peace of which,
 Like ocean ebbs, and floods ;
 Successively, do here contract,
 And there disperse our goods.
 And by this mutual spleen
 Amongst these sovereign parts,
 While each seeks gain by other's loss,
 The universal smarts.
 For as souls, made to reign,
 When they let down their state
 Into the body's humours, straight
 Those humours give them fate :
 So, when the church and crown
 (*The souls of empire*) fall
 Into contempt, which human power
 Cannot subsist withall,
 They strive, turn, and descend,
 Feel error's destiny,
 Which in a well-form'd empire is,
 A vagabond to be.
 Thus, in disorder's chain,
 While each link wresteth other,
 Incestuous error, to her own,
 Is made both child, and mother.

So as their doing is
 Undoings still to breed,
 And fatally entomb again
 Each other, in each deed.
 Hence human laws appeal'd,
 As moderators come,
 Who, under shew of compromise,
 Take on them sovereign doom ;
 Entering in at the first
 Like wisdom, with applause,
 And though propounded from our faults,
 Yet, by consent, made laws ;
 Or rather scales, to weigh
 Opinion with the truth,
 Which, like *step-mothers*, often bring
The better side to ruth.
 And as of active ill
 (From whence they took their root)
 Guilty, and so not strong to stand
 Upon a constant foot,
 They wave, strive, and aspire
 Can bear no weight above,
 But, as with sovereign power itself,
 And nothing else in love,
 That rival spleen, which still
 Equals to equals bear,
 Forgotten, or asleep, as if
 Lesire had conquer'd fear,
 They factiously a peace
 With their chief rival make,
 And let in wars, which, like a flood,
 All sea-banks over-rake.
 In which one act laws prove,
 Though nature gave them ground,
 That they both mould and practise took
 From war, which hath no bound.
 Because, like Mars his seed,
 They feed upon their own ;

And by the spoil of crowns, and men,
Take glory to be known.

In which dear interchange
Between church, laws, and might,
While all their counsels are allay'd,
By over-acting, right ;

They leave their supreme pitch
To servile craft impawn'd,
Descending each to traffick there,
Where he ought to command.

Till fondly thus engag'd
Into a civil war,

They casting off all publick ends,
Do only make to mar.

Yet keep a scope in shew
To counterpoise each other,

And save the health, and honour up
Of monarchy their mother.

“ But as in man, whose frame is

“ Chiefly four complexions,

“ Really join'd, disperfed, mixt

“ With opposite connexions,

“ When any of these four

“ Extended are too far,

“ *Diseases* reign, which but *disorder's*

“ *Native children are ;*

“ From which contention stirr'd

“ 'Twixt nature and her foes,

“ While humour weaken humour doth,

“ To health the body grows :

“ So in these divers powers,

“ Excess of opposition,

“ Oft, by begetting strange diseases,

“ Proves the state's physician.

Mavors, that monster born

Of many-headed passion,

While it seems to destroy all moulds,

To each mould giving fashion.

“ Yes

- “ Yet as these elements,
 “ Thus opposite in kind,
 “ While ballanc’d by superior ties,
 “ They live, as if combin’d
 “ To make their discords base
 “ Unto that harmony,
 “ In whose sweet union mildly link’d,
 “ All powers concur to be.
 “ When any breaks too much
 “ That poise wherein they stood,
 “ To make his own subsistence firm
 “ With shew of common good ;
 “ By overacting, straight it breaks
 “ That well-built, solid frame,
 “ Wherein their being stood entire,
 “ Although they lost their name :
 “ So in that noble work
 “ of publick government,
 “ When crowns, church, soldiers, or the laws,
 “ Do overmuch dissent,
 “ That frame, wherein they liv’d,
 “ Is fatally dissolv’d ;
 “ And each in gulphs of self-conceit,
 “ Is fatally involv’d.

Thus reels our present state,
 And her foundation waves,
 By making trophies of times past,
 Of present time the graves.
 Laws strive to curb the church,
 The church wounds laws again ;
 The soldier would have church, throne, laws,
 Kept low, that he might reign.
 And as before, while they
 Join’d to make empire large,
 All unto greatness raised were,
 By doing well their charge :
 So now, by pulling quills
 Each from the other’s wings,
 They jointly all are cried down,
 By letting fall their kings.

A fate prepar'd to shake
 That Ottoman succession,
 Which erst removed from mens eyes,
 Wrought reverend impresson.
 Where now, this Sultan's line
 Profan'd when men shall see,
 They soon will scorn grace, hope, and fear;
 The scepter's mystery.
 Nor will they more by faith,
 Or zeal in war be led
 To sacrifice their lives to power,
 For fame when they be dead.
 Or, to shun mortal pains,
 Provoke the Infinite;
 Wrong in man's nature, stirring sparks,
 That give both heat and light,
 To gather in again
 Those strengths they gave away:
 And so pluck down that Sampson's post,
 On which our Sultans stay.



Actus V. Scen. I.

Zanger solus.

Nourish'd in court, *where no thoughts peace is nourish'd,*
 Us'd to behold the tragedies of ruin,
 Brought up with fears that follow princes fortunes;
 Yet I am like him that hath lost his knowledge,
 Or never heard one story of misfortune.
 My heart doth fall away: fear falls upon me.
 Tame rumours, that have been mine old acquaintance,
 Are to me now (like monsters) fear, or wonder:
 My love begins to plague me with suspicions.
 My mother's promises of my advancement;

The

The name of Mustapha so often murmur'd,
 With whose name ever I have been rejoiced,
 Now makes my heart misgive, my spirits languish.

*Man then is augur of his own misfortune,
 When his joy yields him arguments of anguish.*

ACTUS V. Scen. 2.

Achmat, Zanger.

Achm. **T**Yrants! why swell you thus against your
 makers?

Is rais'd equality so soon grown wild?

Dare you deprive your people of succession,

Which thrones, and scepters, on their freedoms build?

Have fear, or love, in greatness no impression?

Since people, who, did raise you to the crown,

Are ladders standing still to let you down.

Zang. What strange events beget these passions?

Achm. "Nature is ruin'd; humanity fall'n asunder;

"Our alcoran profan'd; empire defac'd;

"Ruin is broken loose; truth dead; hope banish'd."

My heart is full; my voice and spirits tremble.

Zang. Yet tell the worst.

By counsel or comparison things lessen.

Achm. No counsel or comparison can lessen

The loss of Mustapha so vilely murdered.

Zang. How? dead? what chance, or malice hath
 prevented

Mankind's good fortune?

Achm. Fathers unkindly doubts.

Zang. Tell how?

Achm. When Solyman by cunning spite

Of Rossa's witchcrafts, from his heart had banish'd

Justice of kings, and lovingness of fathers,

To wage, and lodge such camps of heady passions,

As that sect's cunning practices could gather ;
 Envy took hold of worth : doubt did misconstrue :
 Renown was made a lie, and yet a terror :
 Nothing could calm his rage, or move compassion :
 Mustapha must die. To which end fetch'd he was,
 Laden with hopes, and promises of favour.

So vile a thing is craft in every heart,

As it makes power itself descend to art.

While Mustapha, that neither hop'd nor fear'd,
 Seeing the storms of rage and danger coming,
 Yet came ; and came accompanied with power.
 But neither power, which warranted his safety ;
 Nor safety, that makes violence a justice ;
 Could hold him from obedience to this throne :
 A gulph, which hath devoured many a one.

Zang. Alas ! could neither truth appease his fury ?

Nor his unlook'd humility of coming ?

Nor any secret-witnessing remorse ?

Can nature from herself, make such divorces ?

Tell on, that all the world may rue and wonder.

Achm. There is a place environed with trees ;

Upon whose shadowed center there is pitch'd

A large, embroidered sumptuous pavilion ;

The stately throne of tyranny and murder,

Where mighty men are slain, before they know

That they to other than to honour go.

Mustapha no sooner to the port did come,

But thither he is sent for and conducted

By six slave eunuchs, either taught to colour

Mischief with reverence, or forc'd, by nature,

To reverence true virtue in misfortune.

While Mustapha, whose heart was now resolved,

Not fearing death, which he might have prevented ;

Nor craving life, which he might well have gotten,

If he would other duties have forgotten ;

Yet glad to speak his last thoughts to his father,

Desir'd the eunuchs to intreat it for him.

They did ; wept ; and kneeled to his father.

But bloody rage, that glories to be cruel ;

And jealousy, that fears she is not fearful ;
 Made Solyman refuse to hear, or pity.
 He bids them haste their charge : and bloody-eyed
 Beholds his son, whilst he obeying died.

Zan. How did that doing heart endure to suffer ?
 Tell on.

Quicken my powers hardned, and dull to good,
 Which, yet unmov'd, here tell of brothers blood.

Act. While these six eunuchs to this charge appointed
 (Whose hearts had never us'd their hands to pity,
 Whose hands, now only, trembled to do murder)
 With reverence and fear stood still, amazed ;
 Loth to cut off such worth, afraid to save it :
 Mustapha with thoughts resolved and united,
 Bids them fulfill their charge, and look no farther.
 Their hearts afraid to let their hands be doing,
 The cord, that hateful instrument of murder,
 They lifting up let fall, and falling lift it :
 Each sought to help, and helping hinder'd other.
 Till Mustapha, in haste to be an angel,
 With heavenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshows
 The joy and peace of those souls where he goes.
 His last words were ; *O father ! now forgive me ;*
Forgive them too that wrought my overthrow :
Let my grave never minister offences.
For, since my father coveteth my death,
Behold, with joy, I offer him my breath.

The eunuchs roar : Solyman his rage is glutted :
 His thoughts divine of vengeance for this murder :
 Rumour flies up and down : the people murmur :
Sorrow gives laws before men know the truth.
Fear prophecieth aloud, and threatens ruth.

Zang. Remiss and languish'd are mens coward spirits,
 Where God forbids revenge, and patience too :
 Yet to the dead nature ordaineth rites,
 Which idle love, I feel, hath power to do.
 I will go hence, and shew to them that live,
 That God Almighty cannot all forgive. *Exit Zan.*

ACT. V. Scen. 3.

Rosten, Achmat.

Rost. **H**elp Achmat! help: furies run over all.
Pity my state, that with the empire falls.

Achm. What sound is this of ruin and confusion?
Terror afraid? cruelty come for pity?
Seditious Rosten, running from sedition?
And malice forc'd to enemies for succour?

Rost. Achmat! the mysteries of empire are dissolv'd,
Fury hath made the people know their forces.
Nothing, but things impossible will please.
Mustapha must live again, or Rosten perish.
Oh wretchedness! which I cannot deny;
I am asham'd to live, and loth to die.

Achm. Tell on, the dangers which concern the state:
For thee, thou rod ordain'd unto the fire,
Thy other dooms let Acheron enquire.

Rost. When Mustapha was by the eunuchs strangled,
Forthwith his camp grew doubtful of his absence:
The guard of Solyman himself did murmur.
People began to search their prince's counsels:
Fury gave laws: the laws of duty vanisht:
Kind fear of him they lov'd self-fear had banisht.
The headlong spirits were the heads that guided:
He that most disobeyed, was most obeyed.
Fury so suddenly became united,
As while her forces nourished confusion,
Confusion seem'd with discipline delighted.
Towards Solyman they run: and as the waters,
" That meet with banks of snow, make snow grow
" water:
So, even those guards, that stood to interrupt them,
Give easy passage, and pass on amongst them.

Solyman, who saw this storm of mischief coming,
 Thinks absence his best argument unto them :
 Retires himself, and sends me to demand,
 What they demanded, or what meant their coming ?
 I speak : they cry'd, for Mustapha and Achmat.
 Some bid away ; some kill ; some save ; some hearken.
 Those that cry'd save, were those that fought to kill me.
 Who cry'd heark, were those that first brake silence ;
 They held that bade me go. Humility was guilt ;
 Words were reproach ; silence in me was scornful ;
 They answer'd ere they ask'd ; assur'd, and doubted.
 I fled ; their fury followed to destroy me ;
 Fury made haste ; haste multiplied their fury ;
 Each would do all ; none would give place to other.
 The hindmost strake ; and while the formost lifted
 Their arms to strike, each weapon hindred other :
 Their running let their strokes, strokes let their running.
 Desire, mortal enemy to desire,
 Made them that fought my life, give life unto me.
 Now Achmat ! *though blood-thirst deserve no pity ;
 Malice no love ; though just revenge be mercy ;*
 Yet save me. For, although my death be lawful,
 The judges and the manner are unlawful.
 If I die, what hath Solyman for warrant ?
Mischief is still the governess of mischief.
 If Solyman be slain, *where will they stay,
 That thorough God and majesty make way ?*

Achm. Rosten, dar'st thou name duty, laws, or
 mercy ?

Owe not thyself to him thou would'st destroy :
 Make good thy love of murder ; die with joy.

Rost. If Solyman, who hath been thy best fortune,
 Safe thou wilt see, or safe his state preserve,
 Make haste, *the state did never ill deserve.* [Exit.

Achm. Occasion ! when art thou more glorious,
 Than even now ; when thou requir'st of me,
 To fall with states in common destiny ?
States trespass not : tyrants they be that fwerve,

*And bring upon all empires age, or death,
By making truth but only princes breath.
This monarchy first rose by industry ;
Honour held up by universal fame,
Stirring mens minds to strange audacity :
Great ends procur'd our armies greater name :
To enemies no injury had blame :
Worth was not proud : authority was wise ;
And did not on her own then tyrannize.*

Now own'd by humour of this dotard king
(Who, swoln with practise of long government,
Doth stain the publick with ill managing)
Honour is laid asleep : fame is unbent :
His will, his end ; and powers right every where :
Now, what can this, but dissolution, bear ?

Whether our choice, or nature gave us kings,
The end of either was the good of all :
Where many strengths make this omnipotence,
The good of many there is natural.

One draws from all : can that be fortunate ?
All leave this one : can this be injury ?

And shall I help to stay the peoples rage
From this estate, thus ruined with age ?
No people, no. Question these thrones of tyrants ;
Revive your old equalities of nature ;
Authority is more than that she maketh.
Lend not your strengths to keep your own strengths
under.

Proceed in fury: *Fury hath law and reason,
Where it doth plague the wickedness of treason.
For when whole kingdoms surfeit, and must fall,
Justice divides not there, but ruins all.
Besides of duties 'twixt the earth and sky,
He can observe no one that cannot die.*

But stay ! shall man the dam, and grave of crowns,
With mutiny, pull sacred scepters down ?
People of wisdom void, with passion fill'd,
While they keep names still press to ruin things ;
Freedom dissolves them ; order they refuse ;

*Worth, freedom, power, and right while they destroy;
Worth, freedom, power, and right they would enjoy.*

What soul then loving nature, duty, order,
Would hold a life of such a stateless state,
As, made of humours, must give honour fate?

No, Achmat! rather, with thy hazard, strive
To save this high-rais'd sovereignty,
Under whose wings there was prosperity.

I yield. But how?

Force is impossible; for that is theirs:
Counsel shews, like their enemy, delay:
Order turns all desires into fears:

Their art is violence: and chance their end:
What, but occasion, there can be my friend?

Behold where Rossa comes, in her looks varying,
Like rage, that with itself still fears miscarrying.

Act. V. Scen. 4.

Rossa, Achmat.

Rossa. **W**H O ever thinks by virtue to aspire,
And goodness, dreams to be but fortune's
starr;

Or who by mischief's wit seeks his desire,
And thinks, no conscience, ways to honour are:
He, Mustapha, here seeing thee and me,
Sees *no man's good or ill rules destiny.*

Then, ah! woe worth them that with God contend,
And would exchange the course of fate by wit,
*Which God makes work, to bring his works to end,
And with itself, even oft, doth ruin it.*

Ah tyrant fate! to them that do amiss:
For nothing left me, but my error, is.

Achm. What glory's this that with itself is sad?
Good luck makes all hearts, but the guilty, glad.

Ross. Zanger, for whom even Mustapha was slain,
And

And unto whom Camena's blood was shed ;
 Zanger, for whom all worlds on me complain,
 Hath done that which nor law, nor truth could do :
 (Horror, and doubt in my desires breed)
 Murther'd himself, and overthrown me too.

Achm. Tell why ? and how he so unthankful died ?

Roff. In every creature's heart there lives desire,
 Which men do hallow as appearing good :
 For greatness they esteem it to aspire,
 Although it weakness be, well understood.
 This unbound, raging, infinite thought-fire
 I took ; nay it took me, and plac'd my heart
 On hopes to alter empire and succession.
 Chance was my faith, and order my despair :
 Sect, innovation, change of princes right,
 My studies were : I thought hope had no end,
 In her, that hath an emperor to friend.
 Whence like the storms (that then like storms do blow,
 When all things, but themselves, they overthrow)
 I ventur'd ; first to make the father fear,
 Then hate, then kill, his most beloved child.
 My daughter did discover him my way,
 To Mustapha she opened mine intent :
 For she had tried, but could not turn my heart,
 Yet no hurt to me she in telling meant,
 Though hurt she did me to disclose my art.
 I sought revenge : revenge it could not be ;
 For, I confess, she never wronged me.
 Remorse, that hath a faction in each heart,
 Womanish shame, which is compassion's friend,
 Conspir'd with truth to have restrained me ;
 Yet kill'd I her whom I did dearly love ;
Furies of choice, what arguments can move ?
 I kill'd her : for I thought her death would prove
 That truth, not hate, made Mustapha suspected :
 The more it seem'd against a mother's love,
 The more it shew'd, I Solyman affected :
 Thus, underneath severe and upright dealing,
 A mischievous stepmother's malice stealing,
 It took effect : *For few mean ill in vain.*
 Which wicked art although the father knew,
 Yet his affection turn'd my ill to good :

Vice, but of hers, being only understood.

Fear grew discreet, and would not speak in vain ;
 Courage turn'd all the strengths of heart to bear ;
 Justice itself durst murmur, not complain :
 So little care the fates for us below :

So little men fear God, they do not know.

But ah ! woe worth each false preposterous way,
 Which promiseth good luck to evil deeds :

Since Mustapha, whose death I made my glory,
 Hath left me no power now, but to be sorry.

For Zanger, when he saw his brother dead,
 Confusedly with diverse shapes distract,

He silent stood, with horrors compass'd :

His duty mixt with woe ; kindness with rage ;

Reverence, revenge, both representing shame,

Equally against, and with a mother's name.

But as these shadows vanish from his mind,

The globes of his enraged eyes he threw

On me, like nature justly made unkind :

And for this hateful fault my love did make,

From pity, woe, and anger, thus he spake :

“ Mother ! is this the way of woman's heart ?

“ Have you no law, or God, but will, to friend ?

“ Can neither power, nor goodness scape your art ?

“ Be these the counsels by which you ascend ?

“ Is there no hell ? or do the devil's love fire ?

“ If neither God, heav'n, hell, or devil be ;

“ 'Tis plague enough that I am born of thee.

“ Mother ! o monstrous name ! shall it be said,

“ That thou hast done this fact for Zanger's sake ?

“ Honour and life, shall they to one upbraid,

“ That, from thy mischief, they their honour take ?

“ O wretched men ! which under shame are laid,

“ For faults which we, and which our parents make.

“ Yet, Rossa, to be thine, in this I glory ;

“ That, being thine, gives power to make thee sorry.

He wounds his heart ; and falling down with death

On Mustapha, who there for his sake died,

These words he spake :

“ Ah base ambition ! mould of cruelty,

“ In thy vast narrow bosom ever breed

“ These hideous counsels, light-aborring deeds ;

“ Yet you pure souls that Mahomet adore,

“ Read in these wounds my horror of his death,
 “ And to the Christians carry thou it, Breath.
 He dies. Woe’s me! when in my heart I look,
 Horror I see: all there lost but despair:
 My love and joy become affliction’s book;
 Eternity of shame is printed there.

To think of God! alas, that so I may:
 Yet power and goodness can but shew me fear:
 Mercy I cannot crave, that cannot trust:
 Nor die I will; for death concludeth pains:
 Nor languish in conceit; for then I must
 Abhor my soul, in which all mischiefs reign.
 I will bear with me, in this body’s dust,
 What curse soever to the earth remains.
 I will bear with me envy, rage, desire,
 To set all hearts, all times, all worlds on fire.
 You weak souls! whose true love hath made you base,
 And fixt your quiet upon others will:
 You humble hearts! which unto power give place,
 For conscience bearing yokes of tyrant’s skill:
 You poor religious! who in hope of grace,
 Bear many sore temptations of the ill,
 Rejoice: unkindness, cruelty, disgrace,
 Vengeance, and wrong bear hence with me I will.
 Rather take heed: *Where can more danger be,
 Than where these powers may be dispos’d by me?*

CHORUS V. TARTARORUM.

VAST Superstition! glorious stile of weakness!
 Sprung from the deep disquiet of man’s passion,
 To desolation, and despair of nature:
 Thy texts bring princes titles into question:
 Thy prophets set on work the sword of tyrants:
 They manacle sweet truth with their distinctions:
 Let virtue bleed: teach cruelty for God’s sake;
 Fashioning one God; yet him of many fashions,
 Like many-headed error, in their passions.

Mankind! trust not these superstitious dreams,
 Fear’s idols, pleasure’s relicks, sorrow’s pleasures.
 They make the willful hearts their holy temples:
 The rebels unto government their martyrs.

No: thou child of false miracles begotten!
False miracles, which are but ignorance of cause,

Lift up the hopes of thy abjected prophets :
 Courage and worth abjure thy painted heav'ns.
 Sicknefs, thy blessings are ; misery, thy trial ;
 Nothing, thy way unto eternal being ;
 Death, to falvation ; and the grave, to heav'n.
 So blest be they, fo angel'd, fo eterniz'd,
 That tie their senses to thy senselefs glories,
 And die, to cloy the after-age with stories.

Man should make much of *life, as nature's table,*
Wherein she writes the cypher of her glory.

Forfake not nature, nor misunderstand her :
 Her mysteries are read without faith's eye-sight :
 She speaketh in our flesh ; and from our senses,
 Delivers down her wisdoms to our reason.
 If any man would break her laws, to kill,
 Nature doth, for defence, allow offences.
She neither taught the father to destroy :
Nor promis'd any man, by dying, joy

CHORUS SACERDOTUM.

“ O H wearisome condition of humanity !
 “ Born under one law, to another bound :
 “ Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity :
 “ Created sick, commanded to be sound :
 What meaneth nature by these diverse laws ?
 Passion and reason, self-division cause :
 Is it the mark, or majesty of power
 To make offences, that it may forgive ?
 Nature herself, doth her own self deflower,
 To hate those errors she herself doth give.
 For how should man think that he may not do,
 If nature did not fail, and punish too ?
 Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
 Only commands things difficult and hard.
 Forbids us all things, which it knows is lust,
 Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
 If nature did not take delight in blood,
 She would have made more easy ways to good.
 We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
 With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
 To teach belief in good and still devotion,
 To preach of heaven's wonders and delights :
 Yet when each of us, in his own heart looks,
 He finds the God there, far unlike his books.

